Sept. 28, 1992

THE NEW YORKER

Price $1.95

Victoria Roberts

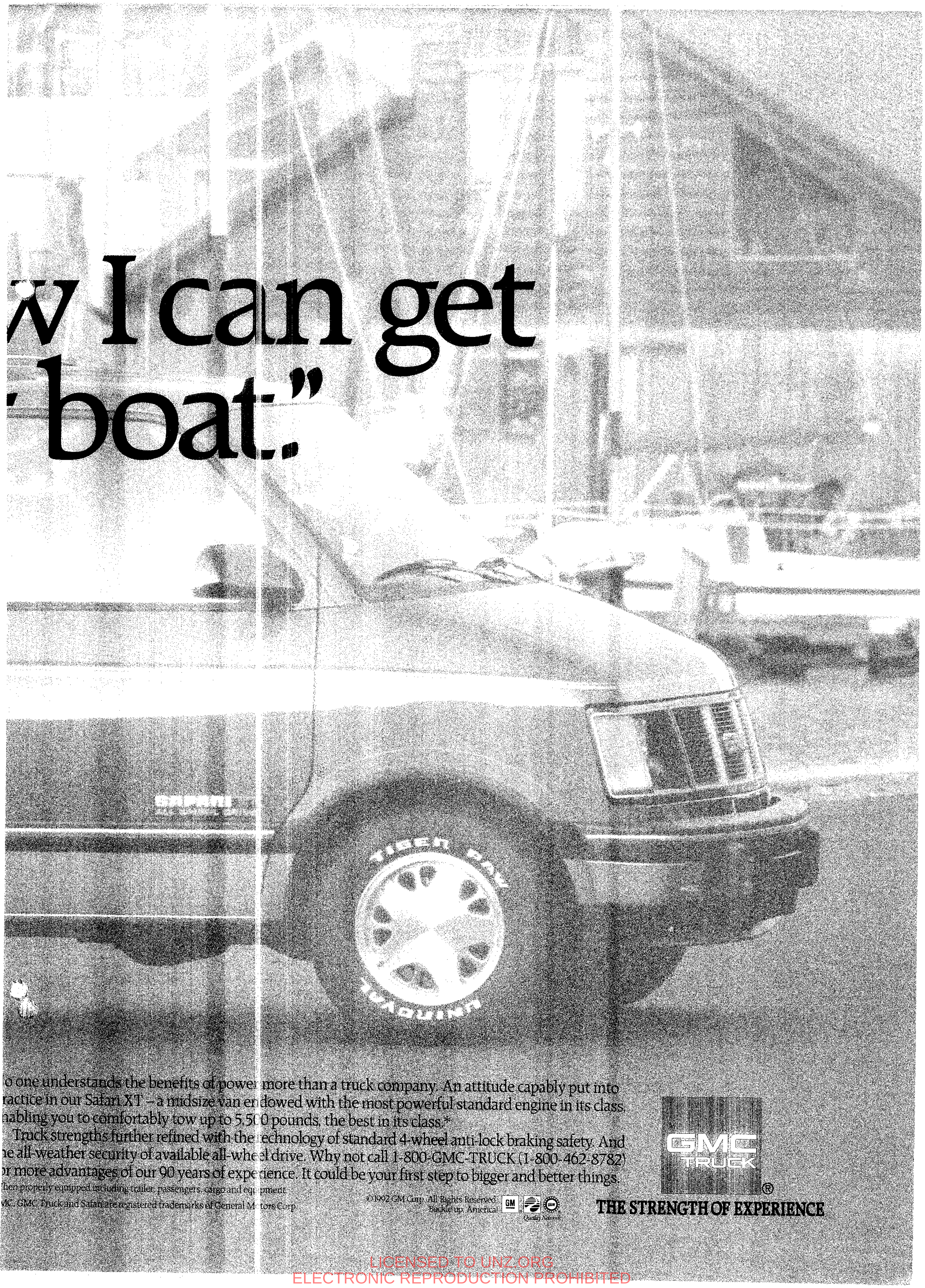
Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy TX 75755

RECEIVED
SEP 29 1992

#BXBCMCJ**********3-DIGIT 7
#LABA0R00099 8#690976 0X
NEWS

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE DEC 28 92
ROY HAMMER LIB YEU1
PO BOX 111 #KK39
BIG SANDY TX 75755-0111

"Great. No
a bigge
TIGER PAW
UNIROYAL



o one understands the benefits of power more than a truck company. An attitude capably put into ractice in our Safari XT – a midsize van endowed with the most powerful standard engine in its class, nabling you to comfortably tow up to 5,500 pounds, the best in its class.*

Truck strengths further refined with the technology of standard 4-wheel anti-lock braking safety. And ne all-weather security of available all-wheel drive. Why not call 1-800-GMC-TRUCK (1-800-462-8782) or more advantages of our 90 years of experience. It could be your first step to bigger and better things.

hen properly equipped including trailer, passengers, cargo and equipment.

MC, GMC Truck and Safari are registered trademarks of General Motors Corp.

©1992 GM Corp. All Rights Reserved.
Buckle up, America!

GMC TRUCK®

THE STRENGTH OF EXPERIENCE

MAX BECKMANN

The Self-Portraits

THROUGH OCTOBER 31

GAGOSIAN
980 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK 744.2313

THE NEW YORKER

TABLE OF CONTENTS

SEPTEMBER 28, 1992

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 4
THE TALK OF THE TOWN 27
"THOSE LITTLE PAPERS" . . . . *George W. S. Trow* 32
"THE IMPORTANT HOUSES" . . . . *Mary Gordon* 34
"THE GARDEN OF FALSE CIVILITY" (POEM) . . . . *John Ashbery* 36
"WAGON" (POEM) . . . . *Zbigniew Herbert* 42
A REPORTER AT LARGE (KURDISTAN) . . . . *Raymond Bonner* 46
"BIRTHDAY" (POEM) . . . . *Eamon Grennan* 56
OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS (BARCELONA) . . . . *William Finnegan* 66
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Paul Griffiths* 81
ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS (TAKARAZUKA) . . . . *Ingrid Sischy* 84
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON . . . . *Elizabeth Drew* 104
POPULAR MUSIC . . . . *Elizabeth Wurtzel* 110
BOOKS . . . . *John Updike* 114

COVER: *Victoria Roberts*

DRAWINGS: *Noel Watson, Warren Miller, Danny Shanahan, Robert Weber, Ed Fisher, Mischa Richter, Tom Cheney, Bruce Eric Kaplan, Michael Maslin, Charles Barsotti, Michael Crawford, William Hamilton, George Booth, Jack Ziegler, Robert Mankoff, Henry Martin, Mick Stevens, Lee Lorenz, Roz Chast, Bernard Schoenbaum, Leo Cullum, J. B. Handelsman, Kenneth Mahood, Richard Cline, Edward Koren, Mimi Gnoli*

THE NEW YORKER
20 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
(212) 840-3800

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

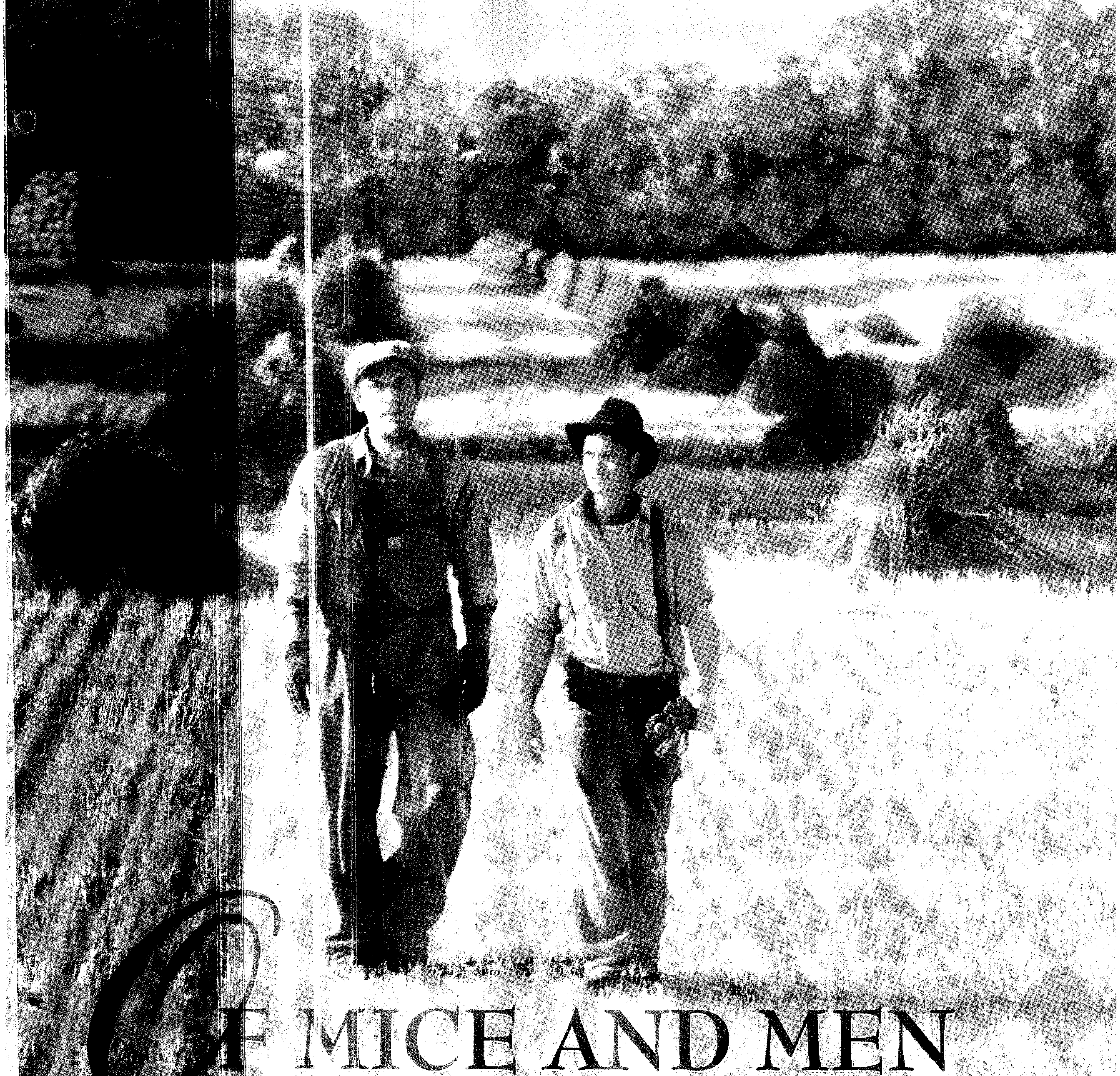
To inquire about a subscription or to change an address, please write to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322, or telephone 1-800 825-2510 (in Colorado 303 447-9330). For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 20 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Steven T. Florio, president and chief executive officer; Lynn Guthrie Heiler, vice-president and publisher; Ruth A. Diem, vice-president and human resources director; Matthew D. Roberts, vice-president and marketing director; Pamela H. Older, vice-president and director of manufacturing; Martha Kaplan, vice-president; Peter Armour, vice-president and circulation director; Rhonda Pinzer Sherman, vice-president of advertising promotion and new business development. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 1460, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 1-11 Hay Hill, London W1X7LF, England; Penn Brown & Associates, Inc., 175 Derby St., No. 36, Hingham, Mass. 02043; Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmont Road, N.E., Atlanta, Ga. 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, Fla. 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, Fla. 33629; 3 Church St., Suite 503, Toronto, Canada M5E 1M2; Carol Orr & Co., 3500 Maple Ave., Suite 1060, Dallas, Tx. 75219; Catherine Billups & Co., Via Pinamonte Da Vimercate, No. 6, 20121 Milan, Italy. Vol. LXVIII, No. 32, September 28, 1992. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Canadian goods and services tax registration number R123242885. © 1992 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. THE MAGAZINE'S NAME AND LOGO, AND THE VARIOUS TITLES AND HEADINGS HEREIN ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF ADVANCE MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS, INC., WHICH PUBLISHES THEM THROUGH ITS DIVISION THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $65.27 (includes G.S.T.). Other foreign, one year, $66.00, payable in advance.
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322.

JOHN MALKOVICH

GARY SINISE

We have a dream.
Someday we'll have a little house and a couple of acres.
A place to call home.



OF MICE AND MEN

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER *Presents* a RUSS SMITH/GARY SINISE *Production* JOHN MALKOVICH
GARY SINISE "OF MICE AND MEN" *Based on the novel by* JOHN STEINBECK *Music by* MARK ISHAM
Edited by ROBERT L. SINISE A.C.E. *Production Designer* DAVID GROPMAN *Director of Photography* KENNETH MacMILLAN B.S.C.
Executive Producer ALAN C. BLOMQUIST *Screenplay by* HORTON FOOTE *Produced by* RUSS SMITH *and* GARY SINISE

PG-13 PARENTS STRONGLY CAUTIONED
Some Material May Be Inappropriate for Children Under 13

Read the PENGUIN BOOK

SOUNDTRACK AVAILABLE ON VARÈSE SARABANDE COMPACT DISCS AND CASSETTES

DOLBY STEREO® IN SELECTED THEATRES

PANAVISION®

Directed by GARY SINISE

©1992 METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER INC.
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

COMING IN OCTOBER TO SELECT THEATRES.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

IT'S always heartening when people find new and interesting ways of using Shakespeare in their titles—especially lines from "Hamlet." Such is the case with Andrew C. Ordover, whose play, "The King of Infinite Space," is having its New York première at the Atlantic Theatre in a Common Ground Stage and Film Company production. The title comes from Hamlet's chat with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern about the nature of political ambition, in which Hamlet remarks rather impatiently that he could be bounded in a nutshell and count himself a king of infinite space.

We stopped by the Atlantic Theatre the other day, to see what our friends at Common Ground were up to, and caught an early performance of the play. It's kind of neo-Brechtian and kind of "Star Trek"-y and kind of funky-political—which is to say it has a post-apocalyptic, futuristic setting, contains a play-within-a-play, and is full of eighth-grade insights about the difficulties of trying to organize society.

We found David Crommett's direction a little plodding and melodramatic—"All the women seem to do is cry and shriek," a woman behind us remarked (sounding as impatient as Hamlet)—and we couldn't help noticing *some* people being a bit actorly. But we liked the play's self-conscious theatricality and got all choked up over James Wolk's ingenious set design, which comments more eloquently on the relationship between truth and fiction than anything in Mr. Ordover's script. And we didn't spot the twist—or not until just the right moment. If we found the play a little bleak and a little dark and a little banal—what the hey. We can't help thinking that it should have ended at the point where the back of the stage opens and you get a wonderful windswept-desert effect and see one of the characters about to step out into it. Isn't that what the title is leading up to? In fact, isn't it really the image behind the whole play?

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

The Depression Show—A comedy about four depressed people, two talk show hosts, and a psychotherapist. Written by Thomas Keith and Jane Young. Opens Sept. 21 at 8. (One Dream, 232 West Broadway. 279-4200.)

The Holy Terror—Daniel Gerroll has the lead in a new play written and directed by Simon Gray. The cast also includes Noel Derecki, Anthony Fusco, and Michael McGuire. In previews. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200.)

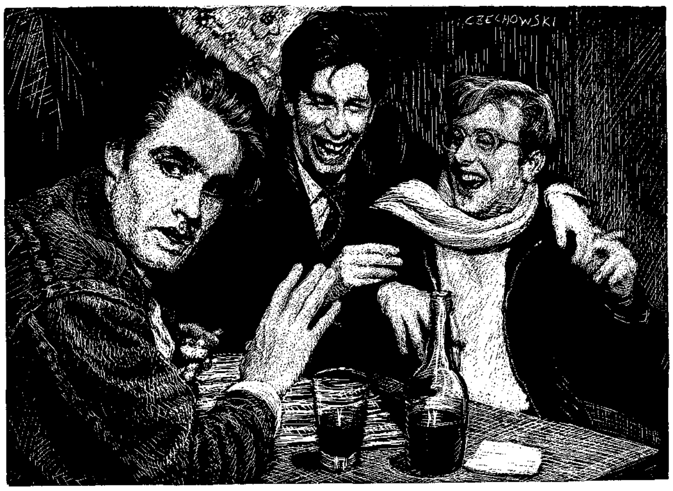
Mad Forest—Caryl Churchill's play about post-Ceausescu Romania, which was seen at New York Theatre Workshop last winter. Directed by Mark Wing-Davey. In previews. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

Nomura Kyogen Theatre—A thirteen-member Tokyo-based troupe presents three different programs of classic Kyogen plays, Sept. 22-24 at 8. Kyogen is a comedic form of Noh, and the works will be performed in Japanese. (Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. 752-3015.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30			

Oba Oba '93—A return engagement of the Brazilian revue that played here a couple of years ago. Seventy-five dancers, singers (including Eliana Estevao), and musicians are featured. In previews. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

Remembrance—Milo O'Shea, Frances Sternhagen, Mia Dillon, and John Finn have the leads in this new production of Graham Reid's play. The work was previously presented at the Irish Arts Center, in 1990. Previews through Sept. 29. Opens Sept. 30 at 6:45. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 967-9077.)



Garret Dillahunt, Tim Nelson, and Jake Weber in "Mad Forest"

The Sisters Rosensweig—Wendy Wasserstein's new play, with Jane Alexander, Madeline Kahn, and Frances McDormand. Daniel Sullivan directed. Previews begin Sept. 25. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Young Playwrights Festival—Presenting **the p.c. laundromat,** by Aurorae Khoo; **mrs. neuberger's dead,** by Robert Levy; **taking control,** by Terrance Jenkins; and **mothers have nine lives,** by Joanna Norland. Preview on Sept. 22. Opens Sept. 23 at 8, and runs through Oct. 11. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

OPENED RECENTLY

Ali—A play written by Geoffrey Ewing and Graydon Royce, with Mr. Ewing as the boxer. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100.)

Andy Warhol's Secret Girlfriend—A comedy by Richard Lay, with Edmond Ramage as Mr. Warhol. (INTAR, 420 W. 42nd St. 465-1761. Closes Oct. 4.)

Anna Karenina—This Classics Illustrated version is pretty much what you'd expect from a couple of jingle writers—Peter Kellogg (book and lyrics) and Daniel Levine (score)—trying to adapt Tolstoy for the musical stage. Forced into a Broadway mold, Anna and Vronsky become victims of formula rather than society—two shallow and vulgar people caught in the most banal of clichés—while Kitty and Levin, stripped of their complexities, become a flirt and a buffoon. The main performances—by Ann Crumb, Scott Wentworth, Gregg Edelman, and Jerry Lanning—are a marvel, under the circumstances. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Closes Oct. 11.)

The Best of Forbidden Broadway—This tenth-anniversary edition of Gerard Alessandrini's long-running, ever-fluctuating musical revue is, as one might expect, a treat. There is some new material, but our favorite sequences are still the spoof of "M. Butterfly" and the "Speed-the-Plow" number, "Madonna's Brain," in which David Mamet and Ron Silver try to teach Madonna to act and she ends up tearing off most of her clothes. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/4/92.) (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

Brother Truckers—The Ridiculous Theatrical Company presents a new comedy by Georg Osterman. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, 1 Sheridan Sq. 691-2271. Closes Oct. 11.)

Conversations with My Father—If you're looking for a totally satisfying theatrical experience, try the new Herb Gardner, a bittersweet memory play about a Lower East Side barkeep, his two sons, and the patrons of his tavern. As staged by Daniel Sullivan, with an ace cast led by the wonderful Judd Hirsch, the play does what "Jake's Women" and "Dancing at Lughnasa" would probably do if their authors were, respectively, more sophisticated and less sentimental. Grab this one. (4/13/92) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Cut the Ribbons—A new musical, which features Georgia Engel, Barbara Feldon, and Donna McKechnie. The score is by Cheryl Hardwick and Mildred Kayden, and the lyrics are by Mae Richard. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

Crazy for You—Loosely based on "Girl Crazy," which opened in 1930, this glorious show is actually a celebration of the music of George Gershwin and the lyrics of his brother Ira—nineteen songs in all—and also of the witty, imaginative choreography of Susan Stroman. Ken Ludwig wrote the lively book. Harry Groener and Jodi Benson are the lead actor/dancers. The scenery is by Robin Wagner; the costumes are by William Ivey Long; and the masterly direction is by Mike Ockrent. Bless 'em all. (3/2/92) (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Distant Fires—A play by Kevin Heelan, which was seen last season at the Atlantic Theatre. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.)

Falsettos—This back-to-back revival of "March of the Falsettos" and "Falsettoland," two of William Finn's three one-act musicals about a childish, self-absorbed man who leaves his wife and son for his not very nice male lover, is strictly for those who care. We've never understood the appeal of Mr. Finn's trilogy. It has a chronology as complicated as the Oedipus cycle and a dramatic sensibility akin to that of the Oresteia. To us, though, it has always seemed like banality set to music: shallow, unlikable people expressing themselves in shallow, unlikable songs. (5/11/92) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Five Guys Named Moe—The guys are black dancers and singers of ability and spirit, who perform the songs (either lyrics or music or both) of the late Louis Jordan, among them "Don't Let the Sun Catch You Crying," "Ain't Nobody Here but Us Chickens," and "Is You Is or Is You Ain't My Baby?" This London import makes a merry evening. (4/20/92) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

Guys and Dolls—A lively production of Frank Loesser's perfect musical, under the direction of Jerry Zaks. Nathan Lane and Faith Prince are the leading guy and doll, and Tony Walton designed the stunning scenery. (4/27/92) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Irish Repertory Theatre Company—Presenting two one-man shows in rotating rep: **joyicity,** based on the writings of James Joyce, and **frankly brendan,** taken from the works of Brendan Behan and Frank O'Connor. Vincent and Chris O'Neill, two Dublin-born brothers, are the actors. (Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. "Joyicity" closes Oct. 4; "Frankly Brendan" closes Oct. 2.)

Photo: Minh Nguyen

DOONEY & BOURKE

The All-Weather Leather® Collection is available at 759 Madison Avenue, New York (between 65th and 66th St.)
(212) 439-1657. For a catalog, call 800-243-5598

THE THEATRE–Cont'd

Jake's Women—Alan Alda is at his genial best in the new Neil Simon. The play, about an aging writer trying to come to terms with the women in his life, past and present, is pretty much what you'd expect: some funny lines and a lot of phony dialogue. It's predictable, banal, and contrived, but at least it showcases a fine cast of actresses that includes Kate Burton and Joyce Van Patten. (4/6/92) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100.)

Jean Cocteau Repertory—Two works in rotating repertory: **UNDER MILK WOOD,** by Dylan Thomas, and **AN OLD ACTRESS IN THE ROLE OF DOSTOEVSKY'S WIFE,** by the Russian playwright Edvard Radzinsky. Alma H. Law translated the Radzinsky work. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

Jelly's Last Jam—The music of Jelly Roll Morton, self-proclaimed inventor of jazz, and, at the same time, an unsparing delineation of Morton himself. The show, an original if ever there was one, was written and directed by George C. Wolfe. In the starring role, Gregory Hines combines his astonishing talents as tap dancer and actor; Savion Glover, who plays the character as a young man, is worthy of him, which is saying a lot. Also present are Keith David, Tonya Pinkins, Wayne Mathis, and Mary Bond Davis. Luther Henderson has adapted Morton's music and offered some music of his own; the lyrics were written by Susan Birkenhead; and Hope Clark was the choreographer. (5/11/92) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200.)

The King of Infinite Space—A play by Andrew C. Ordover, presented by the Common Ground Stage and Film Company. David Crommett directed. (Atlantic, 336 W. 20th St. 645-1242. Closes Sept. 30.)

Lotto (Experience the Dream)—A comedy by Cliff Roquemore about a Los Angeles family who wins the lottery. (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 505-9251.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—Joanne Camp is Josie Hogan in this production of Eugene O'Neill's play, which Allan Carlsen directed. The cast also includes Paul O'Brien, Frank Lowe, Arnie Burton, and Hank Wagner. (Pearl, 125 W. 22nd St. 645-7708.)

Murder in Disguise—A gay comedy mystery written by John Glines. (Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove St., at Bleecker St. 564-8038.)

The Mystery of Anna O—A drama by Jerome Coopersmith and Lucy Freeman. (John *Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)*

The News in Revue—A satirical musical-comedy revue written by Nancy Holson and performed by a five-member company. (Del's Down Under, at Delsomma's Restaurant, 266 W. 47th St. 869-6453.)

The Night Larry Kramer Kissed Me—A play written and performed by David Drake. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 564-8038.)

The Real Inspector Hound and **The Fifteen Minute Hamlet**—Tom Stoppard has made parody an art form in "The Real Inspector Hound," a play about a pair of drama critics who attend and appraise a performance of a traditional, worn-out British thriller. The jokes come thick and fast, and the result is Christmas morning for connoisseurs of comedy. The Roundabout's production, under Gloria Muzio's direction, is very good; Simon Jones and David Healy are first-rate in the leading roles, and they are admirably supported by Patricia Conolly, J. Smith-Cameron, Jane Summerhays, and Jeff Weiss, among others. "The Fifteen Minute Hamlet," performed as a prologue, is exactly what it sounds like—a breakneck anthology of Gems From. Same director, same company, many laughs. (8/31/92) (Criterion Center, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400. Closes Oct. 4.)

The Roads to Home—In three short acts that are more triptych than play, Horton Foote depicts three gentlewomen of Houston, all of them thwarted or otherwise wounded, and one of them mad. The third and best act is set in the asylum to which the madwoman has been committed. Jean Stapleton, Rochelle Oliver, and Hallie Foote appear in the leading roles. All of them are good, and they are well supported (theatrically speaking) by Michael Hadge, William Alderson, and Emmett O'Sullivan-Moore, among others. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

Roleplay—A musical by Doug Haverty and Adryan Russ about five women in group therapy. (Village Theatre Company, 133 W. 22nd St. 564-8038.)

Ruthless!—This camp musical about a monster child star is harmless and amusing enough—assuming you can stomach the little girl. She gave us the pip. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076.)

LONG RUNS

BEAU JEST: A comedy by James Sherman. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.). . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.). . . **CATSKILLS ON BROADWAY:** A festival of ethnicity and all but unbroken laughter. Freddie Roman and Mal Z. Lawrence are the Jewish comedians; Dick Capri handles the Italians; and Louise DuArt does impressions. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4100.). . . **DANCING AT LUGHNASA:** How you respond to Brian Friel's wistful autobiographical play depends a good deal on your personality and preoccupations. Either you will find it lovely and lyrical or it will strike you as the memory play from Hell. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run celebrated its thirty-second birthday last May. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.). . . **FOREVER PLAID:** Stuart Ross's loving tongue-in-cheek salute to the "guy groups" of the fifties is a real treat. Bring your mom. Hell, bring the whole family. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.). . . **LOST IN YONKERS:** This family melodrama by Neil Simon, set in Yonkers during the Second World War, is about what happens when a cowering, pathetic man has to leave his two adolescent sons with his intimidating mother for the better part of a year. (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.). . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.). . . **MISS SAIGON:** Oh, the horror! The horror! (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.). . .**NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.). . . **PERFECT CRIME:** A murder mystery by Warren Manzi. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 695-3401.). . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** This much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.). . . **THE SECRET GARDEN:** This lovely musical adaptation of the classic children's story by Frances Hodgson Burnett isn't just a kiddie show. Subtle, charming, intelligent, and wholly literary in its approach to adaptation, it manages both to be faithful to the spirit of the book and to comment on the particular moment in time that produced it. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.). . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** The never-ending nuptials of Anthony Angelo Nunzio and Valentina Lynne Vitale. With audience participation, as you probably know. (St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200.). . . **TUBES:** A performance work by Blue Man Group about art and other matters. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370.). . . **THE WILL ROGERS FOLLIES:** The sets by Tony Walton, the direction and choreography by Tommy Tune, the costumes by Willa Kim, and the row upon row of Ziegfeld girls make a feast for the eyes, but the funny bone and heart are neglected. With Mac Davis. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 730-8200.)

DANCE

GARTH FAGAN—artistic director, choreographer, and teacher—has always made it a point to praise the physical beauty and technical subtlety of his dancers, and to emphasize the daily rigors he puts them through. This week, his company, Garth Fagan Dance, of Rochester, will appear in three programs of his work, at the Joyce, and his audiences might be interested to learn that many of those lean, strong, agile pairs of legs they see onstage walk some twenty or twenty-five miles every week, in addition to practicing dance. "Ask him about the walking!" a company representative recently suggested.

Mr. Fagan laughed heartily in response to the question. "Let me tell you," he said. "I discourage jogging. You've seen my dancers and how they move; that's a precious commodity. Walking gives them a cardiovascular workout, it's good for losing weight, and it warms up the body, especially the legs. In our company, we do a lot of leg work, with rapid changes of direction and dynamics."

Mr. Fagan takes walks, too. "I've been a diabetic for a year, and walking is what I do for an exercise to keep my blood sugar down," he said. "I walk five or six miles a day, either outside, in good weather, or on a treadmill. The best walking I've done was on the beach in Rio, from Copacabana to Ipanema and back—great. At home in Rochester, on the treadmill, I can still talk on the phone, conduct business, and think about choreography."

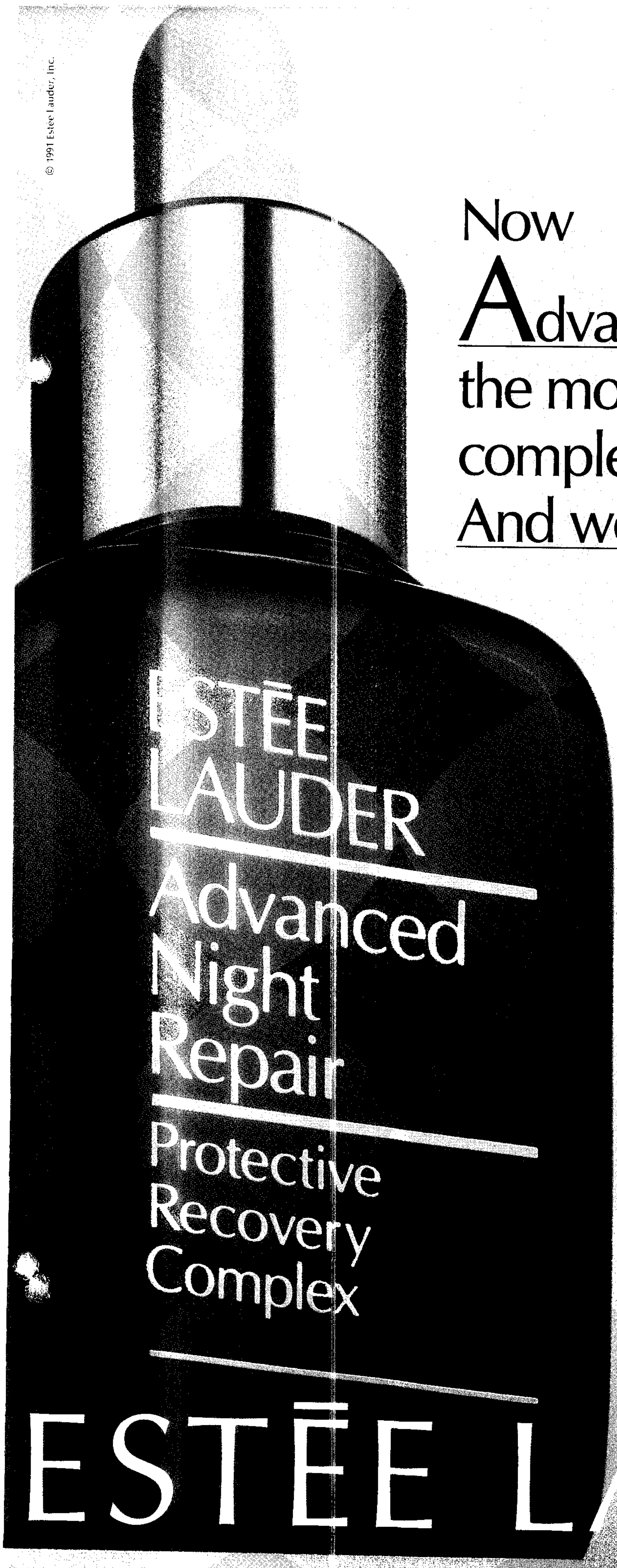
Where do the dancers walk? "If you were to come into our studio before daily class, you would regularly see five or six people walking around and around the room," Mr. Fagan said. "And while they walk they're reading books. Some might have headphones on, too, listening to God knows what. In my new dance, 'Moth Dreams,' which we're performing at the Joyce, there's an in-house reference to this studio walking. Everybody's calming down for the rigors of technique class, which is two hours long and very strenuous."

Mr. Fagan hasn't mastered reading on the treadmill. "I do contractions, though," he said, "and head circles, and isometric exercises. The experience is only as boring as I want it to be. Besides, I don't want to blow up too big. I'm fifty-two; the clock is ticking."

Garth Fagan Dance—A two-week engagement. Sept. 22-23 and Sept. 26 at 8 and Sept. 27 at 2: "Prelude," "Oatka Trail," "Life Forms/Death Shapes" (New York première), "Moth Dreams" (première), and excerpts from "Griot New York.". . . ¶ Sept. 24-25 and Sept. 30 at 8: "Time After Before Place," "Moth Dreams," an excerpt from "Griot New York," and "From Before.". . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 7:30 and Sept. 29 at 8: Excerpts from "Griot New York," "Touring Jubilee 1924 (Professional)," "Passion Distanced," and "Telling a Story." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through Oct. 4.)

Lakshmi—Presenting a program of Bharata Natyam dance. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. Sept. 26 at 7. No charge beyond museum admission.)

© 1991 Estée Lauder, Inc.



Now Advanced Night Repair the most revolutionary complex we've ever created. And we can prove it.

Use it Daily.

And help prevent environmental damage: ultraviolet rays and free radicals that can cause as much as 80% of premature aging.

Use it Nightly.

While you sleep, it will replenish your skin's natural protectants, soothe daily irritation. It's so unique it's patented into the 21st century.

The proof is in the testing. After ten weeks, you could see a 40% reduction in the appearance of little lines; 84% increase in moisturization. Advanced Night Repair has been shown to be three times more effective than original Night Repair in helping skin recover from the effects of daily environmental exposure.

ESTĒE LAUDER

NIGHT LIFE

USUALLY, when we're stuck in town on a balmy weekend, we just feel sorry for ourself. On one such occasion recently, however, we decided to heed Liza's advice and go hear the music play. At Okapi, a new African restaurant, on Chambers Street, we were welcomed so effusively by the turbanned hostess that we were sure she had mistaken us for someone else. When she then escorted us to the bar and asked a man to give up his seat for us, we started looking around for Allen Funt. We didn't see him, but we did notice a video camera, which was shooting the action onstage and broadcasting it on a large monitor. This was odd, since the club, whose décor includes African crafts, African maps, and a portrait of Nelson Mandela, is basically just a storefront restaurant. The stage, which looks like a boxing ring, was occupied by four black-clad Luther Vandross types, wearing sunglasses, who were singing, a cappella, the sort of songs that make us lunge for the radio dial. When they finished, a muscle-bound young man took the microphone, did a brief Stevie Wonder impersonation, and thanked the crowd for "supporting black business."

Heading uptown, we had a series of false starts. Skep, a bohemian café on Broome Street, was holding a benefit for a theatre group that, to judge from the turnout, must specialize in one-man plays; Boca Chica, an East Village restaurant that on weekends blooms into a salsa club, was reaping the rewards of a plug from the *Times'* Weekend section; the shoulder-to-shoulder crowd at Max Fish, a cooler-than-thou Ludlow Street watering hole, made us feel older than thou. Finally, we settled on the Ludlow Street Café, across the street. We got a table in the back, ordered a pitcher of beer, and took in some live jazz. It wasn't exactly a cabaret, but then, we're not Liza, either.

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out some of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—The woody nook known as the Oak Room is currently home to **SUSANNAH MC CORKLE,** a fine pop-jazz singer who has been known to root around in the archives for lost or forgotten numbers. Ms. McCorkle will be in residence here for the next couple of weeks. Shows at nine-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (675-6879)—A quirky, endearing Village watering hole, perpetually decorated for the holidays—all of them. The musicians work in the back of the room, in a well ringed by a bar—a setup that seems to bring out the latent show-biz tendencies in some of the bar's patrons. Mondays belong to the Grove Street Stompers, Tuesdays through Thursdays to Al Bundy, Fridays and Saturdays to Mabel Godwin, and Sundays to Lee Lorenz and the Creole Cookin' Jazz Band. Music from nine-thirty.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A cool green music hall that features a steady stream of international pop and cabaret stars, as well as the occasional drag queen. **LYPSINKA,** who will be performing here until Sept. 27, is the creation of John Epperson, who's played the invincible glamour queen in a series of shows so highly regarded that his character recently found its way into the pages of *Esquire's* "Women We Love" issue. The current show is called "Lypsinka! Now It Can Be Lip-Synched." Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-fifteen. Closed Mondays.

BIRDLAND, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—Many musicians who visit this jazz house are honored—if that's the word—by having their portraits done, "in concert," by the house artist. These impressionistic renderings round out a glossy décor that includes flying-saucer light fixtures, burgundy velvet drapes, and some neon wading birds. **JOAN TYLER** is here on Sept. 24; the Cubism Band, featuring **RONNIE CUBER,** claims Sept. 25-26; and **MILES GRIFFITH'S** trio takes charge on Sept. 27. Music from nine. Dining.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—**MAX ROACH** brings his "Double Quartet" here for a week-long stand beginning Sept. 22. The **VLADIMIR SHAFRANOV** trio comes in on Sept. 28, and the **BILL EVANS** quartet and the **JOHN SCOFIELD** quartet start work on Sept. 29. Music from nine. Dining.

BLUE WILLOW, 644 Broadway, at Bleecker St. (673-6480)—This room is oddly Victorian for lower Broadway, a region almost exclusively devoted to the celebration of youth culture. You won't find any funky murals or drinks with funny names here, just marble walls, antique furnishings, and a ceiling that would be hard to hit with a baseball. It's an agreeable place for conversation, which is probably why the small jazz combos that set up here nightly often get relegated to being background music. Music from seven-thirty Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Folk and fries. The young singer-guitarist **CHRIS HARFORD,** who will appear on Sept. 21, has just released his first album—a great, edgy record that moves from loose, weird, distorted rock to lovely acoustic ballads, including one on which Richard Thompson makes a guest appearance. Harford will appear with his band—the First Rays of the New Rising Sun—in tow. **POCO** and **ROSIE FLORES** share a bill Sept. 23-24; guitarist **ALAN HOLDSWORTH** is here Sept. 25-26; and the silk-toned singer **JIMMY SCOTT** performs with the **MARK WHITFIELD** trio Sept. 29-30. Scott is a singer's singer, an extraordinary jazz balladeer who came to prominence in the fifties, dropped out of sight in the seventies, and returned in the eighties with a stand at the Blue Note that made critics weep with joy. Scott has since been embraced by a new generation of fans—he recently released a wistful, ethereal new record and showed up onstage at Lou Reed's Radio City show—and his concerts here are likely to draw admirers of every variety, including singers looking to learn a thing or two. Shows at eight and eleven. Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Next door, there's a bustling, garishly lit market. Within the narrow walls of this venerable piano-and-bass preserve, however, everything is easy on the eyes and ears. **LARRY GALES, STEPHEN SCOTT,** and **GREG HUTCHINSON** are here through Sept. 26; **JOHN HICKS, ROY HARGROVE,** and **WALTER BOOKER** come in on Sept. 27; the **SANTI DEBRIANO** trio begins work on Sept. 28. Music from ten. Dining.

CAFÉ SIN-É, 122 St. Marks Pl. (982-0370)—A small, peach-walled storefront. Sin-é is usually given over to a young, earthy crowd that drinks Rolling Rock or café au lait and waits for some Irish musician or other to blow in and play a set. The café doesn't have a schedule per se, so it's often after the fact that one hears that some great Irish rocker has made a stop here. A frustrating state of affairs, perhaps, but one can have fun just hoping, waiting, and watching the door. Music generally begins at about eight.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The pastel uptown spa known as the Café Carlyle is home to **BARBARA COOK** Tuesdays through Saturdays at eight-forty-five and ten-forty-five. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **RONNY WHYTE** presides at the piano from nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Wayne Lammers at the Trocadero Room

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The city's most famed rock club—a dark, narrow cave with neon-beer-sign stalactites and ancestral graffiti—is part sacred burial ground and part historic landmark, but it hasn't succumbed to nostalgia: new and used bands of every stripe continue to pass through nightly. The **BREEDERS** will be here Sept. 24-25. The band was started a couple of years back by Kim Deal, of the Pixies, and Tanya Donnelly, of the Throwing Muses. Donnelly has since left the band—her new project is a group called Belly—but the Breeders have forged on. They recently released their second record, an EP called "Safari," which is full of sparse, demented guitar pop. The record includes a great cover of an obscure Pete Townshend number called "So Sad About Us," on which the Breeders have upped the tempo and the volume a notch or two. Music from eight on Sundays and Mondays, from eight-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from nine-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays.

CHINA CLUB, 2130 Broadway, at 75th St. (877-1166)—Glam-seekers come here hoping to rub shoulders with models and celebrities. It's the kind of place with some rooms you can go into and others you can't. Decorative touches include a big aquarium over the bar, Chinese folding screens, and snapshots of the fabulous partying at the club. Once in a while, rock stars show up to jam after a performance in town. Other times, you'll usually find a roster of heavy-metal-leaning upstarts. Dress is come-as-if-you-were-in-L.A.

CLUB 53, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (261-5853)—A new cabaret in the New York Hilton. It's a pleasantly lulling spot, where you can sink into deep sofas and eat off of big plates. **KELLY GARRETT** sings a show's worth of Broadway numbers beginning on Sept. 22. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-forty-five, Fridays and Saturdays at eight-forty-five and ten-forty-five.

CLUB LAUTERBACH, 335 Prospect Ave., at Sixth Ave., Brooklyn. (1-718 788-9140)—It's an improbable bar in an unlikely location, but Lauterbach's has spawned a scene of sorts—and the owners have a wall of press clippings to prove it. In its short life span as a rock venue (it has a longer one as a neighborhood bar—the kind of place where Archie Bunker might feel at home), the club has become HQ for a tight little community of Brooklyn bands, a development that has apparently brought in enough money for the club's recent facelift. Still, it's not as though you need a tux to get in the door.

CONDON'S, 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—In the shadow of the Zeckendorf Towers sits this stucco-walled grotto, whose intimate scale makes it a fine spot for jazz. **DANNY DRAHER** leads a group here Sept. 23-26, and **HENRY THREADGILL** appears with his Very Very Circus beginning on Sept. 29. Shows Tuesdays through Sundays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, with late sets at one on Fridays and Saturdays.

CONTINENTAL CLUB, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St.—The Swing Dance Society holds Sunday-night meetings at this Polish meeting hall, which, as it happens, probably hasn't had a facelift since the swing era. The dancers span all ages and shoe sizes, but all share a passion for the Lindy Hop, a dance that involves a lot of whirling and the occasional display of underwear. Sept. 27 belongs to the Clark Eno orchestra. Sets from eight till midnight. For information on the Society, call 696-9737.

CORNELIA STREET CAFE, 29 Cornelia St. (989-9319)—In the basement of this tucked-away Village restaurant-bar is a narrow, white-brick-walled room, decorated with a few tables and steampipes, where you'll find music, poetry readings, and theatre-of-the-cramped. The restaurant itself is a wine-and-candlelight neighborhood café; downstairs, there's a do-it-yourself, sixties-coffeehouse aesthetic at work.

DAN LYNCH, 221 Second Ave., at 14th St. (677-0911)—As uninviting a hole-in-the-wall as you're likely to find. This blues bar is dingy, depressingly lit, and located on a block out of a Gus Van Sant movie. In the world of blues, however, this spells authenticity and the bands here are often worth the trouble. Music from ten nightly.

DUPLEX, 61 Christopher St., at Seventh Ave. (255-5438)—A two-floor entertainment center. The bright, clean, wedge-shaped downstairs bar has French windows giving on to the bustle of Seventh Avenue, but the clamor indoors is far greater. Everyone is a star here—the pianist, the bartender, and the waitresses sing/shout pop standards with risqué lyrics and fire off wisecracks across the room; patrons are encouraged to take the mike, too. Upstairs, there's a quieter bar and a cabaret, where you'll find a variety of performers nightly.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St. (924-0275)—An Irish bar, way out on the Western edge of town, where the great potholed boulevards turn to cobblestones, and the world across the Hudson flashes its come-hither signs. The back room has Hibernian sounds on Fridays at nine and ten-thirty.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through the iffy-looking side door, down the famous fun-house tunnel that's lined with mirrors and corrugated tin, and down a short flight of stairs, you'll find this softly lit, low-ceilinged, roughly Manhattan-shaped jazz preserve. **CAROL SLOANE** works out Sept. 22-27; **THE NEW YORK VOICES** begins a run on Sept. 29. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

GONZALEZ Y GONZALEZ, 625 Broadway, at Houston St. (473-8787)—Loud, brash, and big. The theme is, of course, Mexican, and you get the whole enchilada—a giant cactus here, a parade-float sombrero there, animal skulls, religious artifacts, and chili-pepper clusters everywhere. The stage is in the rear, about a city block from the entrance. Music Wednesdays and Thursdays from ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from twelve-thirty.

INDIGO BLUES, 221 W. 46th St. (221-0033)—A sleek, modern jazz club, in the basement of the Hotel Edison, with glass brick, space-age carpeting, and long strips of cool-blue neon. On Saturdays, the place resounds with live Brazilian sounds, beginning at nine

J'S, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—An Upper West Side jazz room, one steep flight up from the hurly-burly. Jazz people are on the premises nightly. Music from eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

JUDYS', 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—An intimate, burgundy-walled *boîte* attached to the Iroquois Hotel. In the front room, which is decorated with photos of famous Judys—and of the famous daughter of a famous Judy—a pianist keeps the happy-hour barbirds occupied. In the dining room, vocalists work out from nine. Shows at nine Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine and eleven on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy bar-and-grill in the piano-bass district. The musicians set up in the dining room, a clubby-looking space with leather banquettes and well-preserved collectibles: Sunday *Herald Tribune* covers, First World War posters, Hirschfeld cartoons. Up front, at the bar, you can keep your eye on the musicians, the conversationalists, and sidewalk life. Music from about nine-thirty.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—The club most likely to feature an electric-rake player. Run by a couple of forward-looking Wisconsinites, the Knitting Factory takes in all manner of neo-this and post-that ensembles. The atmosphere is low-key bohemian—it's like a frat house for the avant-garde. Music after nine.

LONE STAR ROADHOUSE, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—A two-tiered honky-tonk that looks as if it were the inspiration for the Hard Rock Café. (It wasn't, of course; money was.) Upstairs, there's a display of vintage Gibson guitars. Downstairs, in the dining room, there's a stage, a dance floor, and caricatures of musicians who have blown through over the years. **ROOMFUL OF BLUES,** which will be here on Sept. 25, has been around, in various incarnations, since the late sixties. The group, which was once led by the guitarist Duke Robillard, plays a range of blues and R. & B. styles. The rockabilly duo of **ROBERT GORDON** and **CHRIS SPEDDING** is in action on Sept. 26. Gordon, who looks every inch the fifties rocker, from his pompadour to his pointy shoes, has a resonant baritone that's just right for songs like "Black Slacks" and Elvis's "Love Me." But Spedding's guitar playing transcends the genre, making the duo's act more than just a fifties retread. Music after nine. Dining.

LUDLOW STREET CAFÉ, 165 Ludlow St. (353-0536)—A modest belowstairs room that looks like a slightly spruced-up tenement-building apartment. There's cheap food, a Greater East Village crowd, and, every Monday night, **BEAT RODEO,** a straight-shooting bar band that plays a mix of country, blues, Dylan, Byrds, the Velvets, and various found pop numbers. Other acts can be found here nightly. Sets from about eleven.

MANNY'S CAR WASH, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—A bright spot on the little-heralded Upper East Side club scene. Don't go expecting to be sprayed with soapy water and massaged by large brushes: the fluorescent sign outside is the only car-wash reference. Inside, the place looks like an adman's idea of a blues bar. Sets from nine-fifteen, except Sundays, when they begin at eight-forty-five.

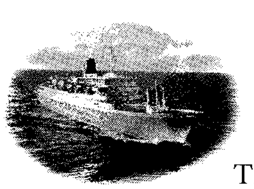
MAXWELL'S, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—The bands that play here today will be playing somewhere more expensive tomorrow. **JULIANA HATFIELD** comes in on Sept. 24. Not long ago, Hatfield was leading the Blake Babies, a young Boston group that played alternative rock with a human face. Hatfield's first solo outing, "Hey Babe," is a rare record. It doesn't aim to please anyone, but it should manage to please everyone—alternative-guitar-rock fans who insist that music should be scrappy and visceral, as well as pop fans who always need a hook to hang onto. Hatfield has an impossibly girlish voice, and she knows it. Sometimes she subverts her tiny soprano with prickly lyrics and tough, rhythmic instrumentation, and sometimes she pushes it to its pure-pop extreme with lush and sunny harmonies. Those harmonies are missing from Hatfield's concerts, unfortunately. In general, the singer's live sets are good but not great. She's far more focussed on record than she is onstage. Shows are usually at ten on Thursdays, at eleven on Fridays and Saturdays, and at nine on other nights.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**MEL TORMÉ** will be on hand for the next few weeks. The engagement marks a couple of milestones for the singer: his fiftieth album (recently released) and the fiftieth anniversary of his first big-band performance (with Chico Marx's ensemble). Tormé's recent shows have been lively, if a bit perfunctory. He dashes in, sings some remember-this-ones, spins a few yarns, dishes out the requisite hokey patter, and dashes off again. Here, backed by a sixteen-piece band, he'll be dipping into the American songbook, including a Duke Ellington salute. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Closed Sundays.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A moondust-in-your-hair cabaret where a club soda costs, well, a *lot.* There are plenty of niceties if you're so inclined: an ear-popping express elevator in which you can mingle with the famous; tables scattered with plastic diamonds and sapphires; and rest-room attendants who hover near the sink asking "Is the water too warm?" "Say It with Music," the appealing, expertly produced Irving Berlin revue that has been filling the house for most of the summer,

SAGAFJORD'S
SOUTH PACIFIC AND ASIA

DISCUSS THE
LEGENDS OF BALI
OVER A
CHÂTEAU MARGAUX.



This winter, enjoy the classic elegance of Cunard's Five Plus Star Sagafjord as she sails to exotic warm-weather ports. Sail from Ft. Lauderdale on January 5th for 20 luxurious days to the mysterious Galapagos, Easter and Pitcairn Islands and Tahiti; or for 25 days from Tahiti on January 25th to Tonga, Vanuatu, Cairns, Bali, Brunei and Hong Kong where Sagafjord will be your luxury hotel for two days. Other segments available for as little as two weeks. Rates range from $7,510 to $20,560 including airfare. For more details call your travel agent. For a free brochure or our $8.95 video, call 1-800-221-8200.

Rates are per person, double occupancy, subject to availability and dependent upon departure date. Port and handling charges are $140 per person extra. Prices include round-trip air travel (economy class for shorter segments) from 79 U.S. and Canadian cities. Sagafjord is registered in the Bahamas. ©1992 Cunard.

CUNARD

K71

AUCTIONS AT SWANN

October 1 at 10:30 a.m.
19th CENTURY LITERATURE
CHILDREN'S BOOKS
SETS & BINDINGS
Catalogue $10

October 14 at 10:30 a.m. & 2:30 p.m.
PHOTOGRAPHS
and PHOTOGRAPHIC LITERATURE

19th CENTURY PHOTOGRAPHS
CURTIS • MODOTTI • MOHOLY-NAGY
STIEGLITZ • STRAND • SUDEK
CLASSICS OF PHOTOJOURNALISM
Illustrated Catalogue $25

For Preview Hours & Newsletter,
please call Swann at (212) 254-4710.

SWANN GALLERIES
104 East 25 Street, New York, N.Y. 10010

Handmade Sterling Silver

Five pc. dinner setting—$700

If you're happy with
ordinary flatware, fine.

If you want something
really outstanding,
have a look at our
handmade sterling silver.

We invite your visit
and comparison.

James Robinson
15 EAST 57th STREET, NEW YORK 10022-2556
(212) 752-6166
Catalogue $3.00

URBAN ARCHAEOLOGY

Who would guess that Roosevelt Island—its densely packed housing projects and hospitals, rising smack out of the East River, making it a model of efficient urban planning—had a dark, gothic side to it? Yet amid the wild grasses at the island's southern tip stands a roofless gneiss shell whose interior has been invaded by vegetation, the ruins of the Small Pox Hospital, built in 1854-56 by James Renwick, Jr. (the architect of St. Patrick's Cathedral).

Hoping to bring the derelict hospital back into the city's consciousness, the Japanese artist Tadashi Kawamata has erected a rambling exoskeleton of wood around the ruins. "By touching the building, the history of the place, I feel like I'm starting to wake up the ground," Mr. Kawamata says of the structure, one of his biggest public-art works to date. "For a hundred years, the site has been sleeping beside a busy, crazy city. I think this time gap is a mirror for the city to see itself in." The helter-skelter, horseshoe-shaped frame—a large web spun from several thousand beams and pieces of scrap wood—should be completed this week, and will remain on view through November 1. It is best seen from Manhattan, along the East River near the United Nations, or from Long Island City. Since the site itself is off limits to the public, Claudia Gould, the independent curator who coördinated the project, has also organized an exhibit of photographs and a giant walk-in model at Cooper Union (October 13 to November 6).

winds down on Sept. 26. **KAYE BALLARD** heads the distinguished cast. Shows from nine. Beginning on Sept. 29, the club becomes the month-long domain of **MAUREEN MC GOVERN.** Dining. Closed Mondays.

RED BLAZER TOO, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—It may look like a plain old steak house, and the photos on the walls may look like Sardi's leftovers, but in the back room you'll find swing bands, Dixieland combos, and couples sprung from the legacy of Fred and Ginger. Mondays belong to the Smith Street Jazz Society, Tuesdays and Fridays to **VINCE GIORDANO AND THE NIGHTHAWKS,** Thursdays to Stan Rubin's big band, and Saturdays to Bob Cantwell and His Stompers. Show times vary.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—The closest thing in Manhattan to a rain forest, this venerable club has many selling points: tropical drinks, Brazilian food, faux palm trees, a thatch-roofed bar. The live music is primarily from Africa, Brazil, and the Caribbean, and the dance floor is usually hopping. **RONNY JORDAN** performs Sept. 23-24. Jordan, a young British guitarist, is a pioneer of "hip-bop," or "new jazz swing," an au-courant hybrid of jazz and hip-hop. His début album, "The Antidote," which includes a cover of Miles Davis's "So What," has been holding its own on the jazz charts. **ASTRUD GILBERTO** is in swing Sept. 29-Oct. 1. Music from nine Mondays, nine-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from ten-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays.

SPACE AT CHASE, 98 Third Ave., at 12th St. (475-1407)—One of those East Village joints where, for a few bucks, you can hear a handful of local rock bands. As is usually the case at these establishments, some of the bands will make you want to cower under the pinball machine while others will make you want to dance and shout and start your own independent label. As for décor, there's a bar, some chairs, some tables, some walls, a ceiling, and two dart boards. Music from nine-thirty, except on Tuesdays, when it starts at seven.

SUPPER CLUB, 240 W. 47th St. (921-1940)—On Sept. 25, **TITO PUENTE,** the shock-haired timbale ace and bandleader, performs at this gilt-railinged, lamé-curtained club. Mr. Puente, who has been leading bands since the forties, who has written several standards (including the Santana hit "Oye Come Va"), and who has played on nearly a hundred records, will be appearing with Eddie Torres & His Mambo Kings. Upstairs is a plush little nook called the Blue Room, whose décor includes celestial-motif wallpaper and a profusion of deep-sea blue.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A pretty serious jazz shrine where, to reach the rest rooms, you have to pass within inches of the stage. This is significant because, if you head to the bathroom during a set, the crowd is likely to think you're a guest soloist. The **CEDAR WALTON** trio is here through Sept. 27, and the **OLIVER JONES** trio begins work on Sept. 29. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **MILES EVANS** is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

SWEETWATERS, 170 Amsterdam Ave., at 67th St. (873-4100)—Pink carnations on the tables, shrimp creole on the menu, and a sunken dance floor with a circa-1975 mirrored disco ball. The stage, dominated by a white grand piano, is usually given over to soul and R. & B. **BOBBY BLUE BLAND** is here Sept. 25-26. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

TIME CAFÉ, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—This subterranean jazz haunt—located on a chunk of real estate that's temporarily safe from the encroachment of Tower industries—is an airy, convivial place. Wednesdays belong to the fourteen-piece Mingus Big Band, with sets at nine and eleven.

TRAMPS, 45 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—Thanks to low lighting, muralled pillars, ironwork, and a beautifully restored old tin ceiling, this loft space manages to feel homey. The sound system can be overwhelming, but the place is big enough to accommodate both those who want to lose their hearing and those who don't. Zydeco, soul, blues, and rock are the main order of business here. **SOUL ASYLUM,** who appears here on Sept. 24, has come a long way since its days on the Minneapolis hardcore scene. Its recent work pays more attention to melody and pop formula, and it picked up on seventies-ish guitar rock before it became the fashion of the day. **THELONIUS MONSTER** is also on the bill. Sets at eight and eleven weeknights, eight-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

TROCADERO ROOM, 368 Bleecker St., at Charles St. (242-0636)—**WAYNE LAMMERS,** who is currently in residence here, has been called "the Singing Ted Koppel," which probably deserves some explanation. The singer-comedian's one-man show, titled "For No Apparent Reason," casts a wry, satiric eye on American culture past and present. Musically, Lammers is a variety show. His parodies involve rock and rap, not to mention the stylings of something he calls "Grampa's Artificial Hearts Club Band." Shows Tuesdays at eight.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Located on a beery strip of the Village where every day is spring break, this club offers three floors of fun. Since this makes for rather confusing traffic patterns, we recommend using the buddy system. In the downstairs room, which is as big and plain as a mess hall, Mondays are set aside for salsa bands. Sets at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This windowless, slice-of-pie-shaped basement has an illustrious history that embraces everyone from Judy Holliday to Lenny Bruce, from Pete Seeger and Leadbelly to Miles Davis and Sonny Rollins. Sept. 22-27 is in the hands of the **JOE LOVANO** quartet. **BUSTER WILLIAMS** claims the week beginning Sept. 29. Mondays are reserved for the **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA.** Music after nine-thirty.

WETLANDS, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Home to an endless Summer of Love. Wetlands is a groovy, psychedelic, thoroughly Green night club. It is filled more or less nightly with young bands who like to play long, swirling jams and throngs of young Deadheads who like to listen to them. **BLACK 47,** a fast-rising Irish bar band that features a trombonist, a uillean-pipes player, and a singer-guitarist who sings strident variations on the Irishman-in-New York theme, will be here on Sept. 25. Music at ten.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—One of those snazzy, awninged eateries you've seen nestled amid brownstones in the Village and always wondered about. The food is Italian, the atmosphere is pastels and soft lights, and the musicians, who set up in a room between the bar and the dining room, are first-rate. Music from eight every night but Sundays, when sets begin at seven-thirty.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

LIKE most waterfronts, the one on the lower West Side exerts a seedy fascination for nocturnals. Mars, 12 West, Buttermilk Bottom, Jackie 60, Red Zone, the Tunnel, Meat, Cisco Disco, and Trax—these are just a few of the clubs that have lit up the shadows along the harbor. These days, many people who leave Sound Factory Bar or Limelight in search of bigger fun know that it's only a ten-minute beeline to Roxy, the Spike, Empire Diner, or the Eagle's Nest. Unfortunately, a walk on the West Side is not without risk. The path many take to and from Roxy goes right through a city project called Fulton Houses. Some neighborhoods host softball teams and bowling leagues; this one is frequented by "fag-bashing squads."

Back when our knees were sturdier and our hours easier, we often used to go skating at Roxy roller rink, and we could count on hearing at least once a week of the harassment or mugging of a fellow-skater who had walked through what soon became known as Rollerball Alley. We got away lucky one night, but it helped to have had a good left that ended in a handy skate.

The recent beating of two men by a gang of more than thirty in the area's Clement Clarke Moore Park—the eight arrested were all from Bridgeport, Connecticut—proves that time has not been on anyone's side. And regardless of the epithets they throw, it is important to remember that these goons are equal-opportunity destroyers. Especially if you're one of the many who have increased their substance abuse recently, you shouldn't leave a club by yourself if you can help it, and you should dive into a cab even if you're down to your last fiver. And whatever else you do, don't mistake Rollerball Alley for Lovers' Lane.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

"REVISIONES"—A festival of performance art and music from Latin America. Sept. 21 at 8: Astrid Hadad y Los Tarzanes, from Mexico. . . . ¶ Sept. 24-26 at 8: Pilar Alamo and Marel Malaret, and George Emilio Sánchez. Both groups will perform works that concern the travels of Christopher Columbus. . . . ¶ Sept. 29-Oct. 1 at 8: Luciana Proaño, a Peruvian dancer/video artist, and Mary Ann Vargas and Centro de Investigacion Teatral, Peruvian performance artists. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. The festival continues through Oct. 5.)

"THE BEST OF ALL WASHABLE WORLDS"—A rambunctious folk-music/performance piece by Washboard Jungle. (Downtown Art Co., 64 E. 4th St. 732-1227. Sept. 23-26 at 8 and Sept. 27 at 5. Through Oct. 4.)

PENNY ARCADE—In "Bitch! Dyke! Fag hag! Whore!" With go-go dancers. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. Sept. 25-26 at 8. For information about tickets, call 982-9292.)

ART

THE great Russian painter Stepan Yakovlevich Kochelev—unsung for reasons now understood—was born in 1884, the son of poor schoolteachers, in the village of Pokrovskoye, about sixty miles from the provincial capital, Barnaul. A child who yearned only to draw, he was apprenticed to a local textile artist and soon moved to Barnaul to attend art school. By the turn of the century, working in almost complete isolation, Kochelev arrived at a painterly style that coincided quite remarkably with aesthetic movements in the West, in particular with French Post-Impressionism. Though Kochelev participated in one or two "all-Russian" exhibitions during the early thirties, he was completely unknown outside his own country. After his death, in 1934, the bulk of his work went to the Barnaul Art Museum, where for over fifty years it remained one of Mother Russia's—and art history's—best-kept secrets.

At last, however, the secret is out. It turns out that "S. Y. Kochelev" never existed, but was concocted, œuvre and all, by the remarkable Ilya Kabakov, whose current show, "Incident at the Museum, or Water Music," is at the Ronald Feldman gallery (31 Mercer Street; through October 17). The gallery's two large rooms have been transformed for the occasion into duplicates of salons in the once grand, long-neglected—and likewise entirely fictitious—Barnaul Art Museum, and into a collaborative symphony of real drips and leaks falling into metal pans and buckets, orchestrated by the composer Vladimir Tarasov. Contemporary viewers may now enjoy such light-filled "Kochelev" masterpieces as "Whose Shawl Is Better? (Village Beauties)" (1932), with its Sorollaesque Spanish lilt, and "Lunchtime (Berevyanko Village)" (1926), with its nimbly brushed muster of hungry roosters recalling Bonnard.

Kabakov, born in 1933, was for many years among the U.S.S.R.'s most celebrated "unofficial" artists. He first visited the West in 1987 and had his first American show at this gallery in 1988. (New York museumgoers may remember his contribution to last year's "*Dis*locations," at MOMA: a simulacrum of a just-abandoned Party headquarters.) Kabakov now divides his time between New York, Moscow (where he continues to maintain studios), and various other European cities. The task he has set himself is nothing less than the rebuilding of the Russian Century, from the earliest Bolshevik glimmerings to post-*perestroika*.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—*Ceci n'est pas une rétrospective*: The Magritte bash includes more than a hundred and fifty paintings, drawings, bronzes, and other objects. Through Nov. 22. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings, drawings, and prints by the Spanish realist Jusepe de Ribera (1591-1652). Through Nov. 29. . . . ¶ Islam's influence on

QUEEN ELIZABETH 2
CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR'S CRUISE

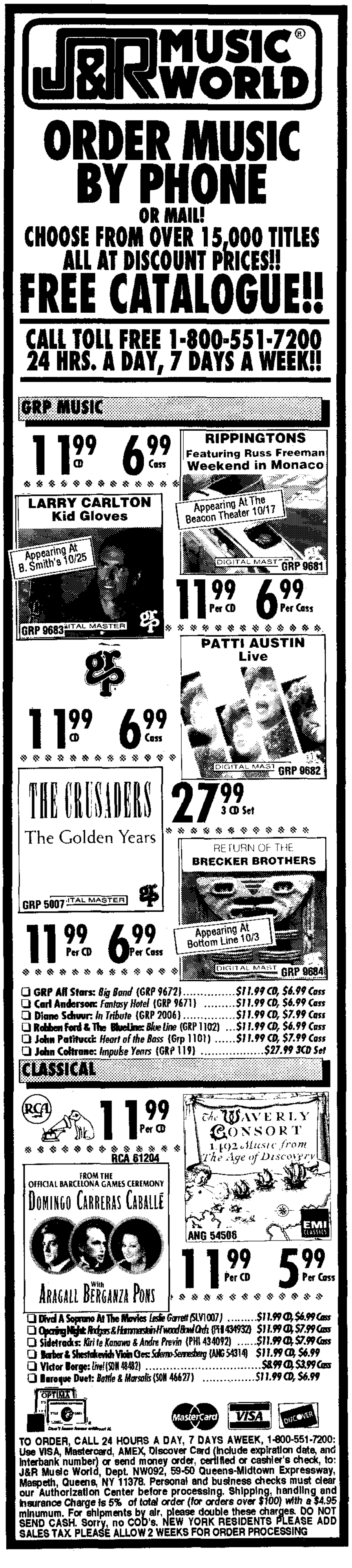
WHY NOT PUT YOUR HOLIDAY PRESENTS UNDER THIS TREE.

It may be hard to believe, but the holidays are right around the corner. Make sure you'll be where the sun always shines, crystal waters beckon and duty-free shopping awaits. Join the Queen Elizabeth 2 for a 15 day (round-trip New York, departing Dec. 19) or 11 day (round-trip Ft. Lauderdale, departing Dec. 21) cruise to the Caribbean. Give yourself the gift of seven tropical ports including St. Thomas, Barbados and St. Maarten. If your time is short, you can even choose a 5 to 8 day cruise. And, you'll spend your holidays aboard the most luxurious ship afloat. So, don't get left out in the cold. Fares range from $2,490 to $16,445. For our free Christmas and New Year's brochure, call 1-800-221-8200.

Rates are per person, double occupancy, subject to availability and dependent on departure date. Round-trip NY and Ft. Lauderdale rates are cruise only. Five to eight day cruises include free air transportation between NY or FLL and Barbados. Port and handling charges are $120 to $195 per person extra dependent on departure date. QE2 is registered in Great Britain. ©1992 Cunard.

CUNARD

L28



J&R MUSIC WORLD®

ORDER MUSIC BY PHONE
OR MAIL!
CHOOSE FROM OVER 15,000 TITLES ALL AT DISCOUNT PRICES!!
FREE CATALOGUE!!
CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-551-7200
24 HRS. A DAY, 7 DAYS A WEEK!!

GRP MUSIC

RIPPINGTONS Featuring Russ Freeman Weekend in Monaco — Appearing At The Beacon Theater 10/17 — GRP 9681 — 11.99 Per CD 6.99 Per Cass
LARRY CARLTON Kid Gloves — Appearing At B. Smith's 10/25 — GRP 9683 — 11.99 CD 6.99 Cass
PATTI AUSTIN Live — GRP 9682 — 11.99 CD 6.99 Cass
THE CRUSADERS The Golden Years — GRP 5007 — 27.99 3 CD Set
RETURN OF THE BRECKER BROTHERS — Appearing At Bottom Line 10/3 — GRP 9684 — 11.99 Per CD 6.99 Per Cass

☐ GRP All Stars: *Big Band* (GRP 9672) .... $11.99 CD, $6.99 Cass
☐ Carl Anderson: *Fantasy Hotel* (GRP 9671) .... $11.99 CD, $6.99 Cass
☐ Diane Schuur: *In Tribute* (GRP 2006) .... $11.99 CD, $7.99 Cass
☐ Robben Ford & The BlueLine: *Blue Line* (GRP 1102) ... $11.99 CD, $6.99 Cass
☐ John Patitucci: *Heart of the Bass* (Grp 1101) ...... $11.99 CD, $7.99 Cass
☐ John Coltrane: *Impulse Years* (GRP 119) .... $27.99 3CD Set

CLASSICAL

RCA 11.99 Per CD — RCA 61204
FROM THE OFFICIAL BARCELONA GAMES CEREMONY DOMINGO CARRERAS CABALLÉ With ARAGALL BERGANZA PONS
The Waverly Consort 1492 Music from The Age of Discovery — ANG 54506 — EMI Classics — 11.99 Per CD 5.99 Per Cass

☐ Diva! A Soprano At The Movies *Leslie Garrett* (SLV1007) .... $11.99 CD, $6.99 Cass
☐ Opening Night: *Rodgers & Hammerstein-H'wood Bowl Orch* (PHI 434932) $11.99 CD, $7.99 Cass
☐ Sidetracks: *Kiri te Kanawa & Andre Previn* (PHI 434092) ...... $11.99 CD, $7.99 Cass
☐ Barber & Shestakevich Violin Ces: *Salerno-Sonnesberg* (ANG 54314) $11.99 CD, $6.99
☐ Victor Borge: *Live!* (SON 48482) .... $8.99 CD, $3.99 Cass
☐ Baroque Duet: *Battle & Marsalis* (SON 46627) .... $11.99 CD, $6.99

OPTIMA Don't leave home without it. MasterCard VISA DISCOVER

TO ORDER, CALL 24 HOURS A DAY, 7 DAYS AWEEK, 1-800-551-7200: Use VISA, Mastercard, AMEX, Discover Card (include expiration date, and interbank number) or send money order, certified or cashier's check, to: J&R Music World, Dept. NW092, 59-50 Queens-Midtown Expressway, Maspeth, Queens, NY 11378. Personal and business checks must clear our Authorization Center before processing. Shipping, handling and insurance Charge is 5% of total order (for orders over $100) with a $4.95 minumum. For shipments by air, please double these charges. DO NOT SEND CASH. Sorry, no COD's. NEW YORK RESIDENTS PLEASE ADD SALES TAX PLEASE ALLOW 2 WEEKS FOR ORDER PROCESSING

Spanish culture is one of the great long chapters in the book of civilization. Beginning in the eighth century, with the appearance of magical animal figures and charmed vegetation on Romanesque columns, and peaking during the so-called Dark Ages, with an awe-inspiring fusion of North African, Mesopotamian, and Latin traditions, the Muhammadan effect on the Iberian Peninsula is one big aesthetic seduction. "Al-Andalus: The Art of Islamic Spain" is nevertheless a neurotic exhibition. First assembled at the Alhambra, in Granada, "Al-Andalus" began life as an extravagant display of vitrines in which ancient shards and fragile manuscripts were treated as if they were premature infants. Now in New York, these powerful objects—a mysterious bronze griffin, on loan from Pisa; an intricately carved wood cupola ceiling, from the Alhambra's Palacio del Partal; a group of exquisitely written Korans; a vermillion curtain of quasi-minimalist abstract splendor; an intense, oversized Alhambra vase—are on view in the Lehman Wing. Viewers can enhance their experience with a visit to the museum's sensational, undertrafficked Islamic wing: the eighteenth-century room from Damascus is enough to send you on a sultry vacation. Through Sept. 27.... ¶ "Modern Design: 1890-1990" shows off the museum's holdings in twentieth-century furniture, architectural and design drawings, glass, ceramics, and other objects. Through Oct. 25.... **NOTE:** The roof garden, planted with eight sculptures by Rodin, is open when the weather permits. Through Nov. 1. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Henri Matisse." The long-awaited retrospective begins Sept. 24. (Tickets for this exhibition have been sold in advance. A limited number of same-day tickets are available on a first-come, first-served basis. For more information, call 708-9850.)... ¶ "The Photographs of Lucas Samaras" comprises thirty works from his many series of Polaroids. Through Dec. 1. (See Photography listing.)... ¶ "The Young Rebel in American Photography, 1950-1970" presents work by, among others, Diane Arbus, Larry Clark, Bruce Davidson, Robert Frank, and Lee Friedlander. Through Oct. 13. (See Photography listing.)... ¶ A small, pleasant exhibition of lean and timeless utilitarian pieces by the Finnish designer Kaj Franck. Particularly impressive is his Kilta tableware, which was in production from 1953 to 1975 and still looks contemporary. Through Oct. 12. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The Russians, the Bolsheviks, and the Soviets are coming. "The Great Utopia: The Russian and Soviet Avant-Garde, 1915-32" is a feast of eight hundred paintings, sculptures, photographs, and architectural, graphic, and stage designs. *Na zdorovye!* Starts Sept. 25. (Open daily, except Thursdays, 10 to 8.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM SOHO, 575 Broadway—"Marc Chagall and the Jewish Theater." Seven murals on canvas (recently restored) that the artist created in late 1920 for the State Jewish Kamerny Theatre, in Moscow. Starts Sept. 23. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings until 10.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Twenty-three drawings from the forties by Alfonso Ossorio. Starts Sept. 24.... ¶ "Homecoming: William H. Johnson and Afro-America, 1938-46." Through Oct. 25.... ¶ An auxiliary exhibition, "Parallel Visions," draws on the museum's permanent collection to provide a context for viewing the works of Johnson. Among the artists represented here are Philip Evergood, Edward Hopper, Jacob Lawrence, Ben Shahn, and Alice Trumbull Mason. Through Oct. 25... ¶ A large show of twentieth-century figurative works from the collection. Through Nov. 29. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Meg Webster's installation, titled "Running," will consist of a stream of water and an adjacent resource room with a computer and books on ecology and the biosphere. Starts Sept. 25.... ¶ "Fantasy Furniture" is a collection of wacky nineteenth-century pieces from around the world. Starts Sept. 24. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

ASIA SOCIETY, Park Ave. at 70th St.—"Cultures at Crossroads: Southeast Asian Textiles from the Australian National Gallery." Seventy-nine objects, dating from the seventeenth century to the early twentieth, from Indonesia, Myanmar, Thailand, India, Cambodia, Vietnam, Malaysia, and the Philippines. Through Jan. 17. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, at the New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"Convivencia: Jews, Muslims, and Christians in Medieval Spain." The perfect followup to the "Al-Andalus" show at the Met, which closes this week. More than a hundred manuscripts, textiles, ceramics, and architectural fragments are on view. Through Dec. 20. (Open Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Sundays, 11 to 5; Thursdays, 11 to 8; Fridays, 11 to 3.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A hundred drawings by Fra Bartolommeo, including studies for "Vision of St. Bernard" and "Madonna della Misericordia." Through Nov. 29.... ¶ "Renaissance Florence: Arts and Letters," drawn from the library's collection, features letters by Michelangelo and Machiavelli, an early edition of Dante's "Divine Comedy," and inflammatory pamphlets by Savonarola. Through Nov. 29.... ¶ All sorts of material culled from past Presidential elections (George Washington to Teddy Roosevelt) will be on view in "Seeking the 'Splendid Misery.'" Through Nov. 22.... ¶ "Treasures from the Permanent Collections." Through Nov. 29. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, Columbus Ave. at 65th St.—"Visiones del Pueblo" explores, through two hundred and fifty objects, the roots of Latin-American folk art from the sixteenth century to the present. Through Jan. 3. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11:30 to 7:30.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"A Jewish Family in Colonial New York: The Levy-Franks Family Portraits." Three generations of the Levy and Frank families, as seen in these rare seventeen-thirties oil paintings.... ¶ "Songs of My People," a hundred and fifty black-and-white photographs of contemporary African-American communities throughout the United States. All of the pictures were taken by African-American free-lance and newspaper photographers. Starts Sept. 23. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Seventy-one paintings by Finnish modernist Helene Schjerfbeck (1862-1945). Starts Sept. 24.... ¶ "The Artist's Eye," the first in a series of exhibitions to be organized by artists who are academy members. Philip Pearlstein has done the selecting here; among the forty works on view are Ryder's "Marine" and Sargent's "Portrait of Monet." Through Jan. 15. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5; Friday evenings until 8, with no admission charge after 5.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"Ansel Adams: The Early Years" covers the period from 1919 to 1941 and includes, along with several of the famous Western landscapes, lesser-known still-lifes, portraits, and views of New York City. Through Oct. 11.... ¶ An exhibition, mostly of paintings, from the collection of the Century Association. Some of the works, such as Albert Bierstadt's "Guerrilla Warfare, Civil War" (1862) and Winslow Homer's "Nurse and Child" (1868), were accepted by the association in lieu of the initiation fee. Through Oct. 11. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—In "New Worlds, Ancient Texts," more than two hundred manuscripts, maps, atlases, globes, books, and prints tell the story of the Old World and the New World—how they came to meet, their courtship, their quarrels, and their inevitable marriage. *Through Jan. 9. (Gottesman Hall. Open Tuesdays* and Wednesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)... ¶ Maps and atlases of yesteryear, as "Mapping the New World" demonstrates, were certainly more fanciful than today's A.A.A. road maps. The show reveals the fertile imaginations of European mapmakers, who incorporated palm trees, double-spouted whales, cannibals, and more into their works. Through Jan. 9. (Edna

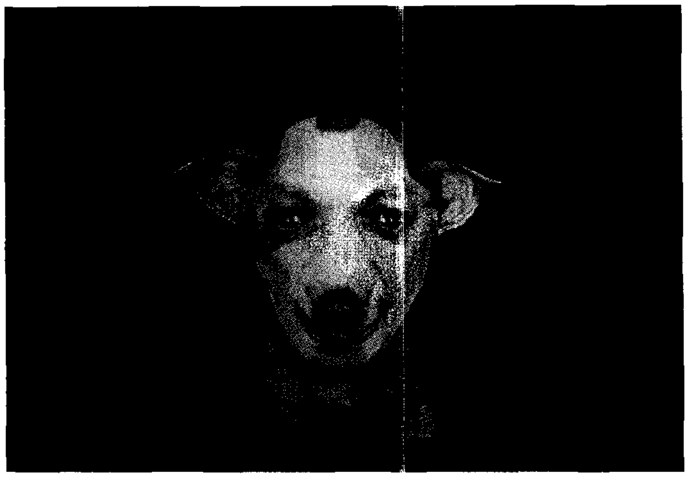
Barnes Salomon Room. Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Queens Museum of Art, Flushing Meadow Park—"Fragile Ecologies" presents several artists' interpretations of—and suggested solutions for—various problems in the biosphere. Among those represented are Mel Chin, Alan Sonfist, Mierle Laderman Ukeles, Helen and Newton Harrison, and a group of California high-school students. Through Nov. 29. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Eugène Leroy—Recent paintings by this eighty-two-year-old from northeastern France. Leroy's impassioned, meditative canvases resemble both Frank Auerbach's and Milton Resnick's. And some of Leroy's grittier surfaces may also recall the early work of Dubuffet or Masson, though his operatic painterliness may seem overearnest to eyes accustomed to quasi-kitschiness or self-conscious historicism. Along with those of many other northern European painters—Per Kirkeby, for instance—Leroy's compositions are sometimes so open as to seem irresolute, resulting in paintings full of inchoate gesture and primal incident. Through Nov. 7. (Werner, 21 E. 67th St. . . . ¶ A concurrent show of recent paintings is at Thorp, 103 Prince St., through Oct. 10.)



Self-portrait by Justen Ladda

Season Openers—**MAX BECKMANN,** Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (through Oct. 31); **ELMER BISCHOFF,** Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (open Mondays, through Sept. 28); **IRVING PETLIN,** Kent, 47 E. 63rd St. (open Mondays, closed Saturdays, through Oct. 20); **DIEGO RIVERA,** Martin, 23 E. 73rd St. (through Sept. 26); **BEVERLY SEMMES,** Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. (through Oct. 6); **DONALD SULTAN,** Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (through Oct 8); **MICHAEL TETHEROW,** Goldberg, 52 E. 76th St. (through Oct. 17).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Season Openers—**FEDERICO CASTELLON,** Rosenfeld, 50 W. 57th St. (through Oct. 31); **STUART DIAMOND,** McKee, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. through Oct. 10); **JUDITH GODWIN,** Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St. (through Oct. 17); **MAURICE GOLUBOV,** De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. (through Oct. 6); **MORRIS GRAVES,** Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St. (opens Saturdays at noon, through Oct. 24); **KÄTHE KOLLWITZ,** Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. (through Nov. 7); **WENDY MARK,** Forum, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Oct. 17); **MARIA NORDMAN** (through Oct. 10) and **ISA GENZKEN** (through Oct. 17), Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (open Mondays); **CLAES OLDENBURG,** Pace, 32 E. 57th St. (through Oct. 17); **WALLACE PUTNAM,** Ross, 50 W. 57th St. (through Oct. 17); **MILTON RESNICK,** Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (through Oct. 17); **STEPHEN TANIS,** French, 24 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Sept. 26); **ABRAHAM WALKOWITZ,** Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St., and Forum, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (both shows through Oct. 17).

GALLERIES—SoHo

Justen Ladda—When you enter the main room of this gallery, what you see is an image of a tractor with Eros and a centaur painted on it and on the wall behind in such a way that the tableau pops out at the viewer three-dimensionally. When viewed from anywhere but head on, the image dissolves into mere visual noise. Step closer to the wall and you can see that the tractor has been fabricated from a heap of supermarket and drug-store packaging. Downstairs, there are a number of smaller works. A painting, on plywood, of racing cars on a banked curve is especially beautiful. Ladda's best works are conceived for public spaces, and the most soothing piece in the show, appropriately enough, is the self-explanatory "Model for an Indoor Island." Through Oct. 3. (Gorney, 100 Greene St.)

Hugh Steers—A dozen small oil sketches and four large easel paintings by a young Yale-educated artist. Steers addresses embattled public subjects—AIDS and the erosion of reproductive rights—in works that, despite their fevered East Village theatricality, can only be described as old-fashioned. Bonnard, of all people, seems to be a primary influence, followed perhaps by Oskar Kokoschka and Jared French. Paintings such as the luminous "Tub," or "Plastic Embrace," with its pair of lovers and prophylactic shower curtain, are definitely efforts to be reckoned with. A strong, affecting small show. Through Oct. 3. (Richard Anderson, 63 Thompson St.)

Group Show—A double show of twelve young British artists. Many seem to have an obsession with the Victorian slant on botany and zoology, taxidermy and taxonomy; with proto-photographic devices like the camera obscura; and with Eadweard Muybridge's experiments. Steven Pippin, for example, has turned a washing machine into a camera obscura: photo-chemicals enter the picture during the spin cycle. One of Marc Quinn's sculptures consists of a condom-thin cast of his own naked body hung from the ceiling. The work of Rachel Whiteread, represented here by a rubber cast of a mattress, may bring to mind not only Robert Morris and Louise Bourgeois but also the whole history of council-flat living—including Rita Tushingham and the kitchen sink. Through Oct. 31. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St., and SteinGladstone, 99 Wooster St.)

Season Openers—**KIM ABELES,** Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. (through Oct. 10); **LUCY BARBER,** First Street Gallery, 560 Broadway (through Sept. 26); **ROBERT BEAUCHAMP,** M-13, at 72 Greene St. (through Oct. 3); **FARRELL BRICKHOUSE,** Auchincloss, 558 Broadway (through Oct. 17); **SCOTT BURTON,** Protetch, 560 Broadway (through Oct. 17); **JOHN CAGE,** Roeder, 545 Broadway (closed Tuesdays, through Oct. 10); **COLIN CHASE,** Kelly, 591 Broadway (through Sept. 29); **FRANCESCO CLEMENTE,** Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (through Oct. 31); **PETER DRAKE,** Marcus, 578 Broadway (through Oct. 3); **NORRIS EMBRY,** Snyder, 588 Broadway (through Oct. 17); **AVA GERBER,** Fiction-Nonfiction, 21 Mercer St. (through Sept. 26); **GLENN GOLDBERG,** Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (through Oct. 10); **PAULA HAYES,** Fawbush, 76 Grand St. (through Oct. 10); **SILVIA KOLBOWSKI,** Postmasters, 80 Greene St. (through Oct. 10); **ANDREW KRASNOW** and **DOUGLAS BLACK,** Stux, 163 Mercer St. (through Oct. 3); **DAVID NASH,** Louver, 130 Prince St. (through Oct. 10); **TOM OTTERNESS,** Brooke Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (through Oct. 10); **ADRIAN PIPER,** Weber, 142 Greene St. (through Oct. 17) and Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl. (through Oct. 31); **KENNY SCHARF,** Shafrazi, 130 Prince St. (through Oct. 24); **WALTER SWENNEN,** Klagsbrun, 51 Greene St. (through Oct. 3); **TOSHIKO TAKAEZU,** Cowles, 420 West Broadway

VISTAFJORD'S
SOUTH AMERICA

FROM YOUR STATEROOM, THE GRANDEUR OF CORCOVADO.

Combine the adventure of Rio de Janeiro with the elegance of white-glove service when you cruise to South America on Cunard's Five Plus Star Vistafjord. Sail for 36 luxurious days, round-trip from Ft. Lauderdale on January 29th to Montevideo stopping in exotic Devil's Island, Buenos Aires and Punta del Este or fly to Rio on February 20th in time for Carnival Week and sail back to Ft. Lauderdale in just two weeks. Rates are from $4,210 to $18,570 including airfare. For more details call your travel agent. For a free brochure or our $8.95 video, call 1-800-221-8200.

Rates are per person, double occupancy, subject to availability and dependent upon departure date. Port and handling charges are $145 to $250 per person extra dependent upon length of cruise. Prices include round-trip economy class air travel from 78 U.S. and Canadian cities. Vistafjord is registered in the Bahamas. ©1992 Cunard.

CUNARD

L31

Child's Play

FURNITURE FOR CHILDREN

Stools (1992), Michael Hurwitz

September 17–October 24

PETER JOSEPH GALLERY
745 Fifth Avenue
New York, NY 10151
(212) 751-5500

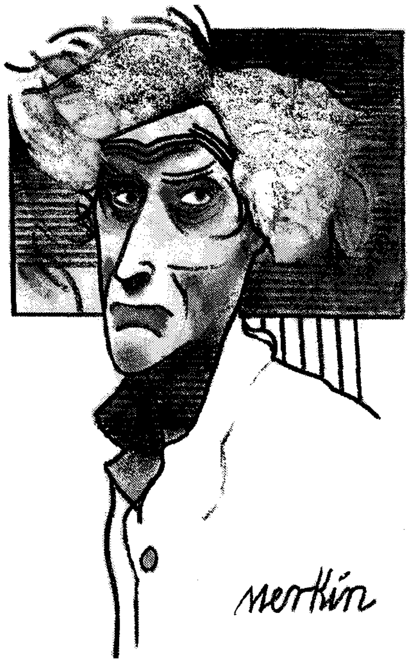
Nedra Matteucci's
Fenn Galleries

1075 Paseo de Peralta
Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501
505-982-4631 • FAX: 505-984-0199

Specializing in important historical American Art and representing fine contemporary Southwestern painting and monumental sculpture

Michael Lynch Amstel River oil 12×12

Gallery catalog available $17. ppd.
M. Lynch catalog available no chg.



Milton Resnick

(through Oct. 3); **RICHARD TUTTLE,** Boone, 417 West Broadway (through Oct. 31) and Markey, 55 Vandam St. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 2, through Oct. 30); **MICHAEL VENEZIA,** RubinSpangle, 395 West Broadway (through Oct. 10); **ELLEN WIENER,** Pearl, 420 West Broadway (through Oct. 3); **FRED WILSON,** Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St. (through Oct. 3); **JACKIE WINSOR,** Cooper, 149 Wooster St. (through Oct. 3); **ADOLF WÖLFLI,** Kind, 136 Greene St. (through Oct. 17).

OTHER VENUES

"HOUSES OF SPIRIT/MEMORIES OF ANCESTORS"—An outdoor sculpture show set in Woodlawn Cemetery, in the Bronx. Each of the eight works deals in some way with the here and now, the hereafter, and concepts of family, gender, and home. Artists include Tom Finkelpearl, Kathleen McCarthy, Renee Stout, and Dina Bursztyn. Through Nov. 1. (Jerome Ave. entrance, at Bainbridge Ave. Open daily, 9 to 4:30.)

LUCAS SAMARAS—This artist has worked for decades in such varied mediums as painting, sculpture, drawing, and photography, but this show offers only one fragment of his vision: a selection of the Polaroid pieces he made between 1969 and 1986. Like the rest of his work, these photos demonstrate his capacity to find infinite possibilities and complexities in seemingly simple things. Many of these images are about breaking through the surface to reveal the depths; in a number of the photographs he has actually worked with a knife, slicing and cutting and then putting a tableau together. Through Dec. 1. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

"THE YOUNG REBEL IN AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHY, 1950-1970"—A perennial American type is explored in this smart show. Some of the images of rebels here seem innocent by today's standards, such as Bruce Davidson's photographs of a gang of teen-agers whose symbols of rebellion are cigarettes and beer. But there are also tougher pictures, such as Larry Clark's 1971 photographs of kids shooting up and Diane Arbus's picture of a transvestite sitting on a bed. The other photographers represented are Larry Fink, Robert Frank, Lee Friedlander, William Gale Gedney, Allen Ginsberg, Danny Lyon, and Joseph Sterling. Through Oct. 13. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

SEASON OPENERS—**JOHN BALDESSARI,** Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway (through Oct. 10); **LEWIS BALTZ,** Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway (through Oct. 10); **GEOFFREY BIDDLE,** Perry, 472 Broome St. (through Oct. 24); **HARRY CALLAHAN** and **AARON SISKIND,** Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (through Oct. 24); **LARRY CLARK,** Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St. (through Oct. 10); **JOHN COPLANS,** Rosen, 130 Prince St. (through Oct. 17); **GEOFFREY JAMES,** Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. (through Oct. 10); **LOUIS LUSSIER,** Shainman, 560 Broadway (through Oct. 10); **GEANNA MEROLA,** Saul, 155 Spring St. (through Oct. 14); **DUANE MICHALS** and **LOIS GREENFIELD,** International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8; both shows through Nov. 8); **DAVID MOROWITZ,** O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway (through Oct. 3); **MARIO CRAVO NETO,** Witkin, 415 West Broadway (through Oct. 24); **EDDIE ROLLINS,** Rice, 325 W. 11th St. (open Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 7, Sundays, 1 to 6, through Oct. 25); **CHARLES SCHENK,** Danziger, 415 West Broadway (through Oct. 10).

PHOTOGRAPHY

THE Lowinsky gallery's fall kickoff show is titled "The Silence of the Stare," and it features the work of Luis González Palma, a Guatemalan photographer in his mid-thirties (575 Broadway; starts September 22). González' pictures have been exhibited only once before in New York, in 1989, at the Museum of Contemporary Hispanic Art. (Earlier this year, he had a one-man show at the Art Institute of Chicago.) González' work is contemporary, but it also has a convincingly worn look, thanks to the technical processes that he uses and to the fact that his prints are sometimes cut or otherwise distressed. His photographs remind us of the archeological-looking work of the Starn Twins, and also of the installation that Deborah Turbeville did last winter at the Staley-Wise gallery. But González' results are all his own, and they are striking. His models are Mayan people, and whether he poses them with a bird's wings on their shoulders, fastens a piece of red ribbon to their image, or portrays them in plainer ways, all his prints are imbued with solemnity and beauty.

MUSIC

THERE'S a puzzle left over from the New York Philharmonic's opening subscription program of Schubert, Méhul, and Beethoven (one performance of which remains, on September 22): which symphony came first, Beethoven's Fifth or Méhul's G-Minor? Méhul's has had a sort of phantom life (Mendelssohn and various conductors since have resurrected it) that is almost certainly explained by the striking resemblance its last movement bears to the famous first movement of Beethoven's Fifth. Kurt Masur's programming puts the two works end to end; when one listens to them that way, the similarities are just too striking to have occurred by chance. One composer *has* to have heard the other's piece.

Both symphonies were being written, as far as is known, at about the same time. Beethoven's was first performed in December of 1808; Méhul's was once thought to have premièred the following year, but recent scholarship suggests that it appeared earlier in 1808. It's unclear whether either one circulated in manuscript (as often happened in those days) before a performance took place. Musicologists have known for a long time that Beethoven was interested in Méhul, and of course everyone was interested in Beethoven. It seems likelier that Beethoven borrowed an idea from a lesser master and expanded upon its possibilities than that Méhul borrowed one from a celebrated musical giant and then worked it out in a more commonplace way. But Beethoven was sketching the opening of the Fifth years before Méhul's work appeared. Is it, as we wondered last week, simply a matter of ideas that were "in the air"? Maybe. But it occurs to us that if we were a graduate student in music history we would start poring through the overtures to Méhul's many operas, on the off chance that his symphony of 1808 was not the first time he used this music.

OPERA

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall, 875-5030; and for Carnegie Hall, 247-7800.)

Metropolitan Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will run through May 1. **LES CONTES D'HOFFMANN,** with Carol Vaness (singing all the heroines), Susanne Mentzer, Placido Domingo, and Samuel Ramey; conducted by James Levine. (Sept. 21 at 7, and Sept. 24 and Sept. 28 at 8.)... **UN BALLO IN MASCHERA,** with Aprile Millo, Harolyn Blackwell, Florence Quivar, Richard Leech, and Leo Nucci; John Fiore. (Sept. 22 and Sept. 26 at 8.)... With Aprile Millo, Harolyn Blackwell, Florence Quivar, Richard Leech, and Louis Quilico; John Fiore. (Sept. 30 at 8.)... **MADAMA BUTTERFLY,** with Diana Soviero, Wendy White, Michael Sylvester, and Dwayne Croft; Julius Rudel. (Sept. 23 at 8 and Sept. 26 at 1:30.)... **FALSTAFF,** with Mirella Freni, Barbara Bonney, Marilyn Horne, Frank Lopardo, Paul Plishka, and Bruno Pola; James Levine. (Sept. 25 and Sept. 29 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House.)

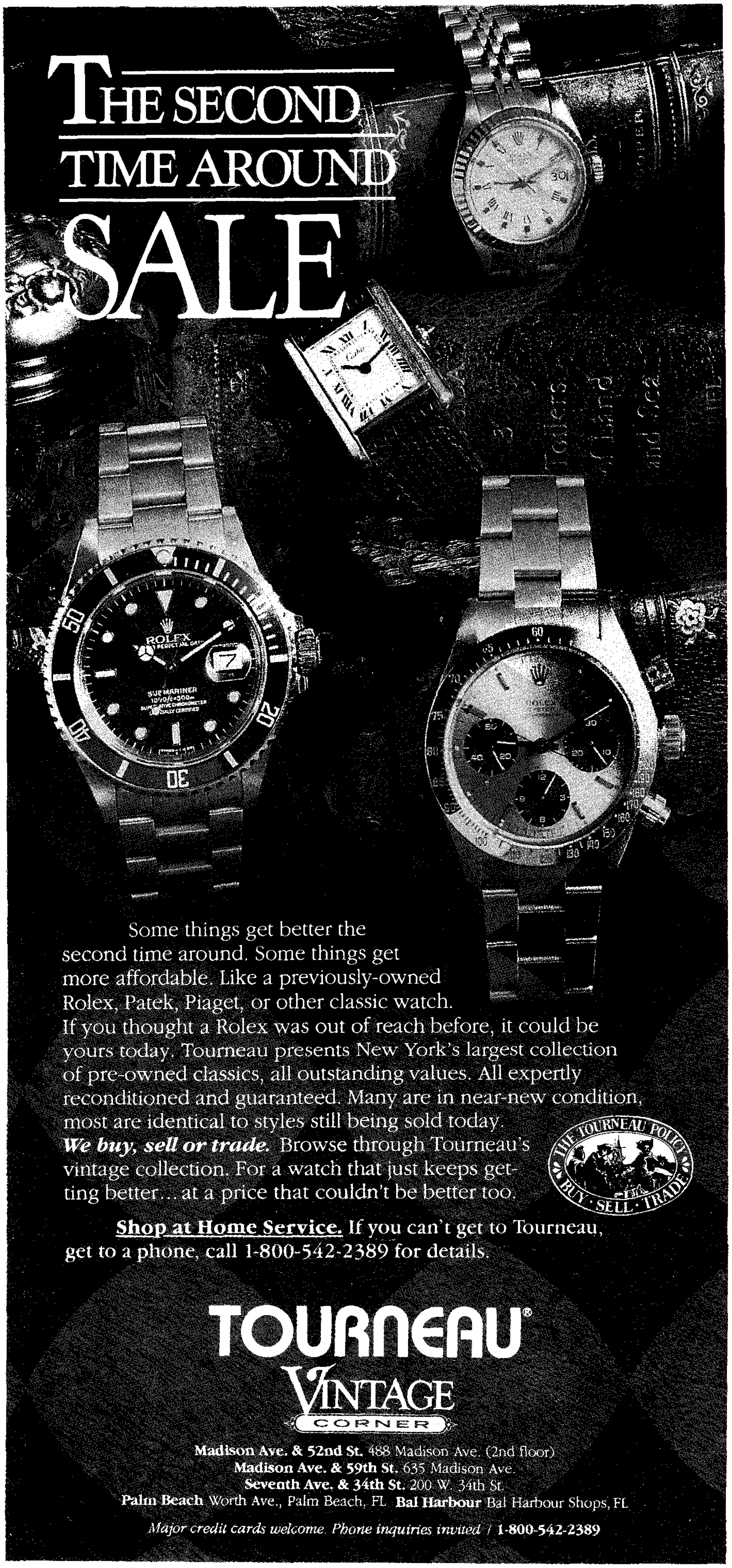
New York City Opera—**DOKTOR FAUST,** by Ferruccio Busoni, with Eva Zseller, Michael Rees Davis, and William Stone; conducted by Christopher Keene. (Sept. 23 and Sept. 29 at 8.)... **THE DESERT SONG,** by Sigmund Romberg, with Linda Michele, Lillian Graff, Richard White, John Lankston, John Daniecki, and Louis Otey; Chris Nance. (Sept. 24 and Sept. 26 at 8.)... **CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA** and **PAGLIACCI,** in a double bill conducted by Steven Sloane; with Sharon Graham, Melanie Sonnenberg, Craig Sirianni, and Max Wittges in the former, and Gwynne Geyer, Antonio Barasorda, and Sigmund Cowan in the latter. (Sept. 25 and Sept. 30 at 8.)... **THE MAGIC FLUTE,** sung in English; with Amy Burton, Rachel Rosales, Richard Drews, Jeff Mattsey, and John Calvin West; Scott Bergeson. (Sept. 26 at 1:30.)... **IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA,** with Lisa Saffer, Robert Tate, Louis Otey, and Joseph McKee; Scott Bergeson. (Sept. 27 at 1:30.) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

Ho Lo Taiwanese Opera Troupe—Performing "The Wrong Verdict." (Taipei Theatre, 1221 Sixth Ave., at 48th St. 373-1850. Sept. 25-26 at 7:30 and Sept. 27 at 2.)

Amato Opera Company—Presenting "Rigoletto." (Pace Downtown Theatre, Spruce St. between Nassau and Gold Sts. 346-1715. Sept. 25 at 7:30.... ¶ Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Sept. 26 at 7:30 and Sept. 27 at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Kurt Masur conducting. Sept. 22 at 7:30: Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony, the First Symphony by Étienne-Nicolas Méhul, and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony (which was the first piece ever performed by the orchestra, back in 1842).... ¶ Sept. 24, Sept. 26, and Sept. 29, all at 8; and Sept. 25 at 2: The première of "Bang!" (composed by Tobias Picker to celebrate the orchestra's sesquicentennial), as well as Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto (featuring Midori) and Bruckner's Ninth Symphony.



THE SECOND TIME AROUND SALE

Some things get better the second time around. Some things get more affordable. Like a previously-owned Rolex, Patek, Piaget, or other classic watch. If you thought a Rolex was out of reach before, it could be yours today. Tourneau presents New York's largest collection of pre-owned classics, all outstanding values. All expertly reconditioned and guaranteed. Many are in near-new condition, most are identical to styles still being sold today. ***We buy, sell or trade.*** Browse through Tourneau's vintage collection. For a watch that just keeps getting better... at a price that couldn't be better too.

THE TOURNEAU POLICY BUY · SELL · TRADE

Shop at Home Service. If you can't get to Tourneau, get to a phone, call 1-800-542-2389 for details.

TOURNEAU®
VINTAGE
CORNER

Madison Ave. & 52nd St. 488 Madison Ave. (2nd floor)
Madison Ave. & 59th St. 635 Madison Ave.
Seventh Ave. & 34th St. 200 W. 34th St.
Palm Beach Worth Ave., Palm Beach, FL **Bal Harbour** Bal Harbour Shops, FL

Major credit cards welcome. Phone inquiries invited / **1-800-542-2389**

MUSIC—Cont'd

Manhattan Chamber Orchestra—Richard Auldon Clark conducts a program of concertante works by Jacques Ibert: his "Concertino da Camera" (with alto saxophonist Gary Louie); his Symphonie Concertante (with oboist Burt Lucarelli); and his Concerto for Cello and Winds (with Nathaniel Rosen, who will also be featured in a work by David Amram). (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Sept. 23 at 8.)

Manhattan School of Music Symphony Orchestra—*Christopher Keene conducts Tchaikovsky's* Symphony No. 2, Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 3 (with Maria Asteriadou), and "My Father's Song," a tone-poem written in 1987 by Nils Vigeland. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Sept. 25 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenberg directs the choir in Tallis's motet for forty voices, "Spem in Alium," as well as choral works by Schütz, Richard Strauss, and others. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sept. 26 at 3. For information about tickets, call 874-3104.)

Pittsburgh Symphony—In the official opening of Carnegie Hall's season, Lorin Maazel conducts an all-Tchaikovsky concert: his "Romeo and Juliet" overture-fantasy, "Variations on a Rococo Theme" (with cellist Yo-Yo Ma), and Symphony No. 5. A benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. Sept. 30 at 7:30.)

Juilliard Orchestra—Otto-Werner Mueller conducts Hindemith's "Symphonic Metamorphosis on Themes of Carl Maria von Weber," Mozart's D-Major Piano Concerto (K. 451, featuring Lorraine Min), and Mussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition" (in Ravel's classic orchestration). (Avery Fisher Hall. Sept. 30 at 8.)

RECITALS

Ellen Orner—The violinist performs works by Leonardo Balada, Benjamin Lees, and Henryk *Wieniawski, in addition to a half dozen* unaccompanied Paganini caprices. Pianist Joel Wizansky assists. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. Sept. 21 at 8.)

Jeffrey Siegel—Pianist, discussing and playing Beethoven's "Appassionata" and "Moonlight" Sonatas. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Sept. 22 at 8.)

Eugenia Zukerman and Anthony Newman—The flutist and the harpsichordist play works of Handel, C. P. E. Bach, and others. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Sept. 23 at 6. For information about tickets, call 930-0571.)

Four Nations Ensemble—No musical figure summons up the spirit of Palladian classicism more than Arcangelo Corelli, the mid-Baroque composer-and-violinist who, at intervals of nearly clock-like regularity, produced a series of impeccably wrought, serenely balanced sonatas and concerti grossi. Those who knew him commended his modesty and composure—the description "like an Archangel" proved irresistible to some; "il divino arcangelo," said others—while one contemporary suggested that, when performing, the violinist assumed the very trappings of ecstasy: "It was usual for his countenance to be distorted, his eyes to become as red as fire, and his eyeballs to roll as if in agony." The period-instrument group (which comprises violinist Ryan Brown, cellist Loretta O'Sullivan, and harpsichordist Andrew Appel) performs the first sonata from Corelli's Op. 5 collection (published in 1700), as well as works by Handel, Bach, Tartini, and Leclair, all of whom found inspiration in Corelli's works as they were disseminated throughout Europe in the early years of the eighteenth century. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Sept. 23 at 8.)

Ilan Rechtman—The Israeli pianist performs works by Scarlatti, Beethoven, and Chopin, in addition to several of his own chamber compositions (with assisting artists). (Weill Recital Hall. Sept. 23 at 8.)

Edith Chen and Mikhail Yanovitsky—Two of the three winners of Juilliard's 1992 Gina Bachauer International Piano Competition share a recital, with Ms. Chen performing works by Rachmaninoff (including his Sonata No. 2) and Mr. Yanovitsky offering Beethoven's Sonata No. 15 (the "Pastorale") and Prokofiev's Toccata (Op. 11). (Paul Hall, Juilliard School, 60 Lincoln Center Plaza. Sept. 23 at 9. No tickets necessary.). . . **NOTE:** A recital by the two winners of the competition's pre-college division, Sophia Chen and Jin-Ho Weng, will begin at 8, preceding the main concert.

Bargemusic—Classical guitarist David Starobin joins a trio of string players in a concert that comprises music by Haydn, Mozart, and Mauro Giuliani. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Sept. 24 at 6:30 and Sept. 27 at 4, the former being a benefit, by candlelight.)

Hans Choi—The Korean-born baritone, who lept to prominence by winning two gold medals at the 1990 International Tchaikovsky Vocal Competition—one as the leading male singer, the other for excellence in interpreting Russian repertoire—makes his New York début recital performing songs by Bellini, Donizetti, Schumann, Tchaikovsky, Liszt (his "*Tre Sonetti di Petrarca*"), *and Tosti; with* pianist Warren Jones. (Carnegie Hall. Sept. 24 at 8.)

Hans Choi

Matti Raekallio—In the first concert of a new series, the Finnish pianist offers music by his compatriots Sibelius ("Three Folksong Arrangements") and Einojuhani Rautavaara (his Suite, Op. 1, "The Fiddlers"), as well as numerous operatic transcriptions, including resettings and elaborations of Gluck (by Brahms and Wilhelm Kempff), Wagner (by Liszt and Karl Tausig), and Bizet ("Carmen"-inspired works by Busoni and Horowitz). (National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. 369-4880. Sept. 25 at 6:30.)

The Music Project—The chamber musicians (abetted by violinist Kikuei Ikeda, of the Tokyo String Quartet) perform works by Dvořák and Simeon Westbrooke, as well as the seemingly ubiquitous "Handel/Halverson Passacaglia" and the Piano Quintet written in 1893 by Giuseppe Martucci, a pianist, conductor, and composer who fervently admired Liszt and Wagner (to the point of conducting the Italian première of "Tristan und Isolde") and whose own works were championed by Toscanini. (Weill Recital Hall. Sept. 27 at 2.)

JAZZ/POP/ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Joan Armatrading—The English singer Joan Armatrading was born on St. Kitts, in the Caribbean, and grew up in Birmingham. A star since the mid-seventies, Armatrading combines a reticent persona with a strong and independent musical identity. Her consistent semi-popularity is similar to the status of another quirky hybrid, Van Morrison, and her work, like his, moves back and forth across the borders between commercial pop, folk, soul, and melodic rock. Armatrading recently released her fifteenth album, "Square the Circle." Like many of her previous records, it contains several gems, but it also seems hampered by the effort to produce hits. There are no such defects in Joan Armatrading's natural and passionate live shows. With a virtuoso five-piece band lending unforced support to her multicolored alto voice, and a well-stocked jewel box of sadder-but-wiser love songs to choose from, Armatrading onstage is incandescent. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Sept. 23-24 at 8.)

"The Music of Andrew Lloyd Webber"—Featuring Michael Crawford. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. Sept. 22 at 7, Sept. 23-25 and Sept. 29-30 at 8, Sept. 26 at 2 and 8, and Sept. 27 at 3. Through Oct. 4.)

Jodeci—Paramount, Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Sept. 24 at 8.

Irish Music—By Cathal McConnell and Len Graham. (Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. Sept. 25 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Ustad Salamat Ali Khan—Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Sept. 26 at 8:30.

Glenn Frey—Beacon Theatre. Sept. 29 at 8.

Benefit Concerts—10,000 Maniacs, Michael Penn, and Robin Holcomb. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Sept. 23 at 8.). . . ¶ The Ocean Blue, Too Much Joy, Kitchens of Distinction, and Kingmaker. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Sept. 25 at 8.). . . ¶ Carter the Unstoppable Sex Machine, Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy, Gene Loves Jezebel, and others. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. 473-7171. Sept. 26 at 7.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Yankees—Vs. the Detroit Tigers, Sept. 22-24 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Toronto Blue Jays, Sept. 25 at 7:30, and Sept. 26-27 at 1:30.

Mets—Vs. the Chicago Cubs, Sept. 21-22 at 7:40. . . . ¶ Vs. the Philadelphia Phillies, Sept. 28-30 at 7:40.

(The Yankees play at Yankee Stadium, 1-718 293-6000; and the Mets play at Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499.)

RACING

Horses—At Belmont: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. . . . At the Meadowlands: Tuesdays, through Saturdays at 7:30. . . . **TROTTING** at Yonkers Raceway: Mondays through Saturdays at 8 and Tuesdays at 1; Sundays at 6:45.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Navaratri/Dussehra—On Sept. 26-27, the people at the American Museum of Natural History are celebrating autumn with an Indian festival that commemorates the mythological vanquishing of a buffalo-headed demon. Activities include classical Indian dance and music performances, lectures, and a slide show. For a complete schedule of events, call 769-5315.

Readings—Sept. 22 at 8: Pete Hamill, Gayle Pemberton, Anna Quindlen, Norman Rush, Calvin Trillin, and Mona Simpson read from their own prose. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.). . . ¶ Sept. 24 at 7: Paul West reads from his new novel. (Brentano's, Fifth Ave. at 48th St. No tickets necessary.)

Talks—Sept. 23 at 7:30: Virginia Barber, Barbara Grossman, Daniel Halpern, Ted Solotaroff, and James Wolcott talk about Creative Writing programs. (Loeb Student Center Auditorium, New York University, Washington Sq. and LaGuardia Pl. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ Sept. 24 at 8: Harold Brodkey, Michael Cunningham, Oscar Hijuelos, Norman Mailer, Paule Marshall, Norman Rush, Mona Simpson, and Barbara Probst Solomon talk about the novel. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824.). . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 8:15: Gloria Steinem, Naomi Wolf, Susan Faludi, Rebecca Walker, and *Gail Ward talk about* feminism. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440.)

Walks—Sept. 26 at 10: Sarah Elliott leads a bird walk through Central Park. For reservations, call 360-2766. . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 1: A walk through the West Village, sponsored by Citywalks. For more information, call 989-2456. . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 1: A radical walking tour of Wall Street and Battery Park. For reservations, call 1-718 492-0069. . . . ¶ Sept. *27 at 1: A walking tour of Lincoln Square,* sponsored by Adventure on a Shoestring. For reservations, call 265-2663.

Memoranda—Autumn begins on Sept. 22 at 1:43 P.M. . . . ¶ Rosh Hashanah begins at sundown on Sept. 27.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)

Theatre 1: "Enchanted April" (†).

Theatre 2: "Light Sleeper" (†).

Theatre 3: "The Living End" (directed by Gregg Araki).

Theatre 4: "Jumpin at the Boneyard" (Jeff Stanzler), with Tim Roth and Alexis Arquette.

Theatre 5: "Night on Earth" (Jim Jarmusch).

Theatre 6: "Delicatessen" (Jean-Pierre Jeunet and Marc Caro, in French).

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)

Sept. 21: Theatre closed.

Sept. 22: (Separate admissions) "La Boulangere de Monceau" (1962, Eric Rohmer; in French) and "Navire Night" (1978, Marguerite Duras; in French).

Sept. 23-24: (Separate admissions) "La Carriere de Suzanne" (1963, Eric Rohmer; in French) and "Le Passe-Montagne" (1977, Jean-François Stevenin; in French).

Sept. 25-26: (Separate admissions) "Les Nuits de la Pleine Lune" (1984, Eric Rohmer; in French) and "Les Noces Blanches" (1989, Jean-Claude Brisseau; in French).

Sept. 27 and 29: (Separate admissions) "Lettres d'Amour du Somalie" (1982, Frédéric Mitterand; in French) and "Tricheurs" (1983, Barbet Schroeder; in French).

Sept. 30: (Separate admissions) A program of five short films; and "Paris vu Par" (1965).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: Through Sept. 24: "Hellraiser III: Hell on Earth" (Anthony Hickox). From Sept. 25: "Innocent Blood" (John Landis), with Anne Parillaud, Robert Loggia, Anthony LaPaglia, and Don Rickles.

Theatre 2: Through Sept. 24: "Husbands and Wives" (†). From Sept. 25: "The Last of the Mohicans" (†).

Theatre 3: "Husbands and Wives" (†).

Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)

Theatre 1: "Wind" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Sept. 22: "Single White Female" (†). From Sept. 23: "Mr. Saturday Night" (Billy Crystal), with Crystal, David Paymer, Julie Warner, Helen Hunt, and Ron Silver.

Theatre 3: "Blade Runner" (†).

Theatre 4: "School Ties" (Robert Mandel), with Brendan Fraser.

Theatre 5: "Singles" (†).

Theatre 6: "Blade Runner" (†).

Theatre 7: "Bob Roberts" (†).

Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)

Theatre 1: "Sister Act" (Emile Ardolino), with Whoopi Goldberg, Maggie Smith, Kathy Najimy, and Harvey Keitel.

Theatre 2: "The Player" (†).

Theatre 3: "London Kills Me" (Hanif Kureishi), with Justin Chadwick.

Theatre 4: "A League of Their Own" (†).

Theatre 5: "The Hairdresser's Husband" (Patrice Leconte, in French).

Theatre 6: Through Sept. 24: "Captain Ron" (Thom Eberhardt), with Kurt Russell, Martin Short, and Mary Kay Place. From Sept. 25: "Sarafina!" (Darrell James Roodt), with Whoopi Goldberg.

Theatre 7: Through Sept. 24: "A Man Without a World" (Eleanor Antin). From Sept. 25: "The Refrigerator" (Nicholas A. E. Jacobs).

19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)

Theatre 1: "Hellraiser III: Hell on Earth" (Anthony Hickox).

Theatre 2: "Husbands and Wives" (†).

Theatre 3: "Captain Ron" (Thom Eberhardt), with Kurt Russell, Martin Short, and Mary Kay Place.

Theatre 4: "Honeymoon in Vegas" (†).

Theatre 5: Through Sept. 24: "Husbands and Wives" (†). From Sept. 25: "Innocent Blood" (John Landis), with Anne Parillaud, Robert Loggia, Anthony LaPaglia, and Don Rickles.

Theatre 6: "Unforgiven" (†).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

"Raise the Red Lantern" (Zhang Yimou; in Chinese).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

Through Sept. 22: "Single White Female" (†).

From Sept. 23: "Mr. Saturday Night" (Billy Crystal), with Crystal, David Paymer, Julie Warner, Helen Hunt, and Ron Silver.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 20.

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)

Theatre 1: "A League of Their Own" (†).

Theatre 2: "Captain Ron" (Thom Eberhardt), with Kurt Russell, Martin Short, and Mary Kay Place.

Theatre 3: Through Sept. 24: "Hellraiser III: Hell on Earth" (Anthony Hickox). From Sept. 25: "Sarafina!" (Darrell James Roodt), with Whoopi Goldberg.

Theatre 4: "Light Sleeper" (†).

34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: Through Sept. 24: "Honeymoon in Vegas" (†). From Sept. 25: "Innocent Blood" (John Landis), with Anne Parillaud, Robert Loggia, Anthony LaPaglia, and Don Rickles.

Theatre 2: "Unforgiven" (†).

Theatre 3: "School Ties" (Robert Mandel), with Brendan Fraser.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"Sneakers" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

"Basic Instinct" (†).

Sutton I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Theatre 1: "Sarafina!" (Darrell James Roodt), with Whoopi Goldberg.

Theatre 2: "Sarafina!"

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

Through Sept. 24: "Storyville" (Mark Frost), with James Spader, Joanne Whalley-Kilmer, and Jason Robards.

From Sept. 25: "The Last of the Mohicans" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"Mediterraneo" (Gabriele Salvatores, in Italian).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "Unforgiven" (†).

Theatre 2: "Hellraiser III: Hell on Earth" (Anthony Hickox).

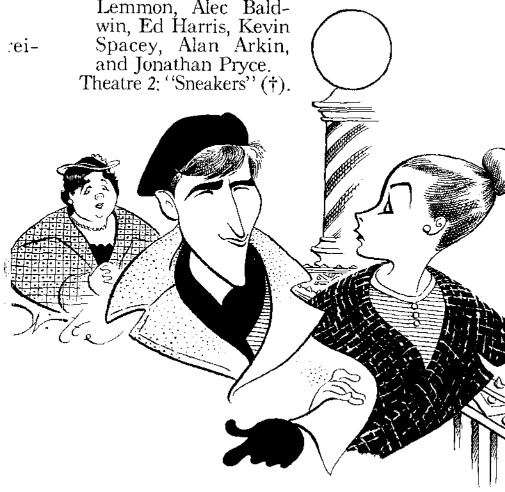
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th.(759-4630)

"A League of Their Own" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: Through Sept. 29: "Death Becomes Her" (†). From Sept. 30: "Glengarry Glen Ross" (James Foley), with Al Pacino, Jack Lemmon, Alec Baldwin, Ed Harris, Kevin Spacey, Alan Arkin, and Jonathan Pryce.

Theatre 2: "Sneakers" (†).



Shelley Winters, Lenny Baker, and Ellen Greene in "Next Stop, Greenwich Village"

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)

Theatre 1: "Bob Roberts" (†).

Theatre 2: "Captain Ron" (Thom Eberhardt), with Kurt Russell and Martin Short.

Theatre 3: "Gas Food Lodging" (Allison Anders).

Art East Cinema, 1st Ave. at 61st. (644-1111)

Through Sept. 24: "The Living End" (Gregg Araki).

From Sept. 25: To be announced.

First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)

Theatre 1: "Raising Cain" (†).

Theatre 2: "Where the Day Takes You" (Marc Rocco).

Theatre 3: "Single White Female" (†).

Theatre 4: "Twin Peaks: Fire Walk with Me" (David Lynch).

Theatre 5: Through Sept. 22: "Out on a Limb" (Francis Veber), with Matthew Broderick. From Sept. 23: "Honeymoon in Vegas" (†).

Theatre 6: "The Player" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "Wind" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Sept. 24: "Christopher Columbus: The Discovery" (John Glen), with George Corraface. From Sept. 25: "Innocent Blood" (John Landis), with Anne Parillaud, Robert Loggia, Anthony LaPaglia, and Don Rickles.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"Husbands and Wives" (†).

New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Singles" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Sept. 22: "Honeymoon in Vegas" (†). From Sept. 23: "Mr. Saturday Night" (Billy Crystal), with Crystal, David Paymer, Julie Warner, Helen Hunt, Ron Silver, Mary Mara, Jerry Orbach, and Sage Allen.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"Enchanted April" (†).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"School Ties" (Robert Mandel), with Brendan Fraser.

East 85th Street, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"Hellraiser III: Hell on Earth" (Anthony Hickox).

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)

Theatre 1: "Sneakers" (†).

Theatre 2: "Honeymoon in Vegas" (†).

Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)

Theatre 1: "Single White Female" (†).

Theatre 2: "Singles" (†).

Theatre 3: "Wind" (†).

Theatre 4: "Husbands and Wives" (†).

Theatre 5: "Captain Ron" (Thom Eberhardt), with Kurt Russell, Martin Short, and Mary Kay Place.

Theatre 6: Through Sept. 24: "Husbands and Wives" (†). From Sept. 25: "Innocent Blood" (John Landis), with Anne Parillaud, Robert Loggia, Anthony LaPaglia, and Don Rickles.

Theatre 7: Through Sept. 22: "Unforgiven" (†). From Sept. 23: "Mr. Saturday Night" (Billy Crystal), with Crystal.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Theatre 1: Theatre 2: "A League of Their Own" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Sept. 24: "Where the Day Takes You" (Marc Rocco). From Sept. 25: "Sarafina!" (Darrell James Roodt), with Whoopi Goldberg.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)

Theatre 1: Through Sept. 22: "Brother's Keeper" (directed by Joe Berlinger and Bruce Sinofsky), a documentary. From Sept. 23: "Together Alone" (1991, P. J. Castellaneta), with Todd Stites and Terry Curry.

Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.

Theatre 3: Through Sept. 22: "Gas Food Lodging" (Allison Anders). From Sept. 23: "Brother's Keeper" (Joe Berlinger and Bruce Sinofsky), a documentary.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "Sneakers" (†).

Theatre 2: "Laws of Gravity" (Nick Gomez).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "Honeymoon in Vegas" (†).

Theatre 2: "Storyville" (Mark Frost), with James Spader, Joanne Whalley-Kilmer, and Jason Robards.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Where the Day Takes You" (Marc Rocco).

Theatre 2: "Mediterraneo" (Gabriele Salvatores, in Italian).

WHEN YOU'RE MILES AWAY FROM HOME, IT'S NICE TO SEE A FAMILIAR FACE.

THE RITZ-CARLTON

AMELIA ISLAND, FLORIDA · ATLANTA (DOWNTOWN) · BOSTON · BUCKHEAD (UPTOWN ATLANTA) · CLEVELAND · DEARBORN (DETROIT, MICHIGAN) · DOUBLE BAY, AUSTRALIA · HOUSTON · HUNTINGTON HOTEL (PASADENA, CALIFORNIA) · LAGUNA NIGUEL, CALIFORNIA · MARINA DEL REY, CALIFORNIA · MAUNA LANI, HAWAII · NAPLES, FLORIDA · NEW YORK · PHILADELPHIA · PHOENIX · RANCHO MIRAGE (PALM SPRINGS) · SAN FRANCISCO · ST. LOUIS · SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA · WASHINGTON, D.C. · OPENING IN 1992-1993: ASPEN · BARCELONA · CANCUN · HONG KONG · KAPALUA, MAUI

800-241-3333
OR CALL YOUR TRAVEL PROFESSIONAL

The Ritz-Carlton knows there's an art to business travel. And that only the most superior service will do. That's why you'll find the quality and reliability of AT&T Long Distance Service in every domestic room. We consider it a stroke of perfection.

AT&T In-Room Long Distance Service
Helping you along the way.™

MOVIE HOUSES—*Cont'd*

Theatre 3: "The Tune" (Bill Plympton), an animated film.
Theatre 4: "One False Move" (†).

CHELSEA CINEMAS, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "School Ties" (Robert Mandel), with Brendan Fraser.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 22: "Raising Cain" (†). From Sept. 23: "Mr. Saturday Night" (Billy Crystal), with Crystal, David Paymer, Julie Warner, Helen Hunt, and Ron Silver.
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 22: "Where the Day Takes You" (Marc Rocco). From Sept. 23: "Mr. Saturday Night."
Theatre 4: "Sneakers" (†).
Theatre 5: Through Sept. 24: "School Ties." From Sept. 25: "The Last of the Mohicans" (†).
Theatre 6: "Singles" (†).
Theatre 7: "Single White Female" (†).
Theatre 8: Through Sept. 24: "Sneakers" (†). From Sept. 25: "Sarafina!" (Darrell James Roodt), with Whoopi Goldberg.
Theatre 9: "Wind" (†).

23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "A League of Their Own" (†).
Theatre 2: "Death Becomes Her" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 22: "Sister Act" (Emile Ardolino), with Whoopi Goldberg, Maggie Smith, Kathy Najimy, and Harvey Keitel. From Sept. 23: "Raising Cain" (†).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"School Ties" (Robert Mandel), with Brendan Fraser.

WORLDWIDE CINEMAS, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Single White Female" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sneakers" (†).
Theatre 3: "A League of Their Own" (†).
Theatre 4: "Light Sleeper" (†).
Theatre 5: "Raising Cain" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Best Intentions" (†).

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Sept. 22: "Death Becomes Her" (†). From Sept. 23: "Mr. Saturday Night" (Billy Crystal), with Crystal, David Paymer, Julie Warner, Helen Hunt, and Ron Silver.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"A League of Their Own" (†).

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Mistress" (Barry Primus), with Robert Wuhl.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMAS, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "Jumpin at the Boneyard" (Jeff Stanzler), with Tim Roth and Alexis Arquette.
Theatre 2: "Jumpin at the Boneyard."

FINE ARTS, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"Howards End" (†).

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Player" (†).

COLUMBUS CIRCLE, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Bob Roberts" (†).

62ND & BROADWAY, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
Through Sept. 22: "Honeymoon in Vegas" (†). From Sept. 23: "Mr. Saturday Night" (Billy Crystal), with Crystal, David Paymer, Julie Warner, Helen Hunt, and Ron Silver.

LINCOLN PLAZA 1, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 24: "La Discrète" (Christian Vincent; in French). From Sept. 25: "Danzón" (Maria Novaro; a Mexican film, in Spanish).
Theatre 2: "A Brief History of Time" (†).
Theatre 3: "Swoon" (Tom Kalin), with Craig Chester and Daniel Schlachet.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Sept. 24: "Sneakers" (†).
From Sept. 25: "The Last of the Mohicans" (†).

84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Husbands and Wives" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 24: "Captain Ron" (Thom Eberhardt), with Kurt Russell, Martin Short, and Mary Kay Place. From Sept. 25: "Sarafina!" (Darrell James Roodt), with Whoopi Goldberg.
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 24: "School Ties" (Robert Mandel), with Brendan Fraser. From Sept. 25: "Innocent Blood" (John Landis), with Anne Parillaud, Robert Loggia, Anthony LaPaglia, and Don Rickles.
Theatre 4: "Wind" (†).
Theatre 5: "Singles" (†).
Theatre 6: "Enchanted April" (†).

METRO CINEMA 1 AND 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Single White Female" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 22: "Where the Day Takes You" (Marc Rocco). From Sept. 23: "Honeymoon in Vegas" (†).

OLYMPIA I AND II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Unforgiven" (†).
Theatre 2: "Hellraiser III: Hell on Earth" (Anthony Hickox).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION CENTER, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Wind" (†).
Theatre 2: "Basic Instinct" (†).
Theatre 3: "Unforgiven" (†).
Theatre 4: "Singles" (†).
Theatre 5: "Hellraiser III: Hell on Earth" (directed by Anthony Hickox).
Theatre 6: Through Sept. 24: "Where the Day Takes You" (Marc Rocco). From Sept. 25: "Innocent Blood" (John Landis), with Anne Parillaud, Robert Loggia, Anthony LaPaglia, and Don Rickles.
Theatre 7: "Rapid Fire" (Dwight H. Little), with Brandon Lee.

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
Through Sept. 24: "Honeymoon in Vegas" (†).
From Sept. 25: "Sarafina!" (Darrell James Roodt), with Whoopi Goldberg.

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-726
Theatre 1: "Captain Ron" (Thom Eberhardt), with Kurt Russell, Martin Short, and Mary Kay Place.
Theatre 2: "Boomerang" (†).
Theatre 3: "Mo' Money" (Peter Macdonald), with Damon Wayans.

ASTOR PLAZA, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Pet Sematary Two" (Mary Lambert), with Edward Furlong, Anthony Edwards, Clancy Brown, and Jared Rushton.

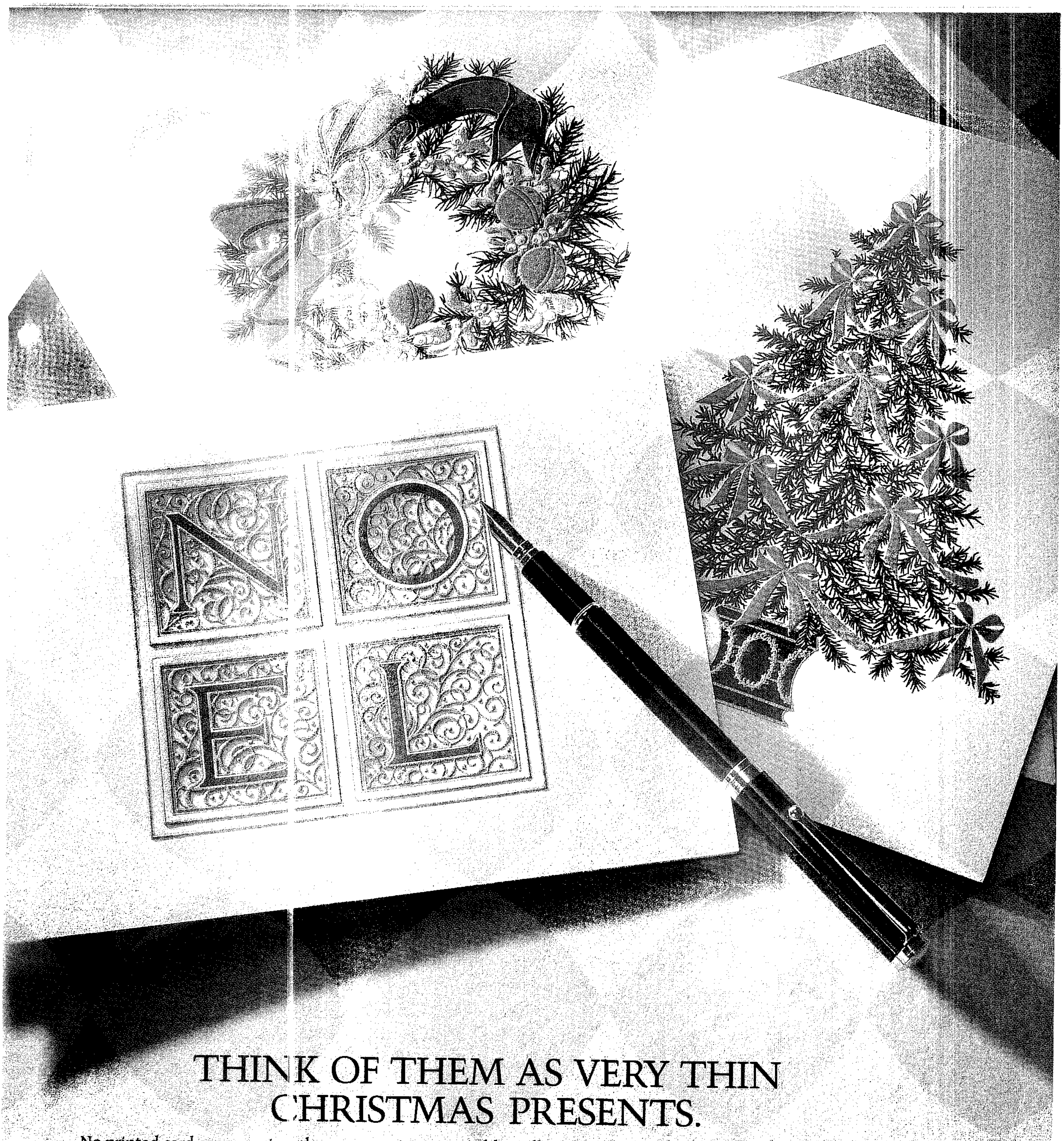
NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Sneakers" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 24: "Single White Female" (†). From Sept. 25: "The Last of the Mohicans" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through Sept. 22: "Children of Paradise" (1945, directed by Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault.
Sept. 23-24: "The Wages of Fear" (1953, Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Folco Lulli, and Peter Van Eyck; and "The Vanishing" (1991, George Sluizer, in Dutch and French).
Sept. 25-26: "Shadows and Fog" (1992, Woody Allen), with Allen; and "Kafka" (1991, Steven Soderbergh), with Jeremy Irons.
Sept. 27-29: "Daughters of the Dust" (1991, Julie Dash); and "Mississippi Masala" (1992, Mira Nair), with Denzel Washington and Sarita Choudhury.
From Sept. 30: "Noises Off" (1992, Peter Bogdanovich), with Michael Caine; and "This Is My Life" (1992, Nora Ephron), with Julie Kavner, Samantha Mathis, and Gaby Hoffmann.

FILM FORUM 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Sept. 21: "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman" (1951, Albert Lewin), with Ava Gardner and James Mason; and "Bell, Book and Candle" (1958, Richard Quine), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Jack Lemmon.
Sept. 22: "Kronos" (1957, Kurt Neumann), with Jeff Morrow, Barbara Lawrence, and John Emery; and "Women of the Prehistoric Planet" (1966, Arthur C. Pierce), with John Agar.
Sept. 23-24: "The Creature from the Black Lagoon" (1954, Jack Arnold), with Richard Carlson, Julia Adams, and Richard Denning; "Revenge of the Creature" (1955, Jack Arnold), with John Agar, Lori Nelson, and John Bromfield; and "The Creature Walks Among Us" (1956, John Sherwood), with Jeff Morrow and Rex Reason.
From Sept. 25: "Detour" (1945, Edgar G. Ulmer), with Ann Savage and Tom Neal; and "Gun Crazy" (1949, Joseph H. Lewis), with Peggy Cummins and John Dall.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Sept. 21: "The Threepenny Opera" (1931, G. W. Pabst; in German), with Lotte Lenya; and "The Blue Angel" (1929, Josef von Sternberg; in German), with Marlene Dietrich, Emil Jannings, and Hans Albers.
Sept. 22: "Manhunter" (1986, Michael Mann), with William Petersen; and "Thief" (1981, Mann), with James Caan, Tuesday Weld, and Willie Nelson.
Sept. 23: "Key Largo" (1948, Huston), with Humphrey Bogart, Edward G. Robinson, Lauren Bacall, Lionel Barrymore, and Claire Trevor; and "The Treasure of the Sierra Madre" (1948, John Huston), with Walter Huston, Bogart, Tim Holt, Alfonso Bedoya, and Robert Blake.
Sept. 24: "Fat City" (see page 22); and



THINK OF THEM AS VERY THIN CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

No printed card can ever rival the vivid color, bold relief and rich texture of a Crane Christmas card.

Because all of our lovely seasonal vignettes are copperplate engraved on our very finest 100% cotton-fiber papers.

Which explains why a Crane greeting is invariably well-received.

Whether it's considered a very thin present. Or a very substantial card.

For an even more substantial gift, consider the new Crane pen.

CRANE

Crane & Co., Inc., Dalton, Mass. 01226

It's hand-crafted and finished with seven coats of lacquer, then tipped by an 18-kt. gold point.

Available in claret, cobalt and green.

Crane writing instruments and Christmas greetings may be seen at authorized Crane dealers.

MOVIE HOUSES–Cont'd

"Beat the Devil" (1954, John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart, Jennifer Jones, Gina Lollobrigida, Robert Morley, and Peter Lorre.

Sept. 25-26: "Stolen Kisses" (1968, François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud; and "The Man Who Loved Women" (1977, Truffaut; in French), with Charles Denner.

Sept. 27: "Letter from an Unknown Woman" (1948, Max Ophuls), with Joan Fontaine, Louis Jourdan, and Mady Christians; and "Caught" (1948, Ophuls), with Barbara Bel Geddes, James Mason, and Robert Ryan.

Sept. 28: "The Bride Wore Black" (1968, François Truffaut; in French), with Jeanne Moreau; and "Two English Girls" (1972, Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud.

Sept. 29: "The Big Heat" (1953, Fritz Lang), with Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, Alexander Scourby, and Lee Marvin; and "Beyond a Reasonable Doubt" (1956, Lang), with Dana Andrews and Joan Fontaine.

Sept. 30: "The Blue Gardenia" (1953, Fritz Lang), with Anne Baxter, Richard Conte, and Ann Sothern; and "The Woman in the Window" (1944, Lang), with Edward G. Robinson, Joan Bennett, Dan Duryea, and Raymond Massey.

Tribeca Cinema, 41 White St. (925-2570)

Through Sept. 22: "Prizzi's Honor" (1985, John Huston), with Jack Nicholson, Kathleen Turner, and Anjelica Huston; and "Play It Again, Sam" (1972, Herbert Ross), with Woody Allen.

Sept. 23-24: "Scandal" (1950, Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune; and "Harakiri" (1962, Masaki Kobayashi; in Japanese).

Sept. 25-26: "Il Bidone" ("The Swindlers"; 1955, Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Broderick Crawford, Giulietta Masina, and Richard Basehart; and "The Bicycle Thief" (1949, Vittorio De Sica; in Italian).

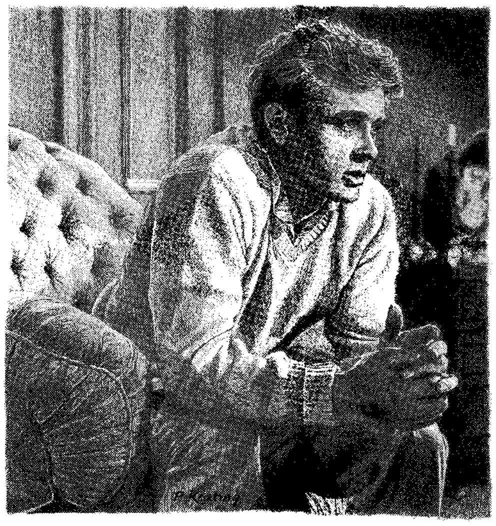
Sept. 27: "This Strange Passion" (†); and "Accattone!" (1961, Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian).

Sept. 28-29: "Nuns on the Run" (1990, Jonathan Lynn), with Eric Idle and Robbie Coltrane; and "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" (†).

From Sept. 30: "Love and Death" (1975, Allen), and "Annie Hall" (1977, Woody Allen), both with Allen and Diane Keaton.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—Sept. 21 at noon: "Thérèse" (1986, directed by Alain Cavalier; in French). . . . ¶ Sept. 21 at 3: "First Charge of the Machetes" (1969, Manuel Octavio Gomez; a Cuban film, in Spanish). . . . ¶ Sept. 21 at 6 and Sept. 26 at noon: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (1982, Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; in Italian). . . . ¶ Sept. 22 at noon: "The Round-Up" (1965, Miklós Jancsó; in Hungarian). . . . ¶ Sept. 22 at 3: "A Sunday in the Country" (1984, Bertrand Tavernier; in French). . . . ¶ Sept. 22 at 6 and Sept. 24 at noon: "My Twentieth Century" (1989, Ildikó Enyedi; in Hungarian). . . . ¶ Sept. 24 at 3: "Harlan County, U.S.A." (1977, Barbara Kopple), a documentary. . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at noon and Sept. 27 at 2:30: "Scarecrow" (1973, Jerry Schatzberg), with Gene Hackman and Al Pacino. . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at 3 and Sept. 26 at 5: "Malina" (1991, Werner Schroeter; in French), with Isabelle Huppert. . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at 6 and Sept. 26 at 2:30: "Shadows in Paradise" (1986, Aki Kaurismaki; in Finnish). . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at noon and Sept. 28 at 3: "Jeremiah Johnson" (†). . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 5 and Sept. 29 at noon: "East of Eden" (†). . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at noon and Sept. 29 at 6: "Smithereens" (1982, Susan Seidelman). . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 6 and Sept. 29 at 3: "Insiang" (1978, Lino Brocka; in Tagalog).



James Dean in "East of Eden"

New York Film Festival—The first programs in a seventeen-day series of international films—At **alice tully hall:** Sept. 25 at 7:30: "Olivier, Olivier" (Agnieszka Holland, France). . . . **avery fisher hall:** Sept. 25 at 9: "Olivier, Olivier.". . . **alice tully hall:** Sept. 26 at 1:15 and Sept. 27 at 7: "And Life Goes On" (Abbas Kiarostami, Iran). . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 4 and midnight: "Seen from Elsewhere" (Denys Arcand, Canada), "A Sense of History" (Mike Leigh, United Kingdom), and "Pets or Meat" (Michael Moore, United States). . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 6:30 and Sept. 27 at 9:30: "Strictly Ballroom" (Baz Luhrman, Australia). . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 9:30 and Sept. 27 at 4:15: "The Crying Game" (Neil Jordan, Ireland/United Kingdom). . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 1:30 and Sept. 28 at 9:15: "Autumn Moon" (Clara Law, Hong Kong/Japan). . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 6:15 and Sept. 29 at 9:15: "Benny's Video" (Michael Haneke, Austria). . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 6:15 and Sept. 30 at 9:30: "Leolo" (Jean-Claude Lauzon, Canada). . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 6:15: "Allah Tantou" (David Achkar, Guinea/France) and "Lumumba–Death of a Prophet" (Raoul Peck, Germany/Switzerland). (For tickets, call 875-5050.)

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 16[illegible] W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—Sept. 21 at 6: "To Our Loved Ones" (1983, Maurice Pialat; in French). . . . ¶ Sept. 21 at 8 and Sept. 22 at 6 and 8:15: "Police" (1986, Pialat; in French). . . . ¶ Sept. 23 at 6 and 8: "Graduate First" (1979, Pialat; in French). . . . ¶ Sept. 23 at 10: "Loulou" (1980, Pialat; in French). . . . ¶ Sept. 24 at 6 and Sept. 25 at 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10: "Under Satan's Sun" (1987, Pialat; in French). . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10: "Enamorada" (1946, *Emilio Fernández; a Mexican film, in* Spanish). . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10: "The Fugitive" (1947, John Ford), with Henry Fonda, Dolores Del Rio, Pedro Armendáriz, J. Carrol Naish, and Ward Bond. . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 2, 4, and 6: "The Pearl" (1945, Fernández; a Mexican film, in Spanish). . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 8:30: A program of clips from films on which Gabriel Figueroa was cinematographer. . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10: "The White Rose" (1961, Roberto Gavaldón; a Mexican film, in Spanish). . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 2, 4:15, 6:30, and 9: "Two Mules for Sister Sara" (1970, Don Siegel), with Shirley MacLaine and Clint Eastwood.

Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—"Olivier on Television." Through Sept. 27: "King Lear" (1983, Michael Elliott), with Olivier, Colin Blakely, John Hurt, and Anna Calder-Marshall. . . . ¶ From Sept. 29: "Lost Empires, Episode 1" (1986, Alan Grint), with Olivier, Colin Firth, and Carmen Du Sautoy. Showings Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30, Thursdays at 5:30, and Fridays at 6.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (570-3949)—Sept. 25-26 at 3 and 7: "A Room with a View" (1986, James Ivory), with Maggie Smith, Denholm Elliott, Helena Bonham Carter, Julian Sands, and Daniel Day-Lewis.

IN BRIEF

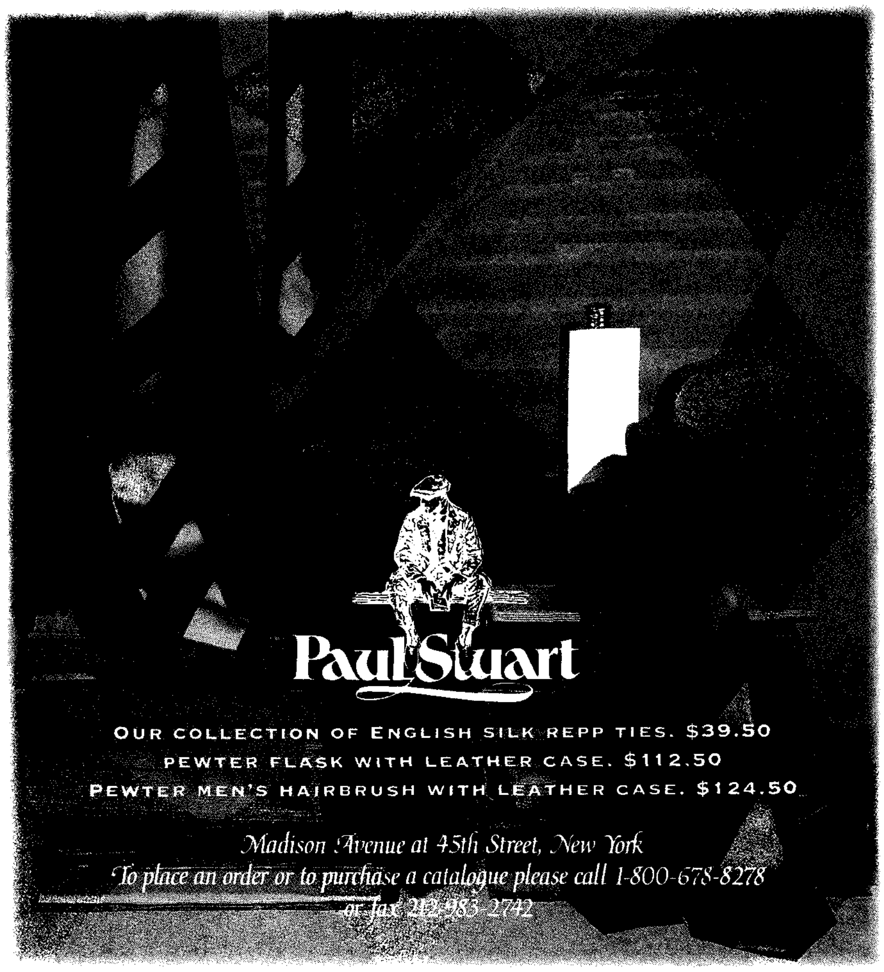
SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.)

Basic Instinct—A vicious, grindingly manipulative urban mystery that uses a thick atmosphere of S & M kinkiness to distract the audience from the story's thinness and inanity. Michael Douglas plays a cop with a "dark side." Sharon Stone plays a rich, beautiful bisexual novelist who is the prime suspect in a murder case. He falls in love with her, and the two of them breathe heavily through the rest of the picture. Stone has a few bright moments early on. But our basic instinct as we watch Douglas's strenuous grimaces of sexual transport is to flee the theatre. And the mystery is so ineptly constructed that it's not much fun trying to work out the solution. We sense that the screenwriter, Joe Eszterhas, and the director, Paul Verhoeven, don't have any respect for the genre—that they're too jaded to care about anything but giving us enough voyeuristic jolts to keep us awake. When the picture is over, we realize that the only suspense that it has produced effectively is a weird kind of ideological suspense. Will the movie take its smarmy misogyny all the way, or will it pull back in the end? It goes all the way.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/6/92.) (Eastside Cinema, and Criterion Center.)

The Best Intentions—It boasts the built-in interest of a script by Ingmar Bergman, dramatizing the courtship and early married life of his parents. Bille August directed, and Jorgen Persson did the cinematography; their square filmmaking has an antique sheen. But they've made an orderly movie about disorderly conduct. At three hours, the drama, about the mismatch between a tormented, self-denying pastor (Samuel Froler) and a coddled bourgeois woman (Pernilla August), is one prolonged, unrevealing study in frustration. Of course we know that these two won't live happily ever after; they did give birth to Ingmar Bergman. With its inexorable depiction of increasing marital woe, this film is the cinematic equivalent of predestination. Except for the expressive Max von Sydow (in the role of Bergman's maternal grandfather), the actors don't operate in a climate of free will; they register carefully prescribed dollops of anguish. In Swedish.—M.S. (7/27/92) (Worldwide Cinemas.)

Blade Runner (1982)—Ridley Scott's futuristic thriller is set in a hellish, claustrophobic city, dark and polluted, and with a continual drenching rainfall—it's Los Angeles in the year 2019. The congested-megalopolis sets are extraordinary: this is the grimy, retrograde future—the future as a black market, made up of scrambled, sordid aspects of the present. A visionary sci-fi movie that has its own look can't be ignored: it has its place in film history. But you're always aware of the sets as sets—it's 2019 back lot. And the movie forces passivity on you. It puts you in this lopsided maze of a city, with its post-human feeling, and keeps you persuaded that something bad is about to happen. Harrison Ford is the blade runner—a police officer who kills "replicants," the powerful humanoids manufactured by genetic engineers, if they rebel against their drudgery [illegible] the space colonies and show up on Earth. He tracks down four of these replicants (Brion James; Joanna Cassidy; Daryl Hannah, who has killer thighs and does a punk variation on Olympia, the doll automaton of "The Tales of Hoffmann"; and the blue-eyed scenery chewer Rutger Hauer), but Ford's mission seems of no particular consequence. The whole movie gives you the feeling of not getting anywhere—of being part of the atmosphere of decay. With Sean Young as Rachael and William Sanderson as the toymaker. From the 1968 novel "Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?" by Philip K. Dick; adapted by Hampton Fancher and David Peoples. The version now showing has some changes that make it more faithful to the director's intentions than the original release was.—P.K. (Village Theatre VII.)



Paul Stuart

OUR COLLECTION OF ENGLISH SILK REPP TIES. $39.50
PEWTER FLASK WITH LEATHER CASE. $112.50
PEWTER MEN'S HAIRBRUSH WITH LEATHER CASE. $124.50

Madison Avenue at 45th Street, New York
To place an order or to purchase a catalogue please call 1-800-678-8278
or fax 212-983-2742

Bob Roberts—Tim Robbins is the writer, director, and star of this mock documentary that chronicles, C-SPAN style, the senatorial campaign of a young radical-right demagogue. Bob Roberts is a folksinger: instead of giving speeches, he picks up an acoustic guitar and invites his audiences to sing along with his reactionary "protest" anthems. He's Pat Buchanan in Woody Guthrie's clothing, and what's scary about the movie is that this grotesque coupling doesn't even feel like a stretch. Robbins works like an inspired political cartoonist: this picture is his chance to have his say on everything that's been bugging him for the past twelve years, and he makes the most of it. He tosses off nasty satiric riffs at a reckless, headlong pace and the movie, even at its most chilling, is hilarious; its humor is both precise enough to deflate its targets and goofy enough to feel liberating. And his performance as smiling Bob, although it's conceived as a caricature, is never tiresome: it's too finely detailed and too gleeful. The picture is a down-and-dirty exercise in negative campaigning, and it's bracing to see some mean, memorable zingers coming from the left. Wittily, Robbins has appropriated for his own purposes the attack-dog campaign style of the right wing. This terrifically entertaining movie represents something very unlikely and very welcome: liberal humor with sharp teeth. Also with Gore Vidal, Alan Rickman, Giancarlo Esposito, Brian Murray, and Ray Wise. The songs are by Tim Robbins and his brother, David.—T.R. (9/7/92) (Village Theatre VII, Cinema I, and Columbus Circle.)

Boomerang—Set in a world where entire upscale companies are run by African-Americans, this Eddie Murphy vehicle tries hard to be positive. It's a pity that the movie isn't any good. Murphy is a Manhattan marketing hot shot and ladies' man who ends up working under the woman of his dreams (Robin Givens) when their cosmetics firms merge. She treats him as cavalierly as he treated the previous women in his life; the script hands out one earnest lesson after another, so that he can learn what it feels like to be used. Givens knows how to employ her flashing eyes and chiselled, haughty features for comic effect, but she doesn't get a single clever line. As the gal who strives to save the hero, Halle Berry is so much more accessible than Givens, while being equally pretty, that dramatically there's no contest. Murphy has a couple of peppy scenes with David Alan Grier and Martin Lawrence, who play his best buddies, but a lot of the time he acts unconvincingly modest. The screenplay (by Barry W. Blaustein and David Sheffield), with its constant references to Murphy's sexual magnetism, does all the bragging for him. Directed by Reginald Hudlin.—M.S. (7/13/92) (Embassy.)

A Brief History of Time—Errol Morris's inspirational documentary essay about the physicist Stephen Hawking is a cross between a puff piece and a gee-whiz science special. The movie is even more abstract than it has to be, and it's remarkably soft-edged. In the biographical sections, Morris sketches Hawking as a wayward boy wonder who focusses his talents only after he's stricken with Lou Gehrig's disease. As far as characterization goes, that's it. There's some curiosity but no depth in the director's depiction of eccentric British intellectuals; he treats his interviewees as if he were pinning them to specimen boards, except that he doesn't name or identify them. As a record of inquiry into black holes and how they relate to the creation of the cosmos, the picture is one "Eureka!" episode after another. Morris presents Hawking's ironic contrasts between human mortality and the life span of the universe with such hushed awe that he robs them of their delectability. (The familiar ripple of Philip Glass's music doesn't help.) By the end, the film disappears into its own cranium.—M.S. (9/7/92) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Death Becomes Her—If he'd cut it to twenty-six minutes, Robert Zemeckis' duelling-bitch comedy would have been a super episode of the HBO anthology series, "Tales from the Crypt." It stars Meryl Streep as a Broadway-Hollywood diva, Goldie Hawn as her high-school chum, and Bruce Willis as the plastic surgeon they both desire. At its peak, Zemeckis, the cast, and the special-effects team achieve de-luxe variations on the TV show's macabre slapstick. But at a hundred and three minutes, the laughs dribble away. The script, by Martin Donovan and David Koepp, which pivots on an immortality potion, is basically an excuse for Streep and Hawn to wallop each other with the aid of flesh-bending special effects. Too often the lines are witless and the narrative invention pitiful. The best reason to see the movie is Streep. In this film about women losing control of their bodies, she is more at home in hers than ever before.—M.S. (8/24/92) (23rd St. West Triplex. . . . ¶ Ziegfeld; through Sept. 22. . . . ¶ Baronet; through Sept. 29.)

East of Eden (1955)—An amazingly high-strung, feverishly poetic movie about Cain and Abel as American brothers living on a lettuce farm in California in the years just before the First World War. Elia Kazan directed this adaptation of Steinbeck's novel, and it's like seeing a series of teasers: violent moments and charged scenes without much coherence. As the romantic, alienated young hero, James Dean is decorated with all sorts of charming gaucheries; he's sensitive, defenseless, hurting. Maybe his father (Raymond Massey) doesn't love him, but the camera does, and we're supposed to; we're thrust into upsetting angles, caught in infatuated closeups, and prodded—"Look at all that beautiful desperation." When this Cain strikes his brother (Richard Davalos), the soundtrack amplifies the blow as if worlds were colliding; a short, heavy dose of Expressionism may be followed by a pastoral romp or an elaborate bit of Americana; an actor may suddenly assume a psychotic stance and another actor shatter a train window with his head. It's far from a dull movie, but it's certainly a very strange one; it's an enshrinement of the mixed-up kid. Here and in "Rebel Without a Cause," Dean seems to go just about as far as anybody can in acting misunderstood. With Julie Harris, who gives a memorably lyric performance, and Burl Ives, Jo Van Fleet, Albert Dekker, Lois Smith, Barbara Baxley, Timothy Carey, and Jonathan Haze. Script by Paul Osborn; cinematography by Ted McCord; music by Leonard Rosenman.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; Sept. 27 and 29.)

Enchanted April—Adapted by Peter Barnes from Elizabeth von Arnim's 1922 novel, this period romance has a healthy sprinkling of bewitchments. The lead characters are two proper middle-class English ladies, played by Josie Lawrence and Miranda Richardson, who, partly to get away from their husbands, pool their resources to rent an Italian villa named San Salvatore for a month. They ultimately share expenses with an austere, cultured widow (Joan Plowright) and a gorgeous, bored aristocrat (Polly Walker). Italy awakens the women's sensuality and imagination, and gives them perspective; Lawrence and Richardson end up jolting their deadhead husbands (played by Alfred Molina and Jim Broadbent) back to life. The director, Mike Newell, handles the performers deftly and sympathetically, from the wonderfully ebullient Lawrence and the ravishing Walker to the robustly comical Plowright; Michael Kitchen contributes a tour de force of eccentric charm as the villa's owner. If the film, with its brittle, satiric London scenes and its expansive Italian ones, breaks too distinctly into pieces, the magic of the sunnier locations seals the cracks. The cinematographer, Rex Maidment, captures the enveloping pastoral euphoria of San Salvatore; the movie was shot at the same Mediterranean estate where von Arnim composed her novel.—M.S. (8/10/92) (Angelika Film Center, 68th St. Playhouse, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

Honeymoon in Vegas—A comic zephyr that tickles the back of your neck as it whisks by. Andrew Bergman's ninety-five-minute screwball idyll zigs and zags from New York to Las Vegas to Hawaii as Nicolas Cage and Sarah Jessica Parker lurch from the brink of matrimony to splitsville. James Caan, a pro gambler, shellacks the would-be groom in a welcome-to-Vegas poker game and takes a weekend with Parker as his prize. The movie is about learning how much you want something just when it looks as if you might lose it forever. "Vegas" is also a diverting expression of clashing generational styles. Cage is a nineties boy-man—he's unable to commit. Caan is the traditional manly man who's *too* willing to take

USA Agent:
MODA & COMPANY

745 Fifth Ave. Suite 604
New York, N.Y. 10151
Tel. 212 223 3223

MOSCHINO

on responsibility. No wonder Parker is puzzled. Bergman makes antic hay out of contemporary confusion, and his cast keeps the romantic triangle spinning like a gyroscope. Cage's amorous anxiety gives the film a charge, Caan epitomizes male hubris, and Parker is a great all-around responder. It's weirdly right that the music of Elvis Presley comments on the action, not only in a Vegas crawling with Elvis impersonators but in Kauai, too. (Willie Nelson sings "Blue Hawaii.") America's pop god of self-creation belongs in a movie about lovers bopping their way to the altar by trial and error. With a risible cameo by Peter Boyle.—M.S. (9/7/92) (19th Street East 6, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, and Art Greenwich Twin. . . . ¶ New York Twin, and 62nd & Broadway; through Sept. 22. . . . ¶ 34th Street Showplace, and Embassy 1; through Sept. 24. . . . ¶ First & 62nd Cinemas, and Metro Cinema; starting Sept. 23.)

Howards End—James Ivory's movie version of the 1910 E. M. Forster novel is a handsome and intelligent piece of work: a faithful, well-paced, and carefully crafted dramatization of a very good story. The heroine, Margaret Schlegel (Emma Thompson), is a thirtyish Englishwoman of German ancestry who lives with her sister and her brother in a London town house. The plot brings the cultured and rather high-minded Schlegels in contact with a very different sort of family, the Wilcoxes, who appear to represent English values at their most infuriatingly solid and complacent. The emotional core of the movie is the brief, unlikely friendship that develops between Margaret and conservative Ruth Wilcox (Vanessa Redgrave), a woman who inhabits a narrow world so profoundly, and with such enormous feeling, that she transforms it. Redgrave is at her most radiant in this role. And Thompson, whose character is meant to be seen as the heir to Mrs. Wilcox's thoroughly English kind of spirituality, comes through with a thrilling, original performance; she carries the movie. These luminous performances go a long way toward putting Forster's ambitious ideas across on the screen. (Anthony Hopkins, as the no-nonsense businessman Henry Wilcox, is awfully good, too.) The story holds us for the full two hours and twenty minutes that the movie takes to tell it; Ivory and his screenwriter, Ruth Prawer Jhabvala, have done a skillful and sensitive job of adaptation. All that's missing, really, is the elusive quality that makes Forster such a brave, moving writer: his constant striving to see beyond the story, to see through it, to transcend it.—T.R. (5/4/92) (Fine Arts.)

Husbands and Wives—Woody Allen's uncomfortably personal new movie renders the dissolution of a marriage in a style that's meant to look raw, rough-edged, truthful. He uses jump-cutting and wobbly hand-held camerawork to create the illusion of immediacy, of lifelike spontaneity and muddle. But the movie's vision of life isn't really very persuasive, and Allen isn't saying anything that he hasn't said before. The only thing that has changed since his late-seventies explorations of romantic futility (such as "Annie Hall" and "Manhattan") is the tone, which is now sour, dispirited, almost vindictive. The cinéma-vérité surface feels like a con, a razzle-dazzle cover for imaginative exhaustion. Both the style and the substance of this picture have a curdled quality, the air of things that have gone bad but haven't been thrown away. Except for Judy Davis's ebullient performance as a friend of the central couple, Gabe and Judy Roth (Allen and Mia Farrow), the movie's humor is surprisingly flat. Allen's gags and situations no longer betray even a trace of delight at the absurdities of human behavior: his bemused vision of romantic folly has turned, over the years, into a bilious take-my-wife-please routine. It's tempting to think of this bleakly nihilistic film as an expression of its creator's weariness with his own ideas. The most disturbing, and angering, thing about the picture is that Allen has transformed his disappointment in himself into disgust for other people: he's going down, and he's determined to take the rest of us with him. Also with Liam Neeson, Juliette Lewis, Sydney Pollack, Lysette Anthony, and Benno Schmidt.—T.R. (9/21/92) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 19th Street East 6, Beekman, Orpheum VII, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

John Huston's "Fat City" (playing September 24, at Theatre 80 St. Marks), a 1972 movie about small-time boxers in Stockton, California, marked one of the director's rare returns to American filmmaking after two decades spent mostly in Europe, Africa, and the Pacific. Based on Leonard Gardner's strong, atmospheric novel (well adapted for the screen by Gardner), it's a piercing, tough-tender study of a prematurely aging slugger (Stacy Keach) aching for a comeback that won't come, and a young fighter (Jeff Bridges) who may never arrive in the first place. Huston puts across what a glimmer of posterity means to guys trying to get through life with a good punch and a defensive crouch. Abetted by Conrad Hall's cinematography—which achieves an Edward Hopper mood without aping his paintings—the director and his cast give the locations a lived-in ambience. You experience what it's like to top onions or pick walnuts, to live out of fleabag hotel rooms, and to find solace in seedy cafés. The movie sags during Keach's scenes with Susan Tyrrell, as the alcoholic dame who shacks up with him; her guttural, emotional extremism doesn't jibe with his withdrawn demeanor. But the chemistry between Bridges and his squeeze (Candy Clark) is fresh and poignant, and everything Huston does with the male ensemble is exemplary.

There are live-wire sequences involving Keach, Bridges, Wayne Mahan as a would-be Muhammad Ali, Nicholas Colasanto as their optimistic manager, and Art Aragon as their pragmatic trainer. Curtis Cokes is wonderfully matter-of-fact as the man who precedes—and follows—Keach in Tyrrell's bed. The movie soars when Huston pays homage to Lucero (Sixto Rodriguez), a Mexican fighter who enters the ring even though he's pissing blood: the lights go out in the boxing hall as he passes by. The simple way Huston puts cutting and composition at the service of his characters looks ahead to the empathic triumph of "The Dead."

Jeremiah Johnson (1972)—Robert Redford doing a self-consciously cool version of a strong, silent Western loner. The movie crawls through the wilderness at a snail's pace and is stretched out with ponderous lore. It celebrates tooth-and-claw revenge while featuring the kind of pithy dialogue that produces bellyache: "Keep your nose to the wind and your eye to the skyline." Directed by Sydney Pollack; written by John Milius and Edward Anhalt. With Will Geer and Allyn McLerie.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; Sept. 27-28.)

The Last of the Mohicans—With Daniel Day-Lewis and Madeleine Stowe, directed by Michael Mann. (See illustration on page 24.) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Gotham Cinema, Chelsea Cinemas, Regency, and National Twin; starting Sept. 25.)

A League of Their Own—Penny Marshall's fictional account of the All-American Girls Professional Baseball League has no mind of its own. Marshall directed it with both eyes on the audience. She and the screenwriting team of Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel slap together a bare-bones narrative (about the league's 1943 début season) and dress it up with set-piece gags and sentimental ploys. All they want is for people to come out saying that they laughed and they cried. The lead characters are Dottie Hinson (Geena Davis) and her kid sister, Kit Keller (Lori Petty), who catch and pitch, respectively, for the Rockford Peaches and act out their sibling tensions on the baseball diamond and in the locker room. Tom Hanks mugs ingratiatingly as Jimmy Dugan, the Rockford coach and an alcoholic former slugger, and Madonna sashays through the supporting role of All the Way Mae, a ballplayer who tests the league's deportment code. This movie aims for the tear ducts and the funny bone as ruthlessly as the summer's big action-fantasy hits go after the viscera. It unfolds in field-of-dreams land—complete with cornstalks.—M.S. (7/13/92) (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, 59th Street East Cinema, 86th Street East Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, Worldwide Cinemas, and Festival.)

GHT SLEEPER—John LeTour (Willem Dafoe), the main character of Paul Schrader's dreamlike but tough-minded new film, is a forty-year-old New York drug courier who knows he has to change his life, yet doesn't quite know how. "You drift from day to day," he writes in his journal, and for most of the picture that's all we see him do. He glides through the night streets in the back of a limo, carrying small amounts of cocaine to upper-middle-class customers and then carrying their money back to his employer, a chic dealer named Ann (Susan Sarandon), who pays him a modest salary. It's an unexciting, shockingly routine existence. The movie is anything but routine. This is an absorbing, superbly confident piece of filmmaking, and the acting—by Dafoe, Sarandon, David Clennon, Victor Garber, Mary Beth Hurt, and a radiant newcomer named Jane Adams—is sensational. (Only Dana Delany, in the pivotal role of LeTour's ex-girlfriend, is uninteresting.) Schrader's theme is the role of chance (sometimes called fate, or fortune, or providence, or plain luck) in contemporary life, and for most of the picture his writing and direction daringly embody the idea of unpredictability. Every scene is built around some sort of surprise: a disorienting visual twist; a reversal of narrative expectations; an unanticipated reaction by one of the characters. Up to the final minutes, when Schrader borrows one motif too many from his earlier "American Gigolo," the picture keeps the audience as well as the hero in a constant state of uncertainty: we don't know what we'll see when we turn the corner. We drift pleasurably, borne by the film's mordant wit and its rigorous, unfakable honesty. (The score, by Michael Been, consists of songs that comment directly on the action; if the music were better the device might be less annoying.)—T.R. (Angelika Film Center, Murray Hill Cinemas, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

NEXT STOP, GREENWICH VILLAGE (1976)—Paul Mazursky's wonderful autobiographical lyric satire about a young comedian's life in the Village in the early fifties. With a tip-top cast headed by Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas, and with Shelley Winters giving perhaps her best performance—as the comedian's mother, whose unused brains and talent have turned her into a morose, irrepressible, howling freak. Also with Jeff Goldblum, Dori Brenner, Lois Smith, Mike Kellin, Michael Egan, John Ford Noonan, Lou Jacobi, Rochelle Oliver, and John C. Becher.—P.K. (Tribeca Cinema; Sept. 28-29.)

ONE FALSE MOVE—Skillfully performed and welcomely unpredictable, this low-budget crime film, made by actor-turned-director Carl Franklin, starts out as a herky-jerky exploitation piece, then turns into something better. After a jolting series of execution-style killings, a trio of crooks go on the lam from Los Angeles to Star City, Arkansas, where two L.A. lawmen and a local sheriff lie in wait. What saves the opening sequence is the inspired pairing of a black sociopath (Michael Beach) and a white psychopath (played by Billy Bob Thornton, who co-wrote the script with Tom Epperson). Beach's inhuman brilliance and Thornton's edgy ear hiness make them deadly companions. Cynda Williams, as Thornton's African-American lover, hits on marvellous combinations of ingenuousness and amorality, even when the script plays peekaboo with motivation. Meanwhile, Star City's sheriff (Bill Paxton) tries to persuade the visiting metropolitan cops (Jim Metzler and Earl Billings) that he's ripe for big-time law enforcement. Paxton lays on the hick ingratiation, but midway through

PRIVATE INVESTING

Can you have a conservative approach to investments and still be creative?

Swiss Bank Corporation has built a reputation on combining a conservative investment approach with creative investment opportunities.

We work closely with our clients to help them define their individual investment goals. And to manage their assets in an innovative and dynamic way—from common investments to creative hedging strategies.

With our global resources—including state-of-the-art technology and an international network of analysts and economists—our clients have a world of investment opportunities readily available to them. Opportunities that can help them meet their investment goals.

If you're an investor with substantial assets and would like more information, in New York City, call Jane N. Abitanta, (212) 574-3374. In San Francisco, call Diane A. Spirandelli, (415) 774-3324. In Los Angeles, call Raymond Simon, (213) 625-1926.

Swiss Bank Corporation
Schweizerischer Bankverein
Société de Banque Suisse

THE KEY SWISS BANK

THE
NEW YORKER
DIRECT DIAL

Use our weekly listing to dial directly to advertisers. Call from any phone to reach product and service representatives:

☎

The New School
Free — the New School Fall Bulletin. This catalog directory provides information on more than 1,500 adult education courses — and our B.A. and M.A. degree programs. Call: 1.800.544.1978, Ext. 46

Paul Stuart
New York's quintessential specialty store for men and women. Successfully redefining American classicism for over 50 years. For information call: 1.800.678.8278

Puerto Rico Tourism Company
The island in the Caribbean that offers you a variety of active vacation experiences. For a free brochure call: 1.800.866.STAR, Ext. 19092

Ramada Renaissance Hotels
Now featuring summer sale rates at 30% to 60% discount in the U.S.A. and Canada. For information call: 1.800.228.9898

BackSaver
For home and office, BackSaver manufactures 36 doctor-recommended health products to prevent and relieve back, neck, shoulder, wrist and arm pain. For information call: 1.800.251.2225

☎

ADVERTISEMENT

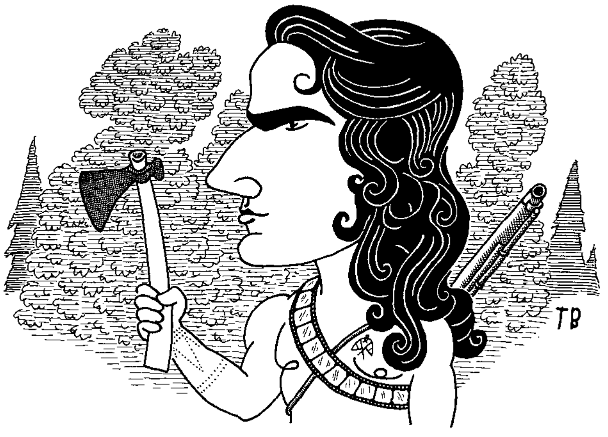
he shows how this good ole boy grows into a good ole man. Like Paxton, the movie improves as it goes along; it leaves hokum as well as wholesale carnage far behind.—M.S. (7/27/92) (Quad Cinema.)

The Player—The title character of Robert Altman's new movie is a young Hollywood studio executive named Griffin Mill (Tim Robbins), who, for no very good reason, murders an aspiring screenwriter. The picture is a brilliant dark comedy about the death of American filmmaking. It's like a documentary about a mirage: the world it shows us is sunlit and shimmering, and the people have the thin presence of holograms. Altman is doing one of his specialties here—exploring an odd American subculture—and when his idiosyncratic realism is applied to the insular, constantly self-regarding community of Hollywood "players" it has an almost hallucinatory effect. The movie has the exhilarating nonchalance of the director's seventies classics, and its tone is volatile, elusive: with breathtaking assurance, it veers from psychological-thriller suspense to goofball comedy to icy satire. Altman turns the self-reflective world of Hollywood into a fun house in which every grotesque distortion somehow appears to us as a newly discovered, paradoxical truth. Robbins gives a layered, richly suggestive performance—the sort of performance that Altman's style, at its best, produces without obvious effort. At sixty-seven, Altman still seems like the youngest filmmaker in America.—T.R. (4/20/92) (Village East Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, and Cinema 3.)

Raising Cain—Brian De Palma has created a convoluted black comedy about an unhinged child psychologist, played by John Lithgow. He is obsessive about the upbringing of his little daughter, and approaches breakdown at roughly the same time that his wife (Lolita Davidovich) falls into the arms of her ex-boyfriend (Steven Bauer). De Palma is devil-may-care about subjects that are usually treated with deathly seriousness, and he's audacious in his dislocation effects, turning what are normally flaws in a thriller—withholding information and jumping ahead of the plot—into narrative ruses that take the ground out from under a viewer's feet. But some of these flaws remain flaws. And the movie, for all its goofiness, lacks the soul of abandon that helped make De Palma's earlier suspense films wild sprees. The only way to enjoy the film is to identify not with the characters but with De Palma himself, as he raises and confounds expectations, and scatters bits of other movies (especially Michael Powell's "Peeping Tom") into a headlong pastiche. De Palma heaps everything on except his sensibility; it's like the shoot-the-works special at a pizza joint. In the best scenes, Lithgow (who plays multiple roles), Gregg Henry, Tom Bower, Barton Heyman, and Frances Sternhagen spark off each other with the casual, skit-comic humor that De Palma mastered more than twenty years ago.—M.S. (8/24/92) (First & 62nd Cinemas, and Worldwide Cinemas. . . . ¶ Chelsea Cinemas; through Sept. 22. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex; starting Sept. 23.)

Single White Female—The movie collapses so thoroughly between its promising introduction and its Grand Guignol conclusion that the audience exits muttering about stupidity and waste. Mainly, what's wasted is the talent of two fresh, still-growing stars, Bridget Fonda and Jennifer Jason Leigh, in the roles of twentyish out-of-towners scrambling to survive in New York City. Leigh answers Fonda's ad for a roommate and immediately charms her way into a rent-controlled Upper West Side apartment. Virtually from the start you guess that Leigh's character plans to become Fonda's identical twin. It's merely a matter of time before this unformed young lady tries on Fonda's clothes, bearing, and hairdo, and wipes out any competition for Fonda's attention. The actresses are compelling; Leigh is particularly adept at furtive, inchoate emotions. But when the climax of a movie is inevitable, the director shouldn't delay it as long as Barbet Schroeder does. The movie is mostly just a tiresome tease.—M.S. (8/24/92) (First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, and Metro Cinema. . . . ¶ Village Theatre VII, and Bay Cinema; through Sept. 22. . . . ¶ National Twin; through Sept. 24.)

Singles—Cameron Crowe's second film as a writer-director (the first was the lovely 1989 teen comedy "Say Anything") is a buoyant, sweet-tempered little picture about the romantic confusions of some young Seattle apartment-dwellers. It's an ensemble piece, the sort of movie that flits from character to character like a hummingbird. Crowe's touch is so light that you may, in the end, feel a bit unsatisfied—disappointed that the movie's buzzing comic vitality starts to lose its resonance the moment you leave the theatre. This is romantic comedy of the wispiest kind, but the picture is generous, graceful, and consistently funny. The director, in his airy way, has really created a world here: he turns the urban Northwest into a Forest of Arden for young professionals and hopeful grunge-rockers. Campbell Scott and Kyra Sedgwick play Steve and Linda, idealistic yuppies in love, and both prove to be wonderfully deft comedians. And Matt Dillon, as Cliff, the rather dim leader of a band called Citizen Dick, is hilarious. But the standout in Crowe's energetic cast is Bridget Fonda, who plays Janet, a bubbly underachiever inexplicably smitten with Cliff. Fonda is a true original: she brings such reckless, joyous abandon to Janet's pursuit of the unlikely object of desire that she transforms this desperate-love story line into something exuberantly optimistic. This movie shows that Cameron Crowe is a rare bird, too: a sunny realist. Also with Sheila Kelley, Jim True, and Bill Pullman. The soundtrack features new songs by Pearl Jam (whose members play Cliff's bandmates) and other luminaries of the flourishing Seattle rock scene, including Soundgarden, Mudhoney, Mother Love Bone, and Alice in Chains. (Plus a couple of ringers: ex-Replacement Paul Westerberg, who also wrote the incidental music; and the first and greatest of Seattle rockers, Jimi Hendrix.)—T.R. (Village Theatre VII, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)



Daniel Day-Lewis in "The Last of the Mohicans"

Sneakers—The director, Phil Alden Robinson ("Field of Dreams"), attempts to fashion a liberal thriller-comedy about a group of high-tech security analysts, led by Robert Redford. Under pressure from the National Security Agency, Redford agrees to steal a device that can decode any computer program in the private and public sectors. His character is a sixties survivor (one of the first computer pranksters) who has teamed up with four other overgrown, misfit boys: Sidney Poitier as a canned C.I.A. agent, River Phoenix as an ethereal computer-age juvenile delinquent, Dan Aykroyd as an ex-con gadget freak, and David Strathairn as a blind master of sound tracing. The filmmakers haven't given them the distinctive interplay and kicky gimmicks that can make a comic-book ensemble tickle the fantasy bone. They're a liberal dream team as neutered alternative family, with Redford's love interest, Mary McDonnell, as den mother. The film's smug anti-Republican humor won't win any crossover votes. "Sneakers" exploits an audience's fear of the microchip revolution, then ends up celebrating computer sabotage in the service of progressive causes. It plays into the hands of its enemies; it says that left-wingers *are* a self-righteous élite. With Ben Kingsley, who glowers malignantly in the role of a mysterious genius. From a script by Robinson and the producing-writing duo of Lawrence Lasker and Walter F. Parkes ("WarGames").—M.S. (9/21/92) (34th St. East, Coronet, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, and National Twin. . . . ¶ Regency; through Sept. 24.)

This Strange Passion ("El"; 1952)—Working in Mexico, Luis Buñuel made this mocking study of irrational love and jealousy—a film with suggestions of Freud and the Marquis de Sade. Francisco (Arturo de Cordova), a wealthy Catholic, marries Gloria (Delia Garcés), and the symptoms begin on their honeymoon: imagining that her former fiancé is in the next room spying on them, he thrusts a knitting needle through the keyhole. As the symptoms mount in an absurd but frightening crescendo, Buñuel makes his own thrusts at the Church, and by carrying the Spanish male's obsession with female chastity to paranoia, he exposes the insanity that's inherent in it. (One critic described the film as "an Othello with the hero as his own Iago.") By the time Francisco takes needle and thread to his wife, one is still not convinced that the movie isn't ludicrous, but in the final scene, when Francisco has gone to a monastery and we see his crooked little steps (they are like the movements of his thoughts), Buñuel's daring is fully apparent. Except for the well-edited anticlerical sequences, however, one must be prepared to enjoy this daring (which usually takes the form of bizarre jokes) despite the careless, cheaply made look of the film. In Spanish.—P.K. (Tribeca Cinema; Sept. 27.)

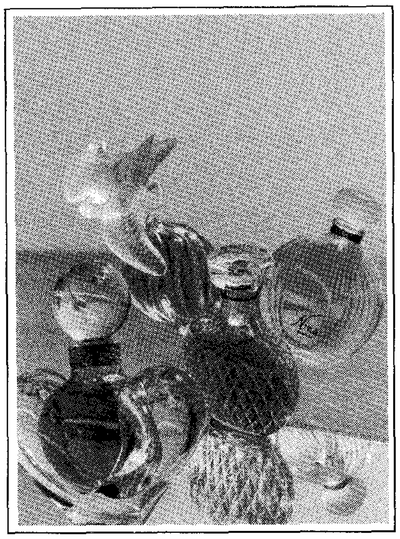
Unforgiven—Set in eighteen-eighties Kansas and Wyoming, this engrossing, moody Western is the sixteenth film Clint Eastwood has directed, and by far the best. The canny script, by David Webb Peoples, revives the old story about the retired gunfighter (Eastwood) who picks up his firearms again for one last score. But there's no easy resolution, and the movie is stronger because of its loose ends: the filmmakers acknowledge that the bloody chaos of an outlaw's life can't be settled in two hours and eleven minutes. The action begins when a cowboy slashes the face of a prostitute, and her co-workers pool their money to offer a reward for the murder of him and his partner. Jaimz Woolvett is the upstart who enlists Eastwood in the bounty hunt. Morgan Freeman plays Eastwood's long-time partner, Gene Hackman a megalomaniac sheriff, Richard Harris a flamboyant English gunslinger, and Saul Rubinek a dime novelist. This is the finest set of performances ever to grace a Clint Eastwood movie, and this time Eastwood even does a good job directing Eastwood. Every bullet in this movie matters; under its leathery hide is a genuine compulsion to de-romanticize Western gunfighting.—M.S. (8/10/92) (19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, Manhattan Twin, Olympia, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Orpheum VII; through Sept. 22.)

Wind—You may get whiplash from the sudden shifts between exhilarating footage of America's Cup racing and banal, confusing dramaturgy involving Matthew Modine as a helmsman who loses the Cup and tries to win it back, and Jennifer Grey as his on-and-off partner-girlfriend. The director, Carroll Ballard, brings us thrillingly close to the teamwork, brawn, guts, and hair-trigger calculations that racing demands. But between contests, the action doesn't merely move to dry land—it gets beached. Modine's affair with Grey is kittenish at best, and his revolt against the yachting establishment (embodied by Cliff Robertson) is equivocal and never satisfactorily articulated. The movie lacks a complex hero, or the momentous narrative that could make it all cohere; it's like "Moby Dick" without Ahab or the White Whale. The cinematographer, John Toll, and the editor, Michael Chandler, do ace work; the patchy script is credited to Rudy Wurlitzer and Mac Gudgeon. With Stellan Skarsgård as a wry, egotistical aeronautical engineer, Rebecca Miller as Robertson's daughter (a ditz), and Jack Thompson as a salty Australian skipper.—M.S. (9/21/92) (Village Theatre VII, Gemini, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

NINA RICCI
PARIS

FRAGRANCE LOVERS
TAKE NOTE

Owning your favorite Nina Ricci fragrances is as simple as a phone call.
Several scents have been difficult to find in this country*...until now.*
Call Nina Ricci Direct toll-free for information or to order.
Prices: $13–$250. Ask about Nina Ricci's fragrances for men, too!



CAPRICCI
Elegant and long-lasting floral blend.

COEUR-JOIE
Nina Ricci's first fragrance: a delicate floral.

FAROUCHE
Warm and original; like its name, "wild" and "shy."

FLEUR DE FLEURS
A deliciously discreet blend of white flowers.

L'AIR DU TEMPS
The romantic, feminine floral classic.

MADEMOISELLE RICCI
An elegant blend of wild flowers and spice.

NINA
A delightful floral with citrus and woody notes.

NINA RICCI *Direct*
1-800-525-NINA

Explore

America's Land of Enchantment. From thousand-year-old Indian ruins to beautiful Spanish mission churches, New Mexico is a land of ancient origins and intriguing contrasts.

Call 1-800-545-2040, extension 9279, or write the New Mexico Dept. of Tourism, Room 9279, 491 Old Santa Fe Trail, Santa Fe, New Mexico, 87503, for a free Vacation Guide to plan your journey.

NEW MEXICO
AMERICA'S LAND OF ENCHANTMENT

This is one car you'd sell to a friend.

*The 1992 LeSabre Custom has the highest projected resale value in its class.** So you'll feel as good about selling it as you did about driving it. You get a great price, and your friend gets a great car.

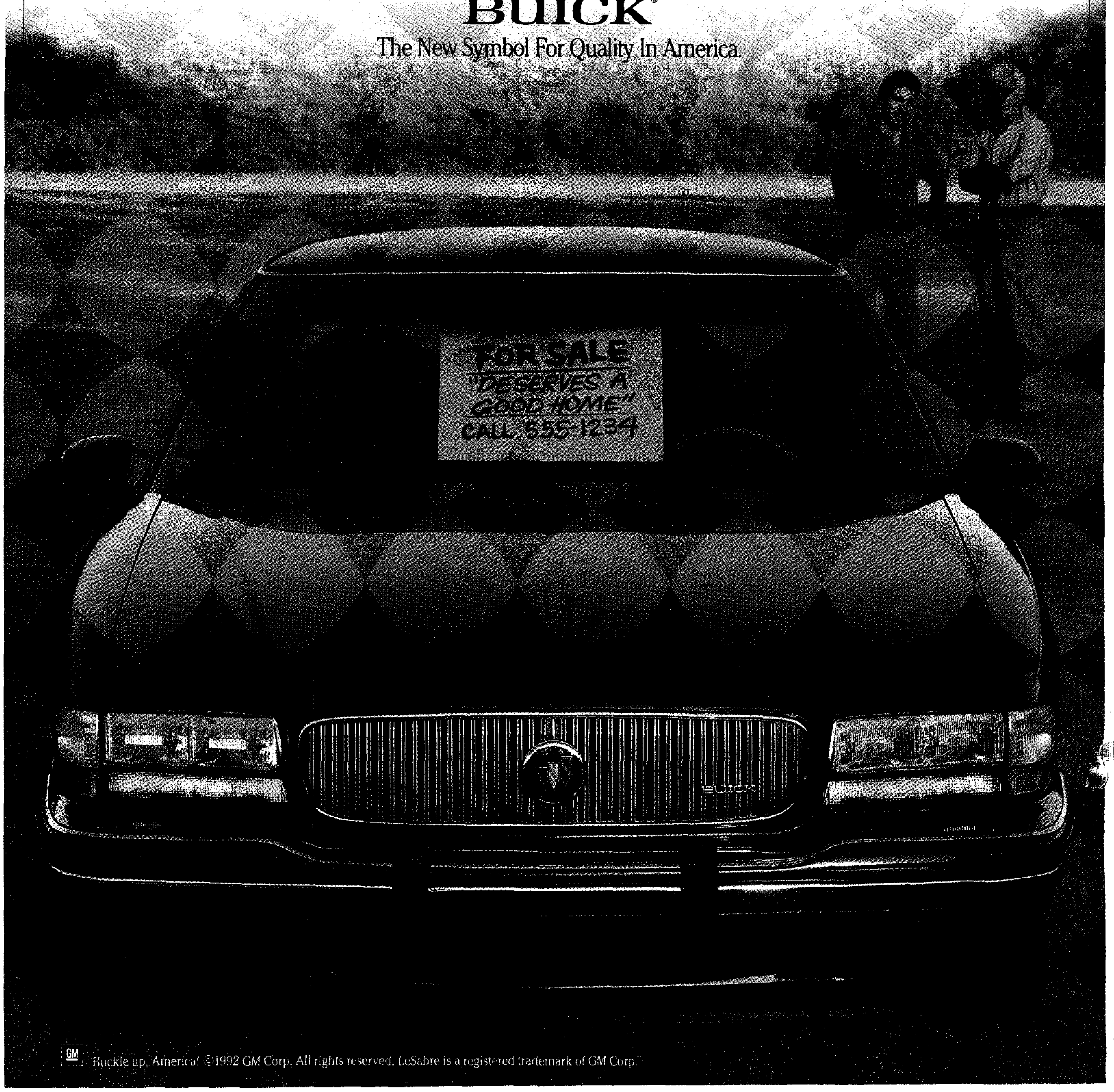
The reason? Simple—Buicks are built to last. That's what value is all about.

For more information on LeSabre or for a free reprint from *The Complete Car Cost Guide,* call 1-800-4A-BUICK.

*Information provided by IntelliChoice, Inc.'s 1992 *Complete Car Cost Guide.*

BUICK®

The New Symbol For Quality In America.



GM Buckle up, America! ©1992 GM Corp. All rights reserved. LeSabre is a registered trademark of GM Corp.

THE
NEW YORKER

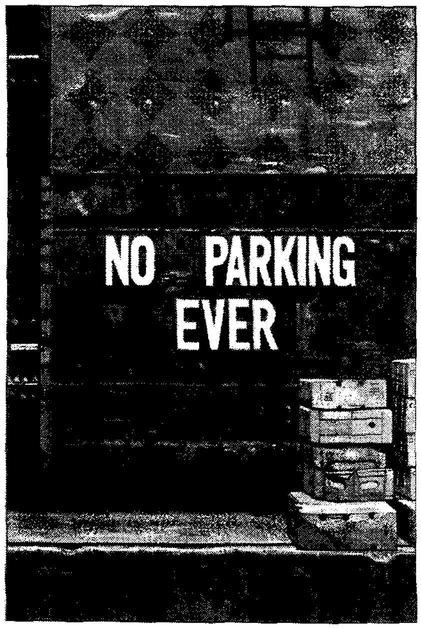
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WITH thousands of people dying of starvation every day in Somalia, the outside world is at last paying attention. In the famine there, it is estimated, a hundred thousand Somalis have already died, and relief officials predict that the final death toll will be over a million if food aid does not increase quickly and substantially. An enormous relief effort, paid for by the United States, Great Britain, France, Germany, and Italy, was begun last month, and journalists have arrived from around the world to witness what *The Economist* has called "a brave attempt to save a dying country." Part of the credit for the new interest in Somalia belongs to Boutros Boutros-Ghali, the United Nations Secretary-General, who last month pointedly observed that the world seemed much more concerned about Yugoslavia than about Somalia, even though the civil war in Somalia had lasted longer and caused more deaths and displacement than what he called "the rich man's war" in Yugoslavia. But it is now clear that Boutros-Ghali's words were heeded too late. A recent story in the *Times* noted that relief officials "are discovering that the country's famine is far worse than previously believed and that current efforts . . . are falling far short of what is needed to ease the crisis."

"The world has been acting as if this problem had just arisen," says Rakiya Omar, who is the executive director of the human-rights group Africa Watch and is herself a Somali. "But this is entirely a man-made famine. It is a famine with a history. The world knew it was coming for eighteen months." Although Ms. Omar overstates the case somewhat—it is not just civil war but also four consecutive years of drought that have brought hunger to Somalia—there is no denying that the world was alerted to the impending famine well in advance. The United Nations estimated this spring that two and a half million people in Somalia would need emergency food aid at some point in 1992. The U.N. put the number of people at risk in the Horn of Africa (Somalia, Ethiopia, Djibouti, and Sudan) at nineteen million and in Africa as a whole at forty-two million. Private aid groups echoed these warnings.

The problem—a recurring one—is that governments don't mobilize against hunger until it is too late; in effect, they wait until the battle is lost before sending in reinforcements. As for news organizations, they seldom or never bother to cover the hunger story until large numbers of people are dying. "If you aren't talking about ten thousand people falling over dead from hunger, it's not a story in the newspaper," Brigette Menge, of the Red Cross, has said. "If instead you need a vaccination program to keep farmers' cattle alive so they and their families can avoid falling into the destitution that leads to starvation, it's not sexy enough to interest the media."



Nor do either journalists or donor governments necessarily trust the famine alerts they receive from aid agencies. The United Nations estimates of the number of people at risk are viewed with particular dubiousness. In 1991, for example, the U.N. estimated that thirty-two million Africans would need some emergency food aid. When the end of the year came and nowhere near that many people had died, the U.N. was accused of crying wolf in order to justify its bureaucratic existence and pad its budget. Stephen Green, an expert with the U.N.'s World Food Program, who is responsible for estimating Sudan's food needs, recalls attending a meeting in Khartoum last December with officials from the United States Agency for International Development, the European Community, and various Western governments, and says he "encountered some skepticism" there, adding that in his report estimating food needs for 1992 he had to deal with the question of why there weren't thirty-two million corpses littering the African bush.

If by famine one means vast numbers of people dropping dead at the same time, then famine is actually the last stage of a long process of gradual decline. The key to preventing such catastrophes is to intervene early, before the decline can accelerate to the point where it is impossible to reverse. By repeatedly waiting until Africans are only two steps ahead of death before addressing the problem, donor governments and the international media end up reinforcing the fatalistic belief that famine is an ineradicable part of the natural order in Africa. The fact is, however, that there is little disagreement among specialists about how to alleviate hunger. Relief aid is essential in emergency situations like present-day Somalia, but charity can never be more than a stopgap solution. In the short to medium term, real progress is impossible without an end to war and to the disruption of planting, harvesting, and over-all economic life that war causes. Beyond that, what people need is practical, basic arrangements that enable them to better their own lot, such as access to clean water, education, and health care. In short, they need justice and development, not last-minute handouts. Now that the international community is trying to relieve the misery in Somalia, it must realize that merely to resuscitate this dying nation, as difficult as that will be, is not enough. There are Somalias-in-waiting throughout Africa and the rest of the Third World—Mozambique, Sudan, and Afghanistan, to name only three. Like Somalia a year ago, they are on the verge of a situation that will claim countless lives and cripple their societies for generations to come. If the world learns nothing from Somalia, here will be the famines next time.

• •

Consequences

Ric Burns, who, with his brother Ken, produced the PBS documentary "The Civil War" two years ago, has produced a new documentary for PBS. Like "The Civil War," this one, to be broadcast on October 28th, relates the events of a shameful chapter in nineteenth-century American history. The format will also be familiar: the slow pans across sepia-toned photographs, the readings from diaries, the haunting music. But this documentary will not be accompanied by the release of two hundred and fifty thousand copies of a glossy coffee-table book and a storm of media coverage. And it will probably not be discussed much at America's dinner tables. It's called "The Donner Party."

We called Ric Burns recently, at his office at Steeplechase Films, here in New York, while he was working on the final cut of the film, and asked him how he got the idea of making a documentary about one of the most famous entries in the annals of cannibalism. This is what he said: "Eighteen months ago, I was sitting on a beach in Miami reading one of Ray Billington's histories of the frontier, and the story of the Donner Party was in it, which I'd read about in bits and pieces before. But this was the first time I'd read an account of Lansford Hastings' role in it. Hastings is a kind of Sam Houston figure without the right stuff. There's something about a guy with no sense of consequences that's completely American. And I was stunned to find out that no one had treated it in documentary form. The story is *so compelling*. It's like an iron chain of linked coincidences, causes, and effects; it's as if the gears of the story get hold of you and wind you out the other side."

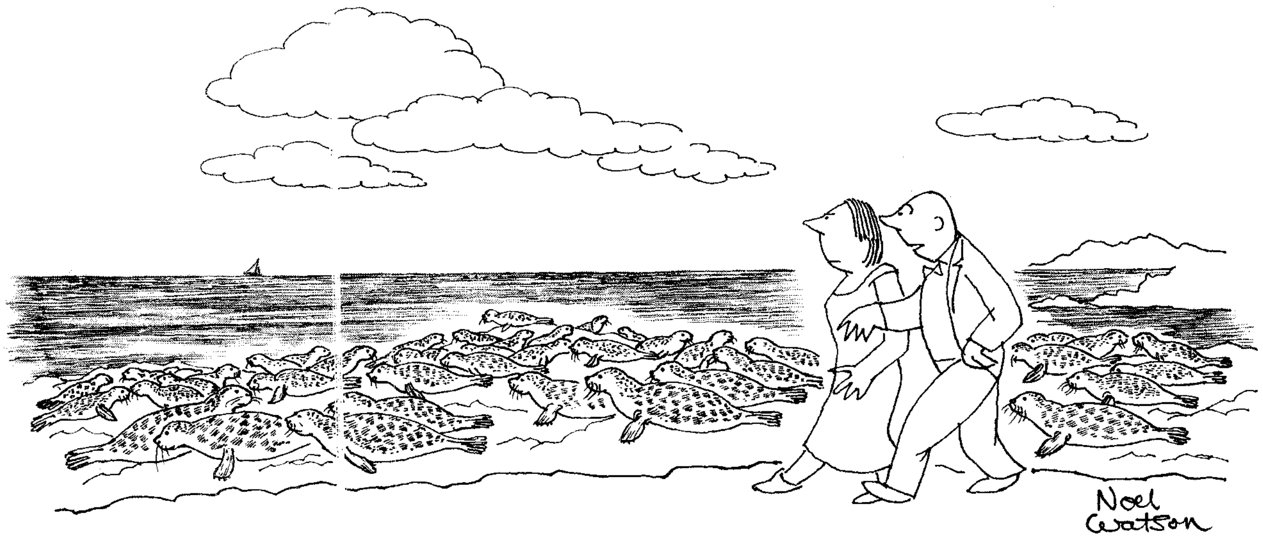
Burns and his co-producer, Lisa Ades, spent months following the Donner Party's ill-chosen trail across Wyoming, Utah, Nevada, and California. They were amazed to find a few Americans who not only knew the obscure story but could "pick up a rock and show you the rust from the iron tires" of the Donner Party's wagons. They found that the tire ruts made by those wagons are still visible from the air above the salt flats of Utah, but that there are no known photographs of George and Tamsen Donner, for whom the party was named.

The family's name was attached to the group out of respect for the Donners' wealth: they had three wagons loaded with goods that ranged from bolts of silk to watercolors and a quilt with ten thousand dollars in bills sewn into it. The Donners set off for California from Springfield, Illinois, in April, 1846, with another wealthy family—James Frazier Reed and his wife and four children, who were travelling in an opulent two-story wagon fitted with spring-loaded seats and its own iron stove. The Reeds' daughter, Virginia, called it the Pioneer Palace Car. There were also a dozen less well-to-do families, including that of Patrick Breen, an Irishman with seven children, and there were a number of single men, who just wanted to see the West. Altogether, there were eighty-seven people. Forty-six would survive.

They all ran into trouble long before they reached the pass in the Sierra Nevada Mountains of California, where they faced snow and starvation. In Utah, they lost precious days breaking a trail across the Wasatch Mountains, trusting in the word of Lansford W. Hastings, a reckless young adventurer who claimed, in a book that the Donners brought with them, to have discovered a route to California that was four hundred miles shorter than the known way. Hastings had never travelled this route in a wagon, and the party ended up having to cut through thirty-six miles of heavy brush. Then, in crossing the Great Salt Lake Desert, they discovered that Hastings' route through it was twice as long as the old route; the crossing took them five waterless days and nights, during which they abandoned most of their possessions, including the Pioneer Palace Car. At the end of October, weeks behind other wagon parties, which had already crossed the mountains into California, the Donner Party reached the pass, where a few feet of snow had fallen. They decided to rest for a night before crossing. That night, it snowed heavily, and in the morning there was no getting over the mountains.

While some twenty-two feet of snow fell on them in the course of that winter, the members of the Donner Party were forced to camp next to what is now Donner Lake. They ate what little meat was left from their cattle, then their dogs, then the boiled hides of their animals, and, finally, as some of them died, each other. A group of fifteen struggled on homemade snowshoes over the pass, only to be buried by a furious blizzard on Christmas Eve; miraculously, seven made it alive to the Sacramento Valley. In all, it took four relief parties four months to bring out the other survivors.

Ric Burns, in pursuing approval and funding for his project, displayed the now famous Burnsian refusal to take no for an answer. He told us, "PBS *was* sort of reluctant. The story is so patently gruesome. But there's a weird, uncanny poetry to it. What sold PBS on it is that the horror of it actually composes the tale, in a very unusual way: the larger events of 1846 seem to move these people implacably toward their fate. There's a strange kind of guilt that attaches to the Donner Party, as if they were being punished for something. The story inspires a compulsion to repeat every detail, as if, somewhere, someone had done something wrong—as if some form of hubris were at work."



"O. K., have it your way. You heard a seal bark."

• •

Burns can talk quite knowledgeably about these "larger events"—Manifest Destiny and the Mexican War—but in his film the Greek tragedy behind the lurid tale of the Donner Party's fall is summed up by a grizzled journalist for the Salt Lake City *Tribune* named Harold Schindler, who is one of the people Burns says just "know the Donner Party story cold." He looks into the camera and says, "Human endeavor and failure, blunders, mistakes, ambition, greed, all the elements. And if you call the rescue of the surviving parties a happy ending, it's a happy ending. But what about those that didn't make it, that, uh—" Schindler pauses and shakes his head and says, "Terrible, terrible."

The Big Boys

OUR friend who lives in the loft downtown has written to us again, for what he promises will be the last time:

Ever since my wife and I moved in here, nine years ago, we've felt as if we had been made to endure a series of Old Testament plagues: infestations of creeping and crawling things, beginning with the less repellent and rising to the most. Our first infestation was of the kind of cockroaches that in New York are called waterbugs: enormous, antennaed, hard-shelled mahogany-brown creatures that usually just *appear* on piles of plates or on the floor, like manifestations of an evil spirit. A couple of years later came the mice, who raced along the floorboards and squeaked in the walls and, on one memorable night, suddenly ran out, in formation, from corners in our loft that we didn't even know were there, in a kind of hideous parody of a Disney production number. With each of these infestations, we went through the same emotional stages: first, panic and dismay; then impotent, beseeching phone calls to the landlord; then long nights of one-eyed sleep; then purposeful phone calls to a small exterminating company; and at last—as the traps began to snap on little gray bodies or the poison began to reveal, on the bathroom floor at night, flipped-over brown insect bodies—an exhausted, vengeful satisfaction.

Still, nothing in the past had prepared us for the arrival, a few weeks ago, of the rats. It happened on a Sunday night. At about twelve-thirty, my wife called me into the bathroom. From high above, in the ventilator shaft, came the sounds of scratching and breathing and animal motion. A few moments later, the sounds migrated, skittering along above the stamped-tin ceiling toward the back door; they included, unmistakably, the sound of confident scrabbling feet—a sound of weight and certainty.

We spent all of Monday in quaking denial. But on Tuesday morning we called up the other tenants in the building and found out that the people down on the second and third floors (we live on the fourth) had been hearing similar traffic in their walls for a couple of weeks. The city, I should add, had been tearing up some nearby streets for about that long, as part of a protracted and, given the city's circumstances now, rather loopy project to recobble a section of SoHo in order to restore the neighborhood to some imagined condition of nineteenth-century charm. Then, on Wednesday morning, one of our neighbors woke us at around seven. "I *saw* one!" she wailed. "It was the size of a *cat*. It ran into the bathroom in the middle of the night, and when we finally worked up the courage to confront it, it was gone, but one of our sponges was just torn up." Other sightings were reported throughout the day. "It was running down the hall," another neighbor said grimly. "It just walked right down the center of the hall. It was the size of a dog."

My wife and I tried calling the "management agent," but he was unresponsive, and then we tried calling the city, but the Department of Violations passed us on to the Bureau of Infractions, and it said that we needed to get in touch with the Commission on Intractable Problems, so we finally just called up the exterminating service, which I'll refer to as NRN, and asked it to send a man over.

NRN is an oddly intense, high-morale little business. When we had mice, NRN first sent Paul, a melancholic Caribbean man, who told us (with what reliability I can't say) that he had been the Minister of Agriculture of a good-sized Caribbean island "before the coup." Then he gravely scattered packets of poison all around the loft, with the air of one conducting an official ceremony. The next day, to our surprise, Sam, the boss of NRN, arrived at our door. “I'm worried about Paul,” he explained. “He's a very good man, but sometimes he's thinking sugarcane when he should be thinking apartment.” Sam turned out to be a Method exterminator. He stood stock still in the middle of our loft, head bowed, for what seemed to me a disturbingly long time. “I'm thinking like a mouse,” he whispered, at last. “I'm thinking, If I was a mouse, where would I go? Where would I feel safe, trusted, in this space?” He even wrinkled his nose from time to time. Then he laid traps and stuffed steel wool in all the crevices he found. We never saw another mouse. Lee Strasberg would have been pleased.

But when I called about the rats I noticed that even the people at NRN, who are usually pretty breezy about pests, seemed to have a disturbingly healthy respect for them. Ginny, the woman who answers the phone, said flatly, “We'll have to send Gilbert.” Gilbert turned out to be a gentle, extremely tall man with a dry, pawky sense of humor and a soft, almost lilting voice. I got the key to the basement from the super—we figured that the problem was originating in the basement—and let Gilbert into it, and then retreated upstairs. About an hour and a half later, Gilbert came up. “Yeah,” he said. “You got them, O.K. You got the *big* boys. You got the *super* rats.”

“What do you mean, the super rats?” I asked, brilliantly impersonating a calm person.

“Well, let's put it like this.” He thought for a moment. “These rats, if you see one, they look at you like *you* the problem.”

Gilbert set some traps in the empty loft next door—huge traps, with wooden backs the size of racquetball paddles—and pumped poison under the floorboards. “Yes,” he said cheerfully. “You won't be troubled by no mice now. They can't coexist with these boys. *Nobody* coexists with these boys. Yes, you got the big boys now.”

I didn't want the big boys. Gilbert turned to me as he finished, and said, “Now, you shouldn't be seeing them, but you may hear them at night. They eat this powder as they run along the beams, and then they cry with fear to their mates when they find that they've been poisoned.” He imitated the sound of a poisoned rat calling out in lament to its spouse. “Now, that's a good sound, for you,” he said. “It means we're turning the tide. You hear that sound, you remember, that's a good sound for you.” I tried to meet Gilbert's eyes, since I suspected that there might be a certain amount of schadenfreude inflecting his professionalism, but when I did they seemed completely earnest. “The one thing is,” he said as he packed his equipment into his cart, “I think you ought to come down the basement sometime. I think if you're taking responsibility for these boys you ought to see the basement.”

All week long, people in the building kept calling for Gilbert's services, and eventually he and I became friends. He showed up almost every day to solve one problem or another—somebody had a dead rat for him to remove, or somebody had found a crack in the ceiling on the first floor—and I would follow him from loft to loft. We would talk rat talk and rat lore. “There is the same number of rats in the city as people,” Gilbert might say as he sealed up a rat hole with steel wool and putty. “Same number. You see one of the big boys—maybe that's you, your rat. It's a weird kind of thought.” Each afternoon, he ended his work by saying, “I really think you ought to come and see the basement,” or “I'd like to show you that basement,” or just “Someday, we'll go down the basement together, and then you'll understand about the big boys.”

Then, coming home one afternoon, I saw a brown-snouted creature patrolling outside our building like a sentry. It was the size of a Miata. I watched it march into a crack in the building's cast-iron façade. Two women, strangers, were walking alongside me. “Did you see that?” one asked the other.

“That's my home,” I burst out. “That's my *home*.” I don't think I'd ever been so upset.

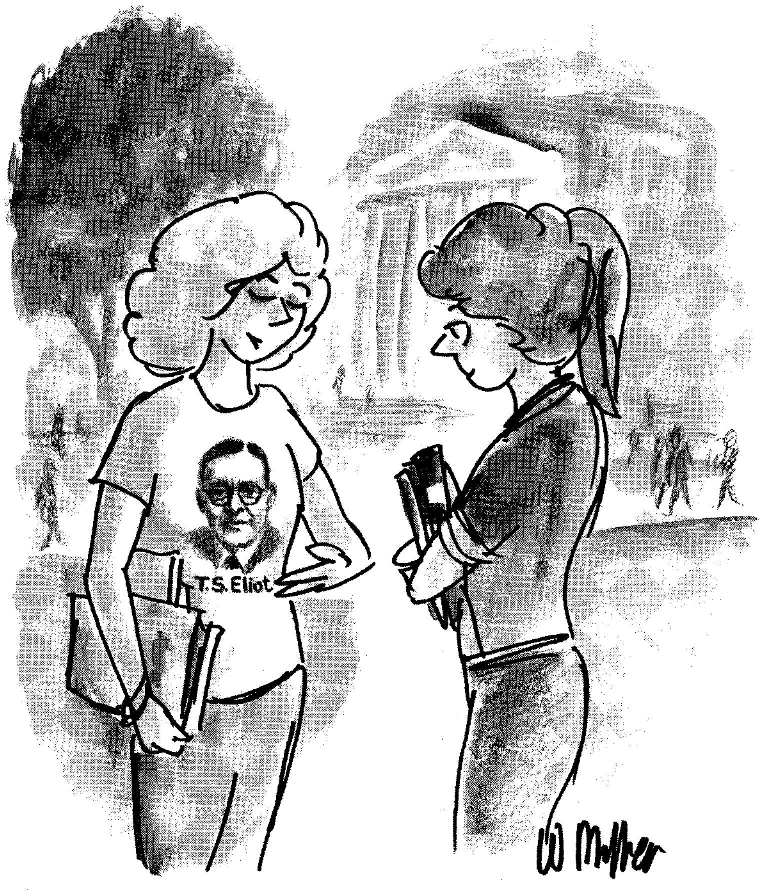
That evening, I went to see my psychoanalyst. “So what about rats—what does it mean if you're afraid of rats?” I asked impatiently.

“Nothing,” he said calmly. “Rats are not symbolic of anything. They are a fact. They must just be coped with.”

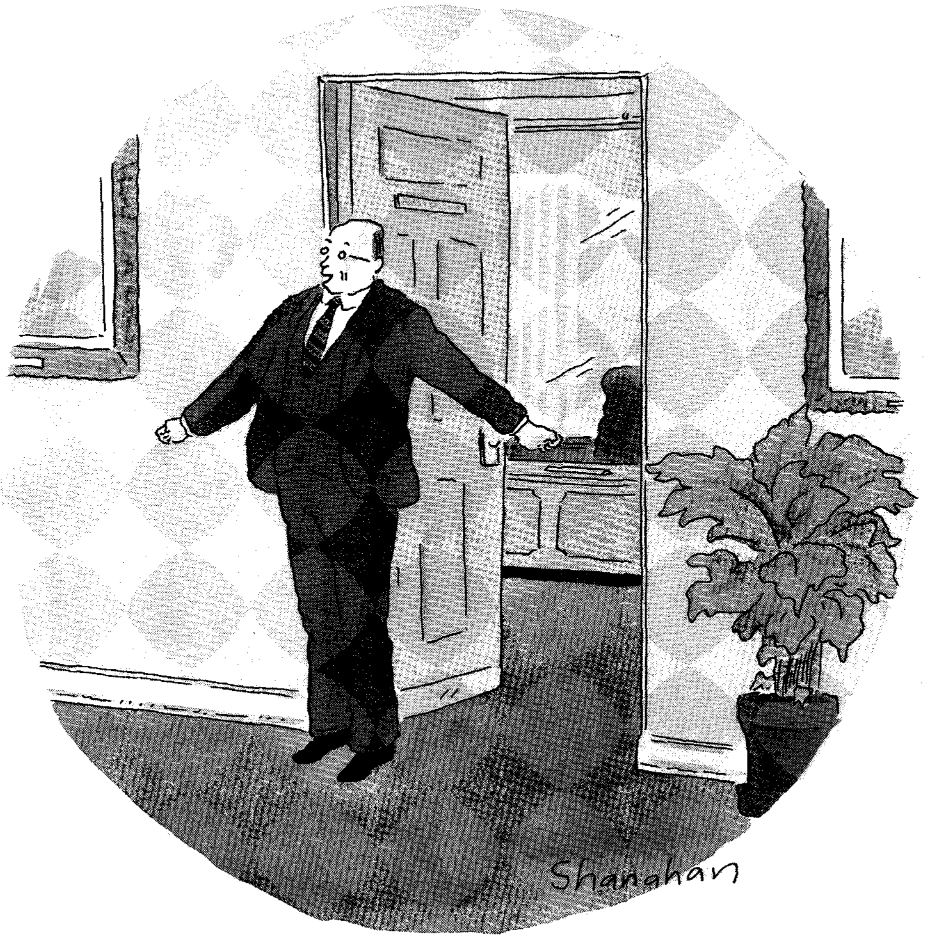
Facts to cope with. This seemed like useful advice, so the next morning I hired a team of welders to weld the crack in the façade; I insisted that the super come along a little later and seal the holes in the bricks in the side of the building with putty; and I called up Gilbert to get him to cast an eye on all this work.

When Gilbert arrived, pushing his neat, well-ordered little cart, I showed him everything: how the welders were welding the crack together, how I had the super stuffing the holes. “I think we're moving along, Gilbert,” I said.

Gilbert smiled. “I *really* want you to come down and see the basement,” he said. I shrugged—I had welders to supervise—and he disappeared. An hour or so later, Gilbert came to get me. “Now, you



“Oh, this old thing?”



"Aaah . . . The smell of fresh-mown employees."

• •

gotta come down to the basement," he said. "You *got* to."

I looked at Gilbert. I realized that we were entering heavy, Iron John-type territory here. I was scared, and so I said, simply, "Gilbert, will I see dead rats?"

"No." He laughed. "I got them in bags—body bags." He seemed full of an odd kind of gaiety. I screwed up what courage I could, and followed Gilbert down the dark basement stairs.

What was I expecting? The word "basement" summoned up for me, I suppose, the picture of a rec room—knotty-pine walls, and shag carpeting, and a humming dehumidifier. The basement of our building, though, turned out to be right out of the second act of "The Phantom of the Opera." One huge room—one huge *chamber*, really—followed another. Each had a high, vaulted ceiling, supported by a set of vast, imposing cast-iron columns with gloomy Corinthian capitals. "Piranesian"—that is the word I am looking for. Our basement was Piranesian. What could Elisha Sniffen, the architect of the building (his name is in the AIA guide), have been thinking of?

Gilbert took me on a tour of the labyrinth, and after a lot of twists and turns we came to what I realized was the space just under the sidewalk—I could hear the welders buzzing away, still at work outside. A black Hefty bag was standing on the floor. Gilbert waved his flashlight toward the bag. "I got some one-pounders in there," he said, humorously; he picked up the bag, and it sagged with the weight.

"Now, look," he said, pointing toward the space under the sidewalk, and I did.

The space was simply open, below street level, to the underside of the whole street. You peered out, and you could see pipes and ducts and the underside of asphalt. You could hear the N train running, over on Broadway, three blocks away.

"You see!" Gilbert said, with uncharacteristic emotion. "That's why you had to come down to the basement. That stuff, that *welding*—that is a joke. This place is open to the world! They're coming in and going up there, and there, and there." He pointed his flashlight at the top of the basement walls. "Nothing's been done here since the nineteenth century. My family was *slaves* the last time somebody came down this basement." It was an exaggeration, but I got his point.

"What you're telling me, Gilbert," I said, finally, "is that there's nothing to be done. That everything I'm doing is not going to do any good." I felt sick.

"No. I am *not* telling you that," Gilbert said. "I'm telling you that there's no *solution*. You can't keep the rats out of your building. It would take twenty thousand dollars' worth of masonry—it would take a century's upkeep that somebody forgot all about—to keep the rats out. I'm telling you there's no *solution*, but there's a *technique*. Did I tell you about the three cons?" I shook my head. "O.K. The three cons. We got to *con*tain, *con*fine, and *con*vince. We got to contain the rats in one area of the basement, then we got to confine them to one feeding place, then we got to convince them that this is not a happy place for a rat to be. Move them on to the next building. Where there is *another* basement, just like yours. You can do that. You keep the service, you have me come, and we'll move them along." Then he showed me some of the darker secrets of his craft. I watched him mix sugar water with poison, and for half an hour we laid out some black plastic trays full of poisoned tuna fish, and then we left the basement.

The problem has receded. I walk out into the bright sunshine and don't see a thing. The cheap welded-iron net that's in place on the façade of the building looks awful, but it gives my neighbors confidence. Have the rats gone away, really, because of what Gilbert did? Or is it just that the cobbling work on the street has moved along to the next block? Is it even possible, I wonder, that Gilbert's philosophy of containment, which seemed to me at the time to strike some deep, permanent truth about New York, was marked by a little self-interest? He is, after all, the man who is paid to keep the three cons going. All I know for sure is that I no longer listen so intently for sounds in the middle of the night, or scan the sidewalk quite so jumpily when I am walking home. Life is different after you have seen the basement.

THOSE LITTLE PAPERS

(The Diary of a Man On and Over the Brink)

Preheat the oven to 400°. **Grease** a 12-cup muffin tin or line the cups with those little papers. Lovingly **beat** the eggs together. . . . Carefully **pour** in our Many-Bran Muffin mix and gently **stir** together. Don't beat it now or over mix it 'cause then the little gems won't be nearly so light and . . . —*Recipe on the package of Buckeye Many-Bran Muffins.*

Saturday night. Cocktails at the DeMasnells'. People who invented the rotary lawnmower; fabulously rich. Sally absolutely blotto; Bobby telling that funny story about Mrs. Twombly and Labor Day. "Mrs. Twombly regrets she doesn't know about Labor Day," etc., etc. Bobby absolutely blotto.

Saturday night—much later. Sally called from Rhigis Rota Hotel. Wants a separation. Wants to live at Rhigis Rota Hotel. Only ten thousand a month, and I can keep the kids. Generous, I guess.

Saturday night—the very end of it. Went to kitchen. Made soufflé. Damned hard to be a man.

Tuesday. Bobby definitely in A.A. "Twelve Step" this. "Twelve Step" that. Felt mean, so asked if it was a dance. Midge picked up on it. "How about *two* days at a time," Midge said. Bobby just lashed back, picked up that sweet little Biedermeier chair, the one with the apricot velvet upholstery, and hurled it through the window. The color of that chair's upholstery stayed with me. *Apricot* . . . so soft, exactly like a soufflé. When I got home I phoned the Rhigis Rota, which has never even heard of Sally. Lot of explaining to do to the kids. *Made* a soufflé. Thank God some things are still simple.

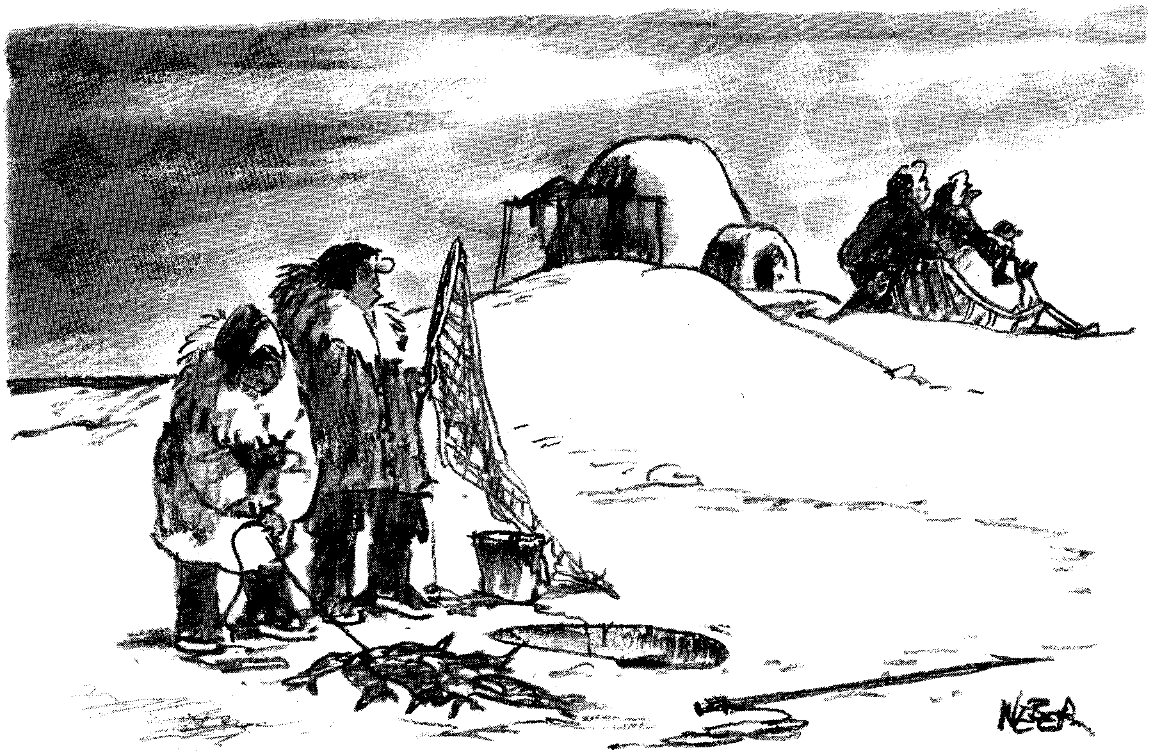
Later. *Not* so simple, after all. Sally burst in here with arms akimbo—definitely not at her sides, where they should be (arms should be neat, just a little flesh with a touch of pink peeping out of a pretty cotton-print sleeve, for God's sake). "Discover the depths of your misogyny!" she shouted, and ripped up the copy of *Playboy* I was saving—the one with the picture of the nice cherry cobbler on a simple deal table in Provence.

"I just don't happen to like the dress you have on," I *dared* to whisper. . . . Right now thinking about that cobbler: flour, sugar; just a little fruit flesh dripping through one's fingers . . . Anyway. Writing this in the kitchen. Last bastion of manhood.

Wednesday. Guess what? There's no money in *either* of the Canadian trusts. They are in a state of what is called Total Disbursement. Whew! Sent kids to Camp Slew, told Camp Slew to send bill to Rhigis Rota Hotel. Decided to stay here in the kitchen. More manly here. The eggs; the cast-iron Dutch oven. Heating up. God, Sally was pretty. That hair; the way she shook it. Never went to the hairdresser; swam, let the sun dry it, shook it out, and there it was—a goddam crown, for Christ's sake. Kiss her neck . . . Forget Sally. How about a nice something with plums or prunes? Fun to take the flesh off, throw away the pits. Fun to throw things away and end up with a nice tart.

Wednesday—later. REALLY DESPERATE. PRUNE SOUFFLÉ A BIG FLOP. JUST PURPLE DREGS IN A BOWL. Jesus, did I write that? "Purple dregs in a bowl"? Reminds me of Middlewood School English Three Special. Tommy Rhiner, Billy Horace. God, our fathers owned the world. Purple dregs in a bowl. What a school! Dappled light on the playing fields beyond. Beyond *what*?

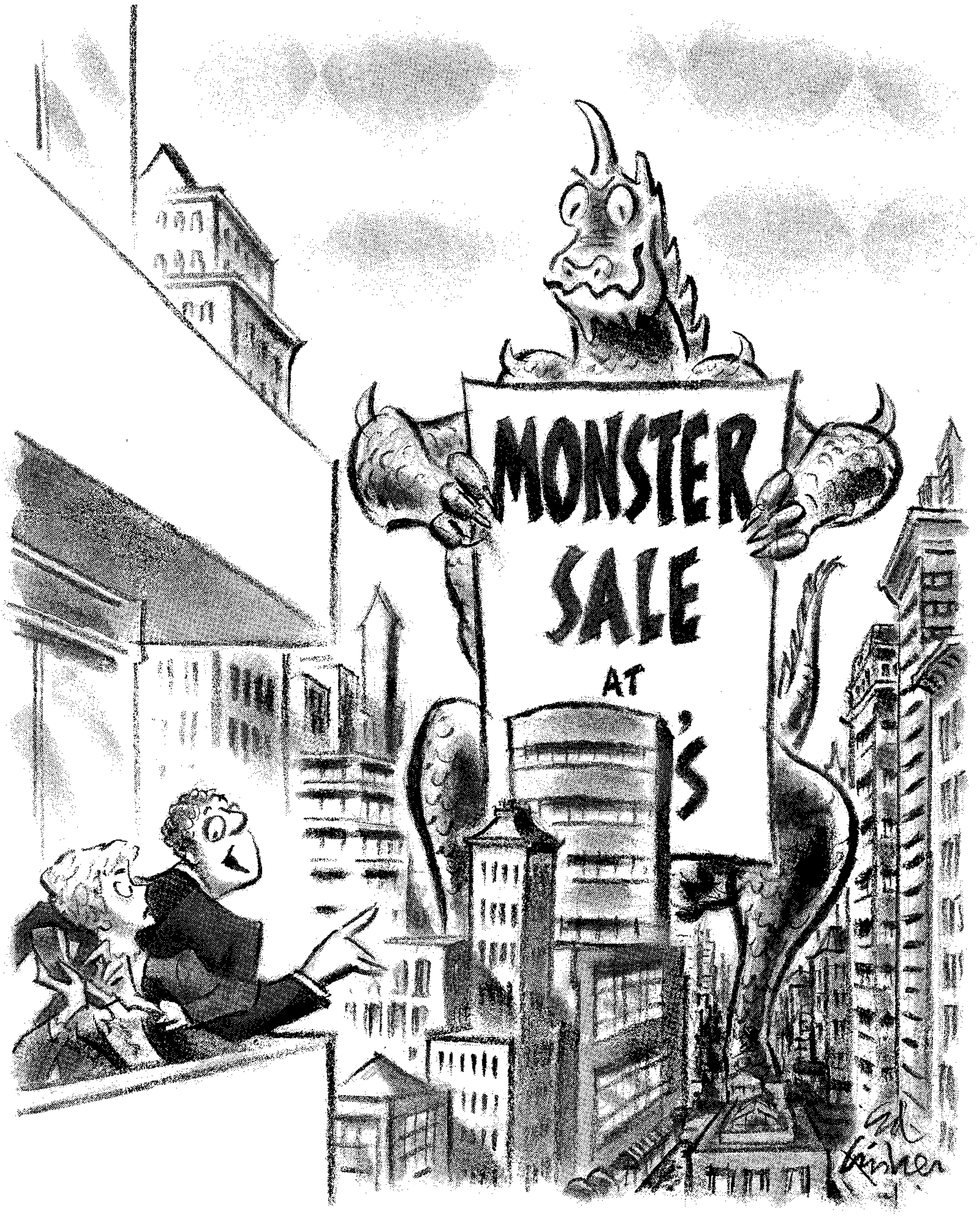
Sunday afternoon. Had some time to myself. Went upstairs. Sat down on the little sofa opposite the French window. Felt like a soufflé that *had* risen. Camp Slew called, and I just told them to go to hell. Like the old days, when I had confidence. Told them there was money coming from Canada. Didn't say to *whom*, so didn't tell a real lie. Man would definitely not tell a real lie. Man simple. ABC. Bond that way. Like wolves. What is *simple now*? Only f-o-o-d, that's what. "Add milk." No conflict there. Felt better than at any time since 1957 Harvard-Yale game. Hands simply *ran* through apple, cinnamon; beautiful little crust simply *appeared*. Thought about apple country. Bride and groom. Newlyweds on the hay wagon—and later in the bridal bedroom. The handsome young man . . . Crust truly



"There go the summer people, thank God."

flaky. Used real lard, of course. Animal fat. Makes you feel like a man.

Monday A.M., I guess. Still in kitchen, but not so simple. Awful woman called from Camp Slew, said shelter was an extra-cost item and so had to put kids in welfare motel. No ticky, no checky. That point of view. So unlike Camp Guiscard. Ah! Camp Guiscard! Picked us up in special buses. Lectures about the townspeople. Strict allowance of two dollars a week, no matter how much they wanted to send from home. Horace's grandmother in the maroon Rolls-Royce, dropping off an extra pair of linen shorts. Blowing me a kiss. "And say hello to that divine mother of yours!" Rushing off to Cannes. Horace loved her, though. Different platoons. The Guelphs; the Merovingians. Renaissance, pre-Renaissance nobility. All the Philadelphia boys were Guelphs, as I recall. Simple Spartan virtue. That's what we had. Simplicity eludes. Tried a crust, but it fell into pieces. Crumbs over everything. Tried meringue and came up with runny whites. Whites on floor make a slippery mess. Did I write that? Am I a white on the floor making a slippery mess? More manly in the kitchen. Did I write that?



"Wait! Look! He's been absorbed into the system!"

• •

A LITTLE later. Must try to rally. Fourth down. Punt. Remember that? "Punt it"? Me and Sammy. All-nighters. Just do *something*, even if you have to use a mix. What's this? Something Sally bought. "Buckeye Many-Bran Muffins." Better than nothing. Sally not so bad. Still has nice hair. Daddy wrote Triangle show. Not so bad, either. "Jung at Heart." Let's sing some of that. No, let's not. Let's just make a simple bran muffin. Simple. Direct. The last refuge of ABC equals good result. O.K. Hold hands still, for God's sake. Why do *my* hands shake? I don't drink, I *cook*. All right. Here goes. The first step back up the slippery slope . . . "1 Box Buckeye Many-Bran Muffin mix." Well, I've got that. . . . Just give me a good, solid recipe any day. "**Preheat** the oven to 400°." See? So simple. Why can't the world be like that? Granddaddy's blast furnace making iron tools to last a hundred years. Why can't *poetry* be like that? "Shropshire Lad," and so forth. Me and Bobby reading Housman by the millpond. O.K. Much better now. "**Grease** a 12-cup muffin tin or line the cups with those little papers." What do they mean, "those little papers"? *What* little papers? "Those Little Papers." I suppose they do not mean the supermarket tabloids. **Those Little Papers**. One of those phrases that won't leave you alone. No ticky, no checky, in a way. **Those Little Papers**. Please, God, don't let me go around all day saying "those little papers" to myself. Please, God, let me have the kitchen. I'll give them everything else—the living room with the Boldini of great-grandma; the patio with the flowers in a pot; the library with the books on . . . Just hold your hands still. What's next? "Lovingly **beat** the eggs together with oil . . ." "Lovingly beat." Oh dear, they have found me in the kitchen. I gave them Camp Guiscard. I let them have Sally. Must try to remember name of motel where kids are. Definitely wrote it down. Uh-oh. Just hold your hands still. **Lovingly** hold your hands still. Uh-oh. They are in my brain. Uh-oh . . . lovingly . . . —GEORGE W. S. TROW

THE IMPORTANT HOUSES

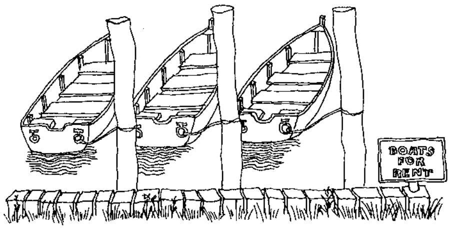
SOME days, I would be left at my grandmother's house. I never knew why. Usually, I could ask my father anything, but I couldn't ask him either of these things: Why are you leaving me here? Why won't you take me with you? I knew that it was considered a privilege to be in that house; I knew that even my father wouldn't understand my reluctance. It was only a partial reluctance anyway, and I believed then that I had no business communicating anything I only partially understood. I knew I must keep silent. At least I knew that.

Entering that house, I was plunged into an atmosphere of bafflement. The words, the manners, all the *things* were foreign to me. The foreignness often seemed literal: often I didn't understand what the people in my grandmother's house were saying, and often what I said was not understood. My father always understood me. "You speak the same language," my mother would remark from the position to which my father and I had banished her: the admiring outsider, the foreign servant. She thought of my grandmother's house—her mother's house—as home. I don't know what she thought of the apartment where we lived—what my father and I called home but which was to her something else. Something unserious and temporary. Something there was no need to have a name for. In her mother's house, everything had been named long ago, once and for all.

I had trouble placing my grandmother's house. I knew it had nothing to do with America. Or postwar life. And yet it stood at the center of the lives of all her children and her children's children. It expressed an era—ahistorical, perhaps wholly imaginary—that we grandchildren only vaguely understood. We knew that it had ended long before we were born: it seemed to have touched upon our parents' early childhood, but we weren't sure. There were twenty-one grandchildren who visited my grandmother's house regularly. Of her nine children, only two had settled more than ten miles from her. We all lived on Long Island, in towns that bordered Queens and took their identity more from "the city" than "the Island." My grandmother had lived in the same house since 1920, when the area was farmland; she despised the people who had moved there from Brooklyn or the Bronx after the war. She condemned new houses and the objects in them.

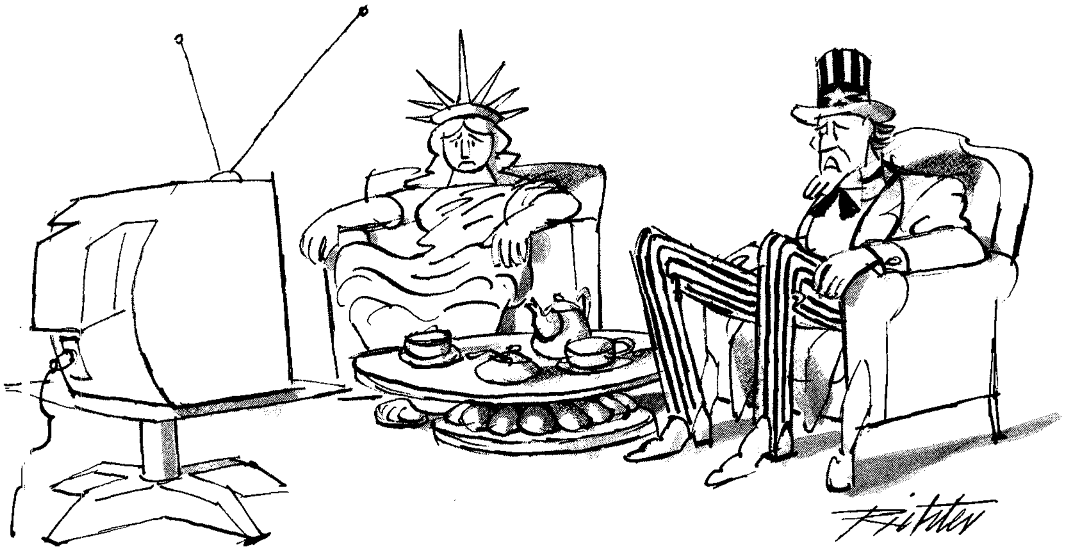
Each object in her house belonged to the Old World. Nothing was easy; everything required maintenance of a complicated and specialized sort. Nothing was disposable, replaceable. There were no errors of taste, because there were no imaginable other choices. I was not unhappy there: each object's rightness of placement made me feel honored to be among them. Yet I was always guilty among these things, as if they knew I preferred what was in my glamorous aunt's house. She lived in the next town from my grandmother; her husband owned a liquor store and made more money than anyone we knew. My aunt and uncle bought things easily, unlike the rest of the family, and so the house was full of new or newish objects: the plastic holders for playing cards, like shells or fans, the nut dishes in the shape of peanuts, the corn dishes in the shape of ears of corn, the hair dryer like a rocket, the makeup mirror framed by light bulbs, the bottles of nail polish, the ice bucket, the cocktail shaker, the deep freeze. And the house was stocked with pleasurable things to eat, drink, sit on, listen to, lean against, watch, sleep in, ride, or wear. I knew these pleasures to be inferior, but I sank into them each time, stealing their luxury and fearing for my soul, as I half feared for my aunt's, which I couldn't imagine to be safe, interested as she was in having a good time.

My grandmother had no interest in having a good time—that is, in doing anything that would result only in pleasure—and her house proclaimed this, as it proclaimed everything about her. Her house was her body and, like her body, was honorable, daunting, reassuring, defended, castigating, harsh, embellished, dark. I can't imagine how she lived: that is to say, how she didn't die of the endless labor her life entailed. Nine children. It's easy either to romanticize her or utterly to push her aside. She casts a light in which my life can only look remiss. I can conjure no Heaven from which she would speak the slightest word of non-condemnation to me. I would never even dream of praise.



Yet I did, somehow, like her house. Old-fashioned flowers, bright-colored, a little wild: marigold, cosmos, foxglove, phlox. Older varieties of roses, whose petals seemed thinner than those of more recent types, more susceptible, like my soft flesh, to insect bites that made them horrible to the eye. I liked her garden even better than my aunt's, where the greens were deeper than the greens of any leaves or grass I'd seen anywhere else. I linked this dark-greenness to prosperity, as if my uncle had invested in that greenness so that we would all be more secure. My grandmother's house had no connection to prosperity: it had righteousness instead.

THERE were three ways you could enter the house: through the front porch, the side porch, or the kitchen. The kitchen was the most common way. Tacked on, it hadn't originally been part of the house. It floated on nothing, it had no foundation, it was a ship that sailed on air. And yet it was a serious place. Difficult and steady work went on there; the kitchen was productive, rigorous. And yet so light! Its lightness was a particular pleasure in summer. The screen door opened with a leisurely, indulgent creak. It bent back on a steel hasp, and even a child could hook it open easily. All the things that kitchen contained: marjoram, nutmeg, green peppercorns, sage from the garden, mason jars of preserved fruit. Some hints of the Italian from my Italian grandfather: ricotta mixed with cinnamon and sugar, almond *biscotti*, fresh figs purple at the top, fading to a tender green. Irish soda bread my grandmother had learned to make as a girl at home. Inexplicably: hamantaschen—a way of using the jars and jars of preserved figs. She would save a little dough, a little bit of fig for me to make my own. She'd put mine in the oven along with hers, but mine were much, much smaller and they always burned. Beside her rows of golden pastry hats were my



"Where did we go wrong?"

two burnt offerings, charred and solid black. I would eat them anyway, pretending they were good. I felt I had to, out of loyalty. "Don't eat those things, eat one of my nice ones here," she'd always say, and, guiltily, I would.

What was this all about? She was an expert baker. Why didn't she put my pastries in first and take them out before she put hers in? Or put mine in later, so they'd be ready at the same time as hers? What was she trying to show me? That I could try and try but would never be as good as she? That I should not have trusted her? That I should always keep an eye out, because whatever I did in life would be my own affair? It never occurred to me that the situation could be any different. My grandmother's implacable posture made the idea of alternatives impossible. What was, was. Because it had to be.

That kitchen was a monument to her refusal to accept the modern world. The sink was deep and had two narrow spigots, made of brass, that let out only thin, slow streams of water, unlike the jubilant spurts from the stainless-steel faucets of ordinary fifties sinks. The table was white deal, with a seam down the middle where it could be made to fold, but it was never folded. My grandmother would run a knife blade through that seam and the ones along the sides, to dislodge crumbs or dried food. This was the sort of thing she was doing when people perceived her as being still. The linoleum was dull gray with spattered dots of red, yellow, and black. Her dishes were white with gentle floral patterns, pink and blue. I don't know where they might have come from.

There were a lot of things around the house that, like those dishes, suggested a half-glimpsed gentility. If you went into the side porch, for example, which you rarely did, there were objects of mimed opulence: black jardinieres with Oriental scenes painted on them, holding palms or tall, full philodendrons. The side porch had been my grandfather's workroom; he'd been a jeweller. He died when I was one year old. The room was kept purposely useless, in memory of him. I often stayed there, lonely, feeling I'd stolen grace.

IN my grandmother's house I was often alone, left to myself because my grandmother was always busy. Sometimes she'd include me in her tasks: I would hold open the trapdoor so she could carry the wash up from the basement. She'd ask me to hold the funnel steady so she could pour antifreeze into the car. Sometimes I'd help her find a thimble or a pin while she was sewing at her machine: her thick foot in its black, low-heeled oxford pushing her treadle. The words she spoke when at her sewing machine seemed ancient to me, since she was the only one I'd ever heard using them: "rickrack," "grosgrain," "dotted swiss." Nothing she sewed was for me, nothing was for anyone I knew. I never understood what happened to all that sewing; it disappeared magically, like sewing for the dead, her black foot steady on the treadle like the hoof of fate.

She rarely talked. She lifted pots and tools and basketsful of earth and bowls of vegetables. She tore meat off bones and carcasses and made it into soup; she beat eggs into silky custards. I believe she very much enjoyed her life. But she had no time to play with children. And so I wandered the dark house alone, from room to room, beginning with the front porch, where my bachelor uncle, who still lived with her, slept winter and summer. There was a piano on the porch, and bound music books nobody opened, full of songs no one I knew had ever sung: "Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms," "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," "High Above Cayuga's Waters," "Eli Yale!" And odd pieces of sheet music: "My Buddy," "I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen."

Why did they make my uncle sleep there? It was cold in winter, hot in summer. He slept on a couch that was only the semblance of a bed, camouflaged each morning with a gray-and-red spotted cover. There was almost no place for his things; I don't know where he put his clothes. But I have no understanding of how my uncle lived. I've never come across anybody like him, anyone who would even give me a clue to why he was the way he was. He conformed to no type.

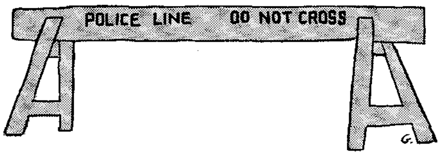
He served the family, especially his mother, with the devotion of a pilgrim to a sacred shrine. He surprised them all by marrying at forty-three—one of the happiest marriages I have known, but that was later. Throughout his twenties and thirties, the family thought of him as at their beck and call. He was a tall, strong, handsome man, a champion athlete, head at one time of all the lifeguards at Jones Beach. Yet they expected him to do their bidding, to be at their service when they needed him. There were nine brothers and sisters; all but two of them had mates and children. Someone was always sick or weak or broke or down on his luck. They called and he arrived.

Just this year, seven years after his

death, at seventy-four, his wife told me that he had decided when he was fourteen that he would dedicate himself to making his mother's life easier. He made the decision when he saw her fixing the roof during a storm. She was six months pregnant, nailing down tarpaper while the wind blew and the rain fell in torrents. He told her to go inside, that he'd take care of everything. From that time on, for nearly thirty years, that was his job: taking care of everything. When he married, it was his only defiance of my grandmother. She fainted at the wedding, which wasn't a Mass: he was marrying a non-Catholic. He moved seven miles away. He moved his things off the porch, his few things with their male smells: *Popular Mechanics* magazines, turpentine, neat's-foot oil. Things I always stood far away from if I ever wandered onto his part of the porch, averting my eyes and fixing them instead on the garlands, green and pink, around the words of the sheet music on the piano—"I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen."

ONE of my mother's younger sisters, the only one who hadn't married, had taken over the upstairs of the house. The upstairs didn't seem quite connected to the rest, but, unlike the innocent detachment of the kitchen, this disconnection seemed sinister. There was an awkward step down after you reached the top of the staircase leading from the living room. After you stepped down, there were two rooms on the right side of the corridor; a bathroom (the only one in the house) was on the left. In this bathroom, there was blue-black linoleum on the floor, an old bathtub with claw feet, a small sink, a white wooden bureau, a white wooden washstand, a basin and pitcher, from which protruded more overripe philodendron. I had a vague but powerful distaste for what I imagined the water in the pitcher might be like: the slimy stems in the unclear yellow liquid. The old-fashionedness of the bathroom made me feel it wasn't quite hygienic, not like the sky-blue tiles, the chrome fittings of my glamorous aunt's bathroom, or the light apple-green of the bathroom in our apartment. Only my aunt who lived upstairs used the bathroom regularly; my grandmother had what she called a "commode" in her bedroom downstairs. She emptied it sometime, no one knew when, in the upstairs toilet. She never took a bath. Yet it would never have occurred to me to call her dirty. In some way we didn't know, sponging herself at the kitchen sink, perhaps, or dipping rags in a large bowl she concealed somewhere, she kept herself exceptionally clean.

My aunt's bedroom was large, industrial, and cold. There was gray linoleum on the floor; her bed and dresser were gray deal. The walls and trim were painted the same shade of gray. No rugs softened or warmed the room. Each footfall, even your own, sounded ominous in your ears.



My aunt kept some small boxes of jewelry on her oversized dresser. I remember one pin: a cluster of false-looking purple grapes. She had many more dresses in her closet than my mother did, but none of them had the cool freshness of my mother's summer cottons or the urbane, theatrical fragrance of her winter suits. My aunt didn't keep a bottle of perfume on her dresser like that vessel of transparent amber I so loved to approach among my mother's things. My mother's perfume had a name I also loved: Command Performance.

All these lacks on my aunt's part made me pity her. I felt she'd missed the point of it all: adulthood, womanhood. She'd thrown away her chance,

---

THE GARDEN OF FALSE CIVILITY

Where are you? Where you are is the one thing I love,
yet it always escapes me, like the lilacs in their leaves,
too busy for just one answer, one rejoinder.
The last time I see you is the first
commencing of our time to be together, as the light of the days
remains the same even as they grow shorter,
stepping into the harness of winter.

Between watching the paint dry and the grass grow
I have nothing too tragic in tow.
I have this melting elixir for you, front-row
tickets for the concert to which all go.
I ought to
chasten my style, burnish my skin, to get that glow
that is all-important, so that some
may hear what I am saying as others disappear
in the confusion of unintelligible recorded announcements.
A great many things were taking place that day;

besides, it was not the taxpayers
who came up to me, who were important,
but other guests of the hotel
some might describe as dog-eared,
apoplectic. Measly is a good word to describe
the running between the incoming and the outgoing tide,
as who in what narrow channels shall ever
afterward remember the keen sightings of those times,
the reward and the pleasure?
Soon it was sliding out to sea
most naturally, as the place to be.

They never cared, or came round again.
But in the tent in the big loss
it was all right, too.
Besides, we're not
serious, I should have added.

—JOHN ASHBERY

• •

and that seemed connected to her childlessness, her cruelty, her bitter tongue, the dark circles below her eyes, the deep imprint of her vaccination scar, her miserliness, her law-abidingness, the way she would dream aloud about the new appliances and modern furniture she'd seen on TV. Her instinct to cut people down. I pitied her and yet I feared her; no one else could make me feel so bad. My wrongs were so abundant: talking too much, not being quick enough to help clear the table, reading too much, dreaming, dreaming. Her hair was thick and black; her eyes light brown and surveillant. She was thought a beauty; I could not understand why.

AS A MATTER OF FACT, I'M CERTAIN THAT I HAVE EXACTLY THE KIND OF HEALTH, LIFE, AND HOME COVERAGE YOU NEED, RIGHT HERE!
TERROR AT 30,000 FEET
CHENEY

• •

THE room next to my aunt's was another place in the house, like the front porch, that I couldn't comprehend. It had four iron cots and a gray iron bunk bed. It was nearly always empty. When I asked why my uncle couldn't use that room instead of sleeping on the porch, or half the porch, my mother said, "It has to be like that. In case people need to stay over." But who needed to stay over? Everyone in the family had less than half an hour's drive to get to my grandmother's house. Twice a year, perhaps, the two families who lived far away—in Baltimore, in Philadelphia—might or might not arrive. Meanwhile, my uncle slept outside.

I'd walk around this empty room, set up like a dormitory, remembering that this was where my mother had slept as a child. The oldest, she always had to share a bed with the next-youngest baby. I'd heard all this, but I didn't believe any of it. The child who was my mother, who lived not with me but in this house, was no one I could have known.

It's impossible to believe in one's parents' childhood. My father had no pictures of himself as a child, so I dismissed out of hand the possibility of his having been alive without me. He seemed to take in my being as a kind of necessary sustenance: how could I believe in a life for him anterior to mine? With my mother it was different. I had material proof that she had been a child without me: photographs of a girl whose features I could discern in the living woman, artifacts—here was her bed—but none of it really mattered. The girl who slept in this room was not my mother. That girl had died at the moment of my birth. My mother was someone I had given birth to; whatever had gone before had sunk, like a stone in dark water, into the oblivion of life before me. She was dead, the girl my mother was: this empty room, with the blank iron beds and the walls that echoed when I shouted out my mother's name, was only a shrine kept for the veneration of the dead.

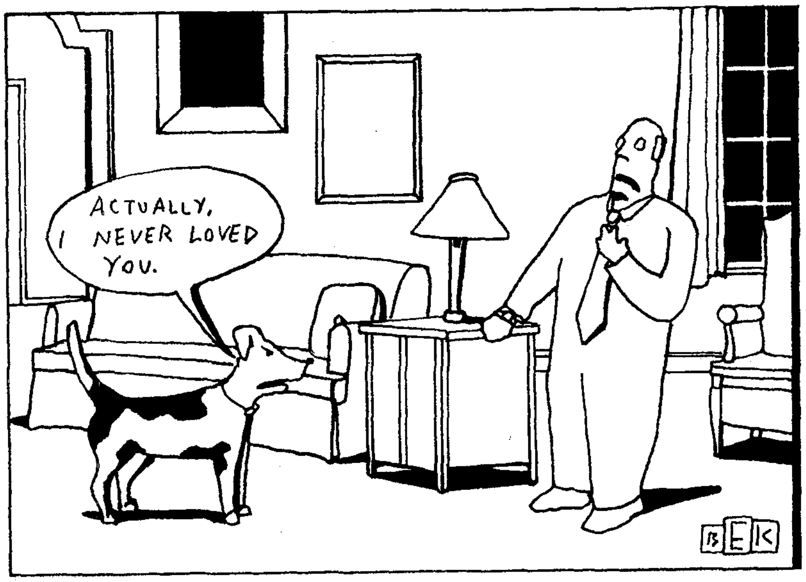
I DIDN'T like staying upstairs for long, so I'd walk down to the living room, which was a place where no one ordinarily spent time. Both the living room and the dining room, where meals were had only on holidays, were about display. There was a sad, apologetic falseness to them. They were rooms that had to appear to be inhabited; occasional actual habitation was a by-product, a necessary and regretted step that had to be got through to reach the true and desired end: display. The motif of the living room was pastoral. Fragonard's aristocrats gambolled in high-heeled boots and feathered hats on the front faces of the maroon table lamps. Curlicued gilt mirrors, inexplicable bibelots: a Venetian-glass lady's slipper, a floral cup and saucer stood on a shelf beside life-size heads of the Mater Dolorosa and of Jesus suffering beneath the Crown of Thorns. The tears congealed on her cheeks; sweat made bumps on his brow, which I liked to run my fingers over, fearing I'd sinned by taking pleasure in the Savior's represented anguish. It was the texture in itself that captured my attention, not the living memory of the Sorrows of the Lord. On this shelf there was also a thin black stork riding on a turtle's back. I'd been told that it was originally bronze, but I had no reason to believe that. No one ever touched it: it stood for my grandmother's astonishing fecundity. Nine children, all born healthy, all still alive. Beside the stork there was a clump of peat, wedge-shaped and porous, that she'd brought from Ireland. She arrived in 1897, alone, at seventeen, to be met by strangers and to take up a domestic's life.

There were no pictures in the living room or in the dining room or in the halls or on the stairways or on the front or side porches. The pictures, all religious, were clustered together in my grandmother's small bedroom. Her bedroom had no door, only a doorway. Anyone could go inside it at any time; we imagined she could always see out of that room, see whatever we were doing. All her grandchildren made several ostensibly aimless trips into her room during each visit. We did it to frighten ourselves. The room was particularly frightening at night.

Her smells: lavender, ammonia, Pine-Sol (always at the bottom of the commode)—a green pool reminding you inevitably of the corruption that you, as a human, had no right pretending you could rise above. Old lace, smelling of dust—hair oil, liniment. Unmodern smells that seemed to us Indian or pagan, rising from darkness, punitive or curing: we could not tell which.

The pictures on her walls were not about pleasing the eye. There was a brown picture with an imprint of Jesus' head: the Shroud of Turin. Then the words to "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep" on a blue background, framed with an ivory border. A picture of Christ, with long, smooth, girlish hair, pointing to his Sacred Heart, the size and shape of a pimento or a tongue. Most mysterious: a picture made of slats. You turned your head one way: it was the Scourging at the Pillar. Another turn of the head produced Jesus Crowned with Thorns. If you looked absolutely straight ahead, you saw the Agony in the Garden. I spent hours looking at that picture, frightened, uncomprehending. It was part of my grandmother's hidden and supernal path into the mystery of things—a hard road, unforgiving, made of beaten flesh.

The floor of her bedroom was always undependable. I knew you could push the iron bed against the wall and lift a large part of the floor right up if you grabbed hold of an iron ring and pulled. This was the trapdoor to the basement. I was always afraid that I'd walk into her room one day, heedless, dreaming or reading (which I'd been accused of doing far too much), and hurtle down to the dark basement. I didn't think it would mean my death. I thought my bones would break and then I would be punished by the family. For what they believed was my chief offense: not paying attention.


ACTUALLY, I NEVER LOVED YOU.
BEK

How could I tell them how much, and with what life-and-death intensity, I paid attention? They wouldn't want to know, and anyway they'd say I paid attention to the wrong things, the wrong things for a child: that was the problem with me. I thought about the wrong things, which was why I never would be happy and why I would never prosper. They were just trying to help me to a good and happy life.

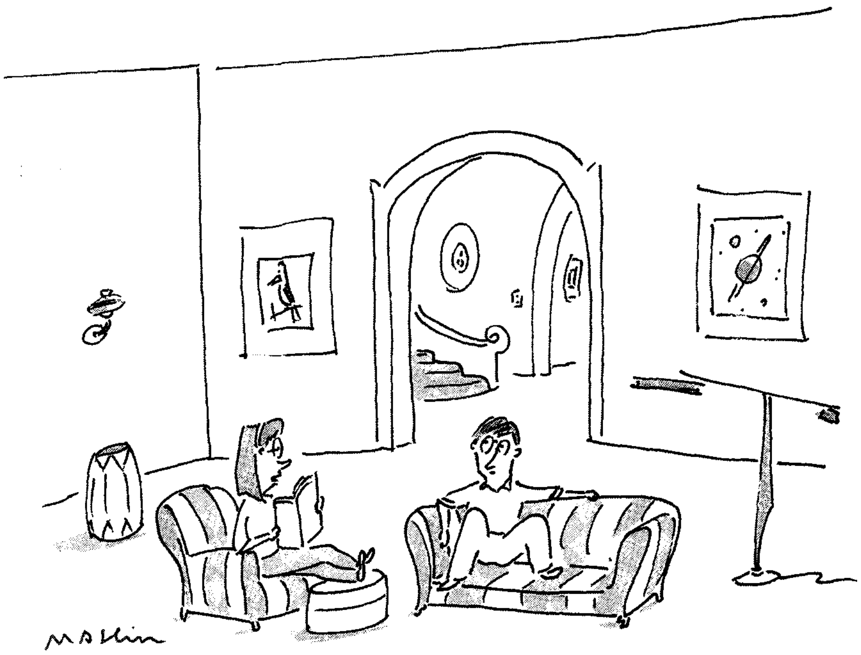
There was some story about a cousin of my mother's falling through the trapdoor, landing on his head, then sitting up in my grandmother's bed, his head swaddled in bandages, and being fed soft-boiled eggs and tea. All the family despised him. I thought about him—his shame, his fear. Perhaps he read magazines in the bed or looked all day at the pictures on the walls while his head reeled and his vision clouded and he fell in and out of fitful sleep. He knew they laughed at him behind the kitchen door. This invalid, whom I felt to be my brother, was old enough to be my father. They all despised my father, as they'd despised the bandaged boy.

UNLIKE the people of my grandmother's house, my father lived in the world. But then he was a Jew. He had converted, he was more devout than they, but it didn't matter: he was still a Jew. They hated Jews. But, no, that wasn't it, it wasn't a full-blown hatred; it was a contempt for the bad values they believed Jews lived by: their interest in pleasure and success. My grandmother's family believed that, unlike the Jews, they stood on a high, unapproachable plateau. This was, of course, her body life: the children born, the endless work, and all against such odds. They stood on the remorseless history of her body, which could never be reproached. And there they judged. They judged the false against the true, they distinguished the important from the trivial. They thought it was the Church that was their buckler and their shield, but they were wrong: it was that large, unyielding, unapproachable maternal body that had undergone so much.

My father's body had no chance against it. My father's body was in charge of nothing they considered real. It could not make money. It was neither strong nor swift nor dexterous. For them, he had no body: by which they meant hands, arms, a back, and legs. He couldn't fix a thing. He couldn't lift anything heavy. He could read books, speak languages. Sometimes he talked to priests, but the family was doing all the work—the real work of the world.

He was in the world, and they were only in the shadow of their mother's body. For his part, he claimed to adore her. He would bring her Irish books, illuminated cards with Celtic sacred symbols. She pretended to be grateful. She was better to him than her children were. As if she sensed that he, too, had some connection with the dark pictures in her room and the wedge of peat and the black stork that rode on the back of the black turtle.

WE always arrived at my grandmother's house for family gatherings late, unhelpful, overdressed, but somehow daunting to the others. Six other households were represented—only the upstairs aunt wasn't living somewhere else. But except for my glamorous aunt, her generous, prosperous husband, and her fash-



"I'm sorry, Ned, I wasn't listening. Tell me again how you lost your earring."

ionably dressed children—all exceptional because they lived so modernly, so differently from everything my grandmother stood for—the rest were minor characters, undistinguished background figures. Nevertheless, each family but ours had some function: the women cooked and served food; the men carried things, moved furniture. We were simply there, representing something they despised: the outside world.

We were coming from where we lived—not a house but the top half of a house; we called it our apartment, liking the urban sound. It was just three blocks away, but travelling there meant some border had to be crossed. The transition made me fretful and fatigued. Often, going to my grandmother's house made me physically ill, as if we were making a journey over difficult mountains and had experienced a change of air.

My father wore a suit to family parties; my uncles wore dark trousers and plaid shirts. He would often sit in a corner and read; the festivities went on around him. Sometimes I would have to get him to rescue me from my brutal uncle, not one of us by blood. He was in love with my glamorous aunt, who was, of course, married to someone else, and so he came to family parties to be near her. Later, he married my aunt who lived upstairs. He liked to give children the feeling of entrapment: this was his idea of fun. He would pin little girls to the floor and tickle us. It felt to me that I was being smothered; I thought I would lose my breath and die in the middle of the party, right on the floor, in front of everyone. It didn't matter if you said to him, as I did, "Please don't do that to me. I don't like being tickled." He'd say, "Ah, c'mon, whassa matter with you, you afraid of a little fun?" The beery slur of the abuser. The glimpse of chest hair above the neck of his corduroy shirt. His pushing us onto the floor and into corners. Telling us we had to laugh.

When he was around, I wouldn't leave my father's side. He wouldn't touch me if I stayed near my father. I can't imagine what held him back.

ARRIVING at my grandmother's house from our apartment was like walking from a movie set onto a stage where some slow-moving, slightly out-of-date play was in the middle of the second act. Some operetta: girls in curls, men in mustaches. Flowers, horses, women with their hands in muffs, women in dresses with elaborate trains. But this makes the atmosphere sound too pleasant, as if the brocade couches and gilt mirrors were the whole of the house. Underneath the floral playfulness of the décor, there was always that implacable judgment emanating from the body of my grandmother. She never had to say a word or do a thing: her daughters with their cruel tongues, her sons with their strong backs took care of everything.

At these family parties, everything seemed to take too long: the games, the songs, the meals, the stories. There were no wisecracks, no abbreviations, no slang, no snacks. Everything seemed the same unvarying texture: thick and heavy, serious, unchangeable, forbidding. In our apartment, there were bold patches of vividness, alterations of texture: glass and chrome, striped wallpapers, lamps of a color known as bisque, whose bases looked like ice cream. I would touch them with my tongue: they were delicious, carved and polished, cool. Their satin shades, pinkish and smooth as dresses, gave the living room an amorous shadowiness when you lit them at dusk.

I don't know where my mother got our furniture. Or if my parents bought it together, an engaged couple, before the wedding. But that's impossible. My father would never have shopped for furniture. He took pride in ignoring his surroundings. To care about things like furniture would have been for him the proof of an inferior nature. To shop for it with his bride-to-be would have made him feel both emasculated and declassed.

So she must, my mother, have gone shopping by herself. To buy the maple bedroom set, the dresser shellacked on top, the lamps, the carpets, the soft chairs. Was she lonely in this, or exhilarated? She was leaving her mother's house for the first time, at the age of thirty-nine. She'd been the major support of her family. Every month from June of 1928, when she graduated from business college (she married in October, 1947), she'd paid the mortgage on the house. And who would pay it now? The brothers and sisters never forgave her for saying "Not me. Not anymore. I'm getting married." They divided the mortgage payment nine ways, resenting my parents, and each of them contributed eight dollars a month. My parents contributed the same amount.

My grandfather had always needed his older children's help to support the family. Yet no one ever saw this as shameful. My father's enterprises (he wasn't idle, only unable to make his enterprises pay) were seen as a blot, a cross for my efficient mother. Leaving her parents' house for the wedding, my mother was handed a slip of paper by her father, who wouldn't be attending the ceremony. My parents were driving to the western part of New York State, a trip of ten hours, to be married by the priest they both considered their best friend. My grandfather thought the drive wasn't worth it. In the car, my mother read her father's note. In his formal, European script, the words "You will work till the day you die."

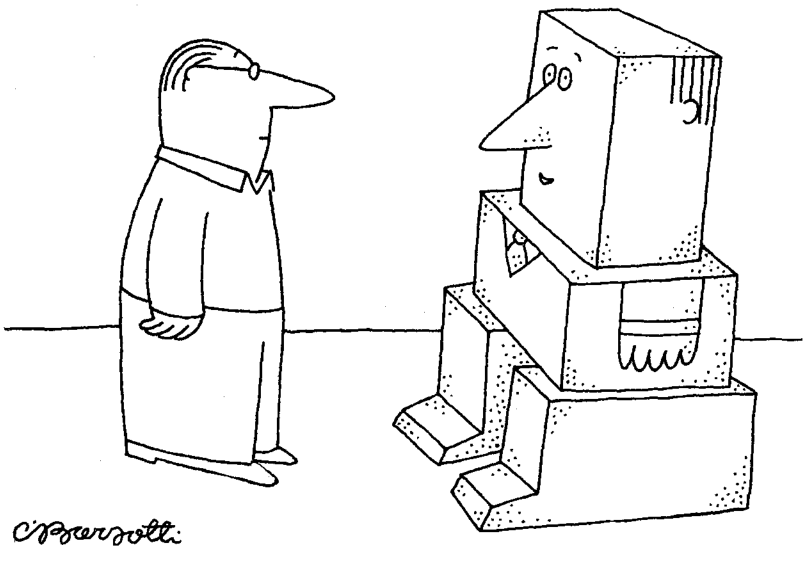
She did work. She came home from the lawyer's office in her navy-blue suit, putting down her leather purse with its built-in compact, changing into a housedress—crisp, printed, fresh-colored—and then she cooked for us. She washed our clothes on a washboard. Originally, she'd used the washing machine in her mother's house, but my upstairs aunt insisted she stop. She said the water bill was sky-high. Hadn't my mother thought of that? My mother cried all night. I don't know what my father did. Perhaps he told her to keep her mind on higher things. Or perhaps he cuddled her or bought her candy. Any of these things is imaginable, as much as I can imagine them, without me, in their new apartment, after their wedding, settling down among their new light furniture, using their brightly colored dishes, towels, cups and saucers, salt-and-pepper sets.

PERHAPS he took her to the movies. All three of us loved the movies. It was the only thing that we could share. I think my mother got the idea for her marriage from the movies, or at least the courage to defy her parents and move away from home with a strange, unsuitable man. Which is why the colors of our house seemed to me the colors of the movies: the Pyrex dishes in Technicolor shades, with clear-glass lids so you could see the food you'd stored (no frightening surprises, no secret rot). So enlivening in the refrigerator, these colors: strawberry red, sun yellow, peacock blue. My mother's wedding china with its playful patterning of unnaturally colored fruit: sapphire apples, pears made of red-and-white checks. We weren't happy in the apartment, but we had it in us to be playful. We sang songs from musicals; we danced to the radio. We did imitations and told jokes. We made fun of stuck-up people. We went out to eat.

Our familial ideal, taken from the movies, never included Midwestern families around the dinner table; our treasured models were connected not to small towns or farmlands but to show business or crime. Our particular favorites were childless couples who lived in penthouses; food prepared and consumed inside the house was of no importance in our lives, as it wasn't for them. My parents took pride in this. "Why do you have concern for what you put in your mouth?" Jesus had said. "It goes into the belly and ends up in the drain." My parents thought they were living by these words of Jesus, but it wasn't eating that displeased them—it was cooking and setting and clearing the table they didn't like. We were happy eating in luncheonettes or bar-and-grills where we were served by waiters and waitresses my mother had known for years. They praised her for her husband and her child. Childless themselves, or long past bearing children, they would look at me and say, "God bless her," awed that at the age of forty-one my mother had reproduced. I don't know what they said to my father. They may have slapped him on the back.

When we came back home after our meals or movies, my parents would immediately begin fighting. They fought a lot, and always about money. I would go up to the attic. Upstairs, away from them, I felt free. What had money to do with me, or I with money? I stood beneath the bare beams, in the emptiness, watching the gold light strike the bare wood floor in straight vertical bars. I would sing loudly so I couldn't hear what they were saying. "I won't give you one red cent for carfare." "You ought to have your head examined." I twirled around and around, pretending my skirts were long and billowing. I thought the dust motes travelling down the shafts of light were a blessed substance, like manna. I was privileged to be in proximity to it, but I would never dream of following the light upward to its source, for who has looked upon the face of God and lived?

The attic was meant to be our storage place, but we had nothing to store. My mother had taken nothing from her mother's house, and my father had lived nowhere: in spare rooms of other people's houses, in hotels. I believed that the people who owned the house before us had stored treasures in the attic for years. Their name was Chamberlain. "English," my father said, meaning "Protestant. Nothing to do with us." I associated those bare beams, that clear light, and all that space with Protestants. Chamberlain—the clean sound, the clipped-off consonants, the relaxed polysyllable. No need to rush or argue for the Chamberlains. They'd left a beer stein on one of the attic windowsills—a black background, green figures in salmon-colored pantaloons and black tricornered hats. I never touched it. I believed that if I touched it the Chamberlains would never come back. I longed for them to come back and give me retroactive permission to inhabit their attic. Perhaps they would move in there with me: I



"No, I'm the candidate you can trust—the other guy is the candidate of change."

MAPLE MADNESS
IT AIN'T JUST FOR PANCAKES ANYMORE!
TREE2U SUGAR SHACK Shampoo
TREE2U SUGAR SHACK Conditioner
SUPER MAPEX DETERGENT ...FOR WASHES THAT ARE BROWNER THAN BROWN!
MAPLEDENT TOOTHPASTE
SAP-O-LUBE 10W-30 DETERGENT MOTOR OIL
THE MAPLETINI
SLOW STICK MAPLE ANTI-PERSPIRANT
Crawford

could imagine the sun striking their blond hair. Sometimes I'd look out the window and imagine I could see them walking up the street. I'd never met them, but I knew I'd recognize them the moment they appeared.

From the attic, I could hear my father and the radio. WQXR: the Radio Station of the New York *Times*. I'd sneak up on him and tease him for conducting a phantom orchestra. He said that his mother had been a concert pianist, but he lied so much about his family, who knows if this was true. He ripped a picture of Beethoven out of the encyclopedia and hung it near my toy box, at a level where I could see that imposing head when I was trying to play my games. The only other picture in the house was his print of Holbein's Thomas More. No landscapes, no still-lifes, no pretty children in ornate hats. There were photographs of ourselves, as if we were movie stars that we admired. But photos of no one else.

My mother listened to radio serials while she ironed. I remember the name of one of them: "Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar." In my memories of my mother ironing, it's always a summer evening. She sips cool drinks, which she leaves on the end of the ironing board. Her arms are lovely in her sleeveless dress: buoyant and fragrant, freckled like an early apple. The iron hisses on the damp fabric, and the joyous smell of cleanliness enters the air of the living room. Then there is the sound of gunshots from the radio and low, conspiratorial, no-nonsense voices. I was happy just to sit and watch my mother; she seemed happy, for once not angry, not fighting with my father. I don't know where my father was.

I didn't miss him those nights, though I felt his absence. I never felt my mother's absence when I was alone in the apartment with my father. How could I? There was nothing that I lacked.

We were as happy as a couple in a movie musical. We didn't sing our words to each other, but we could have. It was impossible for me to perform even the slightest wrong gesture; every turn of my head, each step from one room to another was delightful, as if its perfection had been choreographed, rehearsed, then filmed. You could say that this self-consciousness was the death of spontaneity, but that was a small loss: in exchange, each act took on the sheen of permanence. It existed without danger of being forgotten. I believed that everything I did was of the greatest importance to my father, and would be till the end of time, and then beyond that, in eternity.

We moved without hesitation from the world of romance to the cool, high world of spirit. We became Europeans. The same Europe that had sent my grandmother. But we weren't servants: we commanded, and the world was ours. The work of maintenance and its inevitable partner, judgment, was nothing to us. We walked in the green lights of our demesne, the noble father and his noble daughter. In and out our breaths came, natural and without strain. Silently, my father and I prayed in Latin. I was made to understand that men would die for me, but there was no need for me to think of, to go near, a man. I was with my father. We were alone in our apartment; we were in Hollywood, in feudal Europe. What could there be on earth that I would need? Particularly from another man.

When my father and I were alone, all the objects that we touched became transformed. They existed for their representative, not their practical, value. They stood for something—something about ourselves. We ate and drank only from unusual plates, glasses, cups. We had orange juice from the chrome Manhattan set: we drank from chalices, goblets, or the kind of stemware that sophisticated playwrights drank from, toasting each other on their balconies that looked down at the river and the Fifty-ninth Street Bridge. My father put my sandwiches on clear glass plates with the print of an iris etched onto their surfaces, like the print of a skeleton in sand. We kept them for serving cake on when priests came; we didn't tell my mother that we'd used them for ourselves. He made real tea for me, sweet with honey, enlivened with lemon, and poured it into my doll's blue-and-white china cups. Nothing was itself, everything

WAGON

What is he doing
this hundred-year-old man
with a face like an ancient book
his eyes without tears
lips pressed
watching over the memories
and mumblings of history

now
when winter mountains
are extinguished
and Fujiyama enters the constellation
  of Orion
Hirohito
a hundred-year-old man—
  emperor god and state official—
is writing

these are not acts
of mercy
or acts of anger
nominations
of generals
ingenious tortures
but a composition
for the annual competition
of traditional poetry

the subject
is a wagon
the form: the venerable tanka
five lines
thirty-one syllables

"as I get on the train
of the state railway
I think of the world
of my grandfather Emperor Meiji"

a poem
coarse in appearance
its breath held in check
with no artificial blushes

different
from shamelessly wet
modern productions
filled with triumphant howling

a crumb
about a railway
devoid of melancholy
of haste before a long journey
even
of sadness and hope

I think
with my heart tensed
about Hirohito

about his bent back
frozen head
the face of an old doll

I think of his
dried eyes
small hands
his thought slow
like the pause
between one owl calling
and another

I think
with my heart tensed
what will be the fate
of traditional poetry

will it depart
following the emperor's shadow
vanishing
weightless

—ZBIGNIEW HERBERT

(*Translated, from the Polish, by John and Bogdana Carpenter.*)

• •

was a prop. The drama we were in was being filmed; I didn't know by whom. I believed that one day we would go into an ornate theatre—Radio City Music Hall, perhaps—and see ourselves, larger than life but recognizable: the projection of everything the family would not allow us to acknowledge that we were.

OUR scale was grand, my father's and mine. Perhaps that was why he refused to have a television: it would be too small for us. That wasn't what he said, of course: he said it was an invention by fools for fools. But it was worse than that: Madison Avenue would control the people's hearts and minds. He wanted the people's hearts and minds to be controlled by Rome—how quick he was to sense the competition.

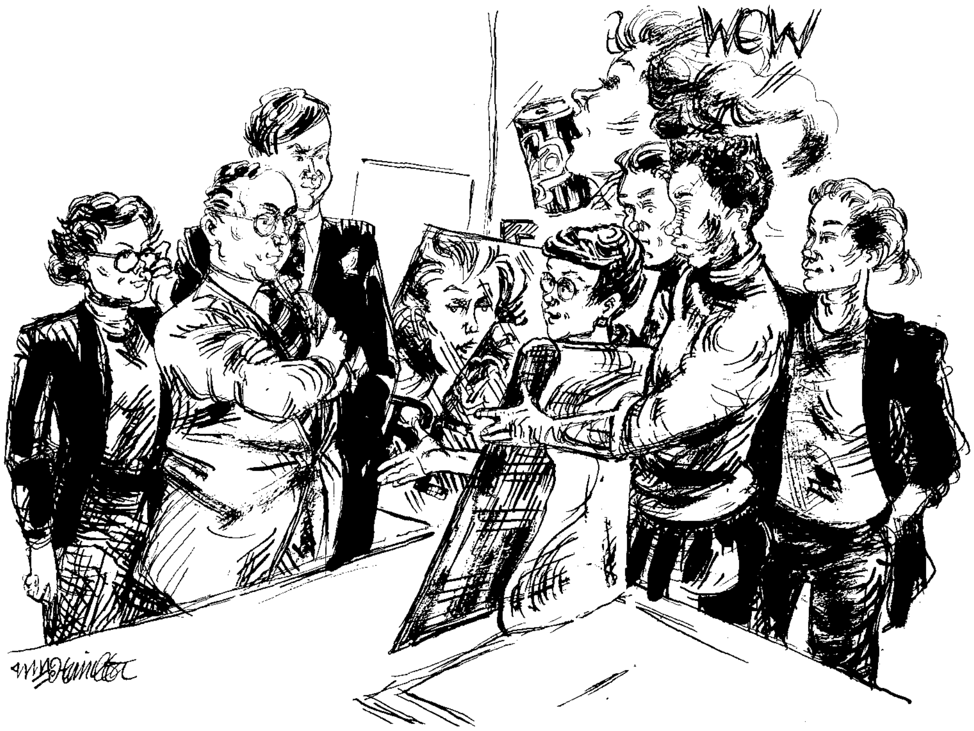
To watch television, we went either to my grandmother's or to my glamorous aunt's. My aunt's TV was in the middle of a room they called the TV room, but my grandmother's was hidden in a piece of furniture. Perhaps that way she could pretend to herself most of the time that she hadn't capitulated to modern life, that she hadn't bought anything *new*.

To get to the TV, you approached a mahogany console. You opened the doors slowly to see the treasure, hidden like pornography: the turquoise screen with its tiny central moon, the size of a fingernail, that appeared when you turned the dial and disappeared after you turned it off.

On Tuesdays, we went to her house to watch Bishop Sheen. Those nights, after the moon vanished and the screen filled in its image, what you saw first was an empty chair. His. The Bishop's. And then himself, in his beautifully fitted cassock with its purple sash. (We knew it was purple—all bishops had purple sashes—although we only saw black-and-white.)

I had never seen a bishop, but priests were familiar in the three important houses: my grandmother's, ours, my aunt's. The priests were there, always, because my mother had made the initial connection—she was good at befriending priests, who, after all, must have been rather lonely. The family resented her for this; her brothers and sisters suspected that it made her think she was better than they were. They were partly right.

The priests who came to the three houses were very different. Usually, missionaries came to my grandmother's house, grateful for the spaghetti dinners she regularly held to earn money for their outposts in Africa, in China. The priests who went to my aunt's house were interested in having a good time; sometimes she tempted them to sleep in in the morning, not to say Mass, if they'd had a late and raucous night before. But the priests who came to our apartment came to argue with my father—to be insulted by him, it seemed to me. He would take the priests into his study (it was where he really slept: I slept in the bedroom with my mother, but none of us admitted that). He would close the door and shout. The priests would sheepishly mumble responses. I sat on the threshold listening through the door, to my father crying out “Orthodoxy,” “Heresy,” and “Canon law.” I folded my hands in prayer and squeezed them together, as if the small pain would be a further proof of the seriousness of my intention. I was praying that we wouldn't have to pay for my father's bad behavior to the priests. A priest was a sacred vessel, and my father was shouting at the sacred vessel. Shouting *into* it. The words would be contained—they wouldn't evaporate, like ordinary words, into the air. I feared for us all. Retribution certainly would come down on our heads; as a family, we would be punished, marked with a tribal sign.



“Sexy, but safe-sexy.”

• •

After they were through with their arguing, my father and the priest would come out into the hall. And what happened then would alarm me more than anything. My father would fall to his knees and ask the priest for his blessing. The priest would place his hands on my father's head, whisper some Latin words, and make the sign of the cross above him.

I knew everything this was supposed to mean: that it didn't matter that my father had insulted the priest *as a man*—the office of the priesthood was infinitely respectable and humbling to him. My father had no hesitation about falling to his knees. But I hated it. I didn't believe in the possibility of this division of identity—the object of scorn/the sacred vessel; the persecutor/the humble penitent—although it was part of my faith to do so. I didn't like seeing my father on his knees. In resisting this tableau, I knew that I transgressed, but this transgression didn't torment me like the others of which I was guilty. I was quite sure that I was right, and my rightness was a window letting in a disturbing light that fell straight onto the white stone of ancient practice.

THE TV Bishop had nothing to do with my kneeling father and the priests raising their hands in blessing near his head. We drove to my grandmother's house to watch the Bishop. We sat with her and my aunt until just the right moment to turn the set on. We watched as the Bishop sat in silence a few seconds before he spoke. His eyes seemed transparent. They knew everything. They looked into your sinful soul. There was a blackboard on which he drew diagrams and wrote key words. He said that during the station break his guardian angel erased the blackboard. I believed this, and was thrilled by the conjunction of the supernatural and the technological. When the upstairs aunt told me it was just a joke, I wept against my father's jacket. Then I had to endure her contempt. “Why does she cry so much? She cries for nothing,” my aunt said to my mother. I don't know what my mother said.

We sat in a circle, rapt and proud. We understood that all over the country people were sitting in their living rooms in circles like ours, in a similar silence. Even non-Catholics. We had heard that this was true. For once, *they* were looking enviously at us. We had the truth, and they wondered if our truth could make them free. They might even act on their surmises. Dreams swelled our breasts: ourselves in the majority.

I have no memory of what the Bishop said, but I know I was convinced of its importance. Here was someone talking about the Faith, just as Edward R. Murrow talked about Russia. I didn't know how this could be, but I believed in its rightness. My father did not believe. He hated Bishop Sheen for his watered-down message. I assumed he didn't like him because the Bishop didn't shout, as my father did behind the closed door with the priests, or use words like “heresy” and “orthodoxy.” “Compromiser,” my father called the Bishop. I had no idea what the word meant. It sounded to me as if my father believed the Bishop was infecting us all with disease. “Keep the American people happy. *Make them feel good.* Make them feel they're fine as long as they're sincere.” “Sincere” was another word whose meaning I couldn't comprehend. Sincerity seemed to be something everyone but my father thought was a good thing. Yet I knew only my father was right.

Could he be right about the Bishop? Didn't those eyes mean anything to him? Did he come along with my mother and me only because he liked kneeling for the Rosary, which my grandmother led after we turned off the set when the Bishop's show was done? After the Rosary, we drove home, and my parents would argue about Bishop Sheen while I longed for the attic. But it was too late for the attic:

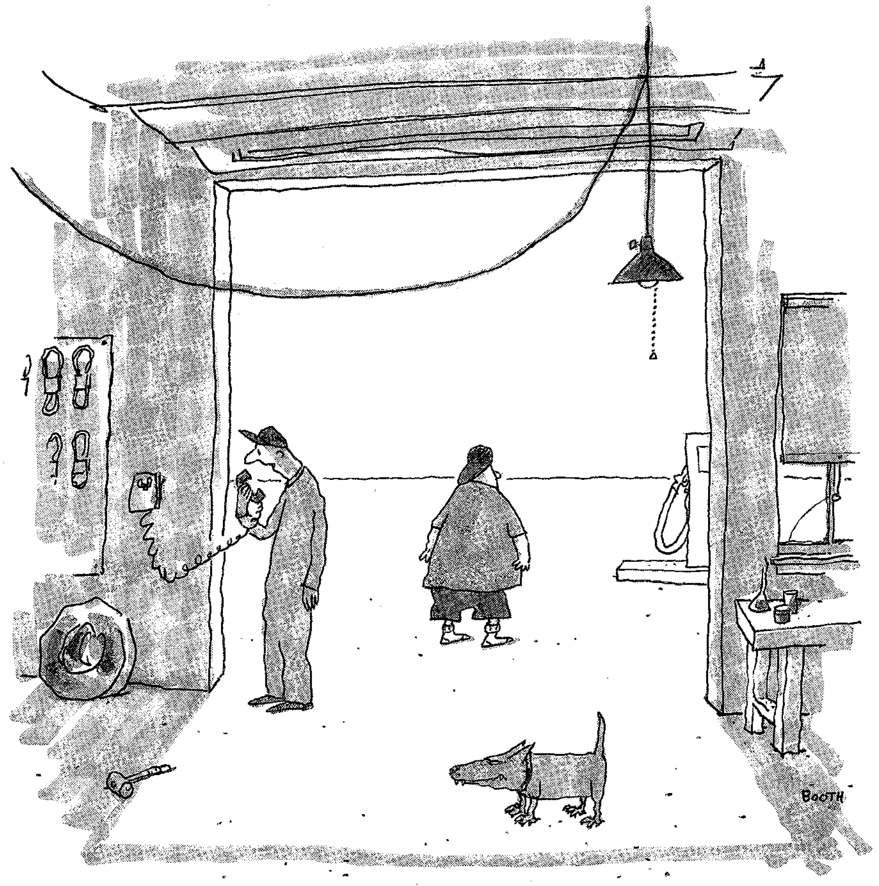
I had to listen to them from my bed, my mother saying, "If it's so terrible, for Christ's sake don't go next time." But I knew he would always go and that afterward, in the car and in the house, the same words would always be spoken.

ON Friday nights, my mother and I went without my father to my glamorous aunt's house to watch television. Nothing pious happened there. We watched silly, crackbrained girls: "My Little Margie," "My Friend Irma." Then the prizefights went on. The women and children disappeared. We played and talked somewhere else: we could hear the bell signalling the end of a round, but it seemed terribly far away, in some country that had nothing to do with us. We children played dress-up with my aunt's old clothes. My uncles drank beer out of glasses that I believed had come from Germany. The glasses frightened me. The war had been over less than ten years, and those years existed for me like a long, unenterable tunnel, having nothing—utterly nothing—to do with the way we lived now and yet shedding from its depths a brownish, toxic light on everything we did. I had visions of the war: women with their heads shaved, made to stand naked in town squares, shot by Nazis. Or children starving, heroic, with one chocolate coin between them, which they ran a wet finger over each day, licking their fingers, making the chocolate coin last a month. The first idea, the idea of the woman with the shaved head, I actually got from television. A show called "Playhouse 90," a show my aunt and my mother were watching one night while the uncles were out at a basketball game. It was a show I wasn't supposed to watch. All the children were meant to be asleep, and my cousins were, but I crept in and watched the television from the stairwell, where the women didn't see me. I'd stolen a box of chocolate stars, and shoved them hypnotically into my mouth as the television spoke about the woman with her shaved head. Listening, I was sick with guilt and an excess of sugar, my mouth sore and dry, as if I were tasting ash.

I was always sick and guilty when I went to my aunt's house. We were always allowed to eat too much, too many things that were bad for us. We ate potato chips and cheap sweets, foods my grandmother condemned and vilified. We drank all the Cokes in the refrigerator; we laughed too much and were warned that that kind of laughing always ended up in tears. Sometimes it did, but not always, and it made us distrust our mothers, because we knew they believed it *always would.* My cousins and I fought, because we all wanted to be the mother in the games we played—except occasionally one cousin would agree to be the child if she could be spanked on her bare bottom, hard. After those nights, I lay in my bed, feeling I'd just escaped something modern and dangerous, something that could take me away from my parents' house. Our place was so fragile and so tentative; we didn't have any margin for mistakes. I lay awake, waiting for my punishment.

One night it came. We'd been at my aunt's all evening. Soon after I was back home and in bed, the phone rang. It was Bellevue Hospital. My father had had a heart attack in the Forty-second Street Library.

THERE is a sound of disaster, and a quiet after it, when the universe becomes still from shock; the wind stops, the light is colorless, and humans have no words, because no words fit the enormity. Then a hum enters the air; normal activity begins again, but slowly, as if everyone were under water. People move, pick things up in their hands, walk from place to place, but the hum supports each action; you can mark the time when the disaster is completed and something else—the rest of life—begins. You know this because the hum no longer supports each act. I have never been in an earthquake, or the aftermath of battle, but I know their sound. The shocked sound of proximity to death. I heard it when my mother hung up the phone and said, "Your father's had a heart attack." There were a few seconds of silence, a few beats of inactivity, before she went to the phone again and called my glamorous aunt, asking that she send my uncle over to drive her to the hospital. Those few seconds of hushed paralysis ate a hole into the center of the earth, and what had been my life disappeared, like fool's gold cast away without a thought.



"When you picked up your car, Mr. Ferguson, after we did the hoses, did you see Luther's shoes?"

That was a Monday night. I remembered that, on the Friday before, I woke to hear my father moaning in the kitchen. I walked down the hall to see him sitting at the table, across from my mother, drinking a glass of whiskey. "My heart is killing me," I heard him say. When he saw me at the door, he tried to sit up and speak brightly.

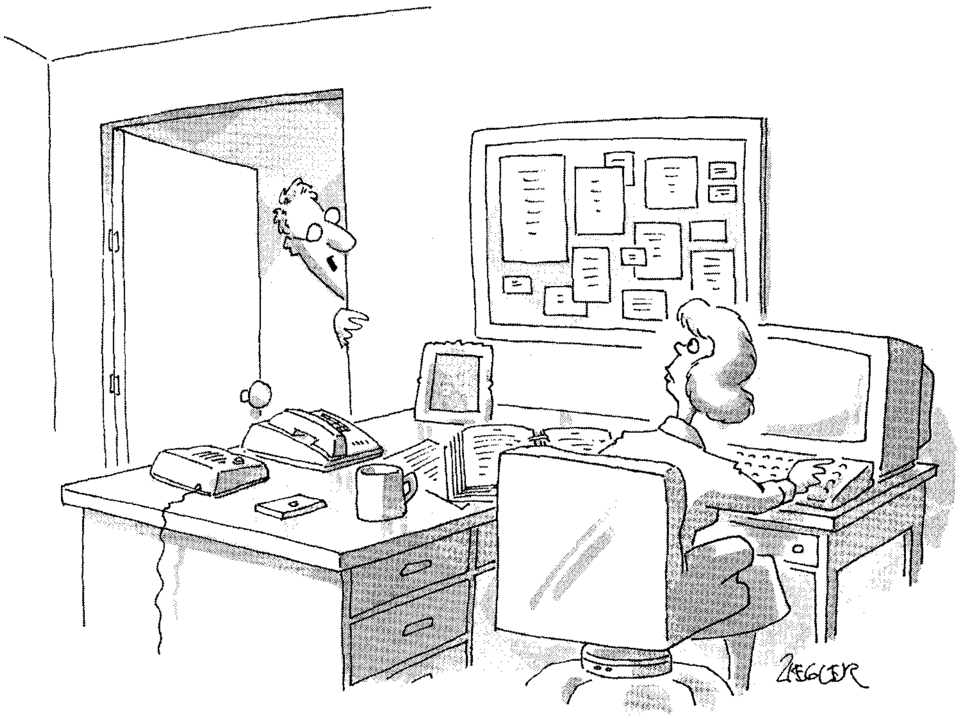
"You said your heart was killing you," I said.

"It's just an expression," he said. "I'm fine." I knew that it wasn't an expression—he wasn't playing with language, he was describing his own death. That night, his death entered the room, the air was saturated with it; with each breath I took his death into my body, and I was not free of it again.

My prosperous uncle arrived, along with my uncle who'd lived on the front porch. I don't know how he found out, but he was there, as always, because one of the family was in trouble. The two uncles drove my mother to the hospital. They packed some things for me and took me to my grandmother's. I never saw our apartment again.

For thirty days, my mother drove in to the hospital and spent the evenings with my father. I wasn't allowed to go. I stayed with my grandmother. I slept in her dark room, with the frightening pictures, next to her large, bitter-smelling body. One night, I woke for no reason. It was nearly midnight. I went into the living room. My mother let me sit on the couch beside her and watch television. We watched Jack Paar. Ten minutes later, the phone rang. It was the hospital. My father had just died.

I DON'T know what they did with all the things in our apartment. The furniture, the lamps, the cheerful dishes. Or my toys: my windup Cinderella, my tin doll house, the Alice in Wonderland rug. They were banished. Were they burned, sold, put upstairs in the Chamberlain attic? I was afraid to ask. My aunt who lived with my grandmother, with whom I would now live, said I had to remember there was very little room in the house. I understood. But I wished someone would say something to me about what had happened to my things. Everything was simply gone, no longer on earth—it had all disappeared, as my father's body, for no better reason, had disappeared.



"Miss Windham, I wonder if you would mind stepping in here and joining me in a thirtieth-anniversary chorus or two of 'Blowin' in the Wind'?"

• •

My mother bought twin beds and flowered cardboard dressers. We moved into the room in my grandmother's house where my mother had slept as a child. My mother impressed upon me that my aunt and grandmother were doing us a big favor by letting us live with them, that we mustn't seem to be in the way. I hid and I was quiet. I lived nowhere. I took up no space. I was invisible. I was the dead child of a dead father. I knew better than to think I had a home.

For a while, I thought he would come back. I climbed up the dark stairs, stepped down the large, dangerous step, walked past my aunt's room to my own. I thought he would be waiting. His hands, his rings, his sweaters would be available to me again. His voice, singing, telling jokes, saying there was a real place for me and he would take me there—some place that he owned, his property.

This was how I lived until I gave up hope. Until I understood he wasn't coming back. After that, the years were a dark corridor, illumined only by the lightning of my grandmother's last illness, her death, when her house would fall to ruin and there wasn't a thing I could do to stop it, even if I'd wanted to.

But that was later. At the time of my father's death, when we moved into my grandmother's house, I saw that my mother was happy. She had come back home. She didn't have to work so hard. My grandmother did everything. My mother no longer ironed in the evenings, listening to the radio, sipping iced drinks. Nobody played the radio. We never went to the movies. After supper, the grownups watched television. I stayed upstairs alone, waiting for my father, although I no longer believed he would come. But I had to have a place for mourning. Mourning was my business: the room I slept in wasn't a habitation but a place of work. The work was crucial; there was no one else to do it. Nobody else mourned him. My mother seemed to have forgotten that he'd lived, that he'd lived *anyplace*, that there were places he had walked that would no longer know his step. Only I remembered that he had lived among us once and now was somewhere else, somewhere I couldn't go, among the dead. Among the light dead, rootless, homeless, with no place to rest or lay his head.

—MARY GORDON

A REPORTER AT LARGE

ALWAYS REMEMBER

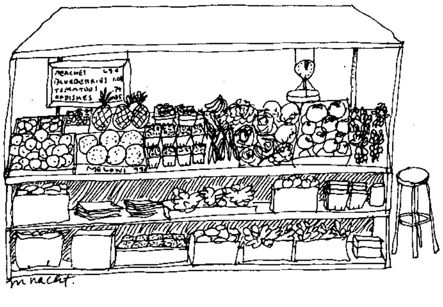
"IF you can do all the things that Saddam Hussein did to the Kurds and it's not genocide, then genocide doesn't exist," Jemera Rone, a lawyer with Human Rights Watch, which is based in New York, said in June. We were sitting in a restaurant in Dohuk, the capital of one of three Kurdish provinces in northern Iraq. The street was crowded with Kurdish men carrying weapons of all sorts. Rone, who worked for many years at a Wall Street law firm before turning to human-rights work, in 1984, came to that conclusion after spending three months in Kurdistan this spring. She went to scores of villages and took the testimony of Kurdish men and women who had survived chemical attacks or whose relatives had been killed or had disappeared. She interviewed doctors in hospitals where the victims had been taken, and municipal workers who had buried the victims. "This was an extremely efficient military campaign," Rone says of Saddam's war against the Kurds, which at one point he called Operation Anfal. ("Anfal" means "booty of a war against infidels.") "We may not ever be able to have the numbers—of villages destroyed, of the disappeared, of those killed. It's just too vast. We don't want to get caught up in the numbers. It's the pattern. Certainly, on the basis of the testimony, there is a clear pattern of a systematic, planned attempt to destroy a large part of the Kurdish people, to destroy all the infrastructure in the rural areas."

Rone's investigation will be the basis of a genocide case that Human Rights Watch is preparing to be brought in the International Court of Justice, in The Hague. "It is the biggest research project we have ever undertaken," Aryeh Neier, the executive director of Human Rights Watch, told me. Neier believes not only that it is important to hold Saddam and other Iraqi officials accountable but also that the case is particularly critical in helping to deter regimes elsewhere that are intent on "ethnic purification." He mentioned Bosnia and Herzegovina, Nagorno-Karabakh, and Sudan.

The Convention on the Prevention and Punishment of the Crime of Genocide was approved by the United Nations in 1948 and went into effect in 1951; today, a hundred and one countries, including Iraq, have ratified it. (The United States did not ratify it until 1988.) In the convention, genocide is defined as an act "committed with intent to destroy, in whole or part, a national, ethnical, racial, or religious group, as such." The convention has never been applied, though there have certainly been several occasions where a prima-facie case seems to have existed.

Only a government can file a case with the International Court of Justice, and Neier is confident that one government, probably in Europe, will be the lead plaintiff against Iraq; Human Rights Watch would prefer to have a number of other countries join the action. This should be the international community working together, not just a few countries, Neier says.

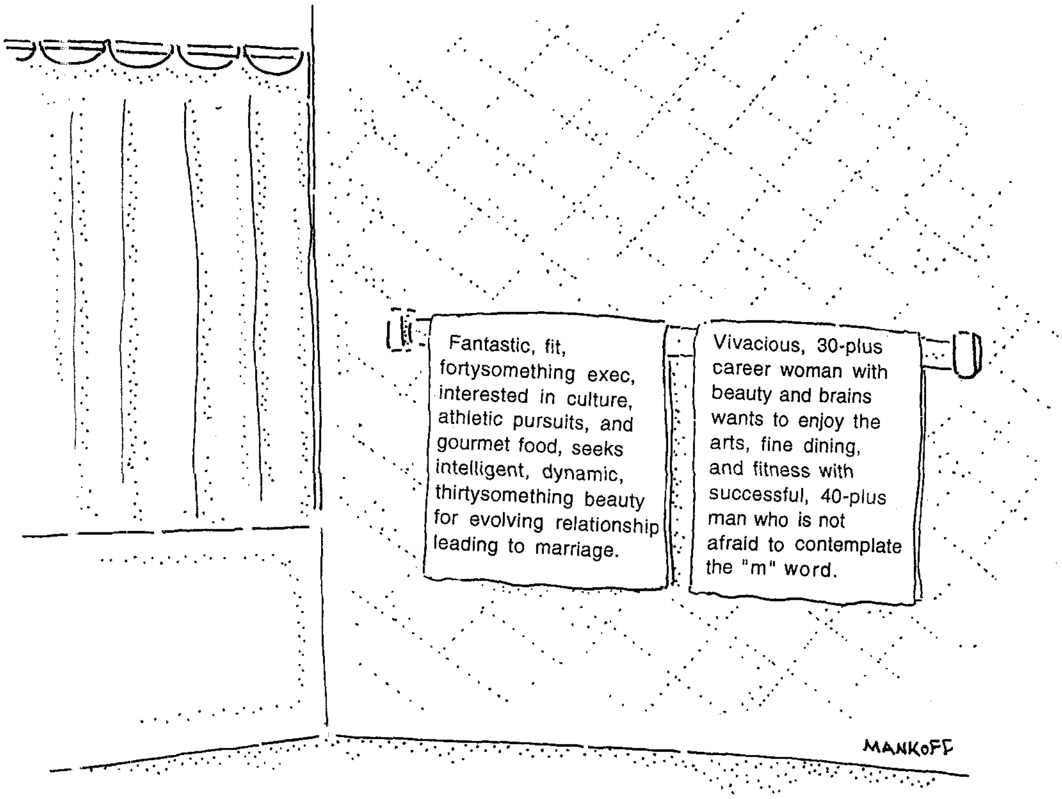
If a genocide case is ever filed against the Iraq of Saddam Hussein and his cousin Ali Hassan al-Majid, the supreme commander in Iraqi Kurdistan in the late eighties, Iraq could admit to having killed lots of Kurds but argue that this was not genocide—that the Kurds were killed not because they were Kurds "as such" but as part of a counter-insurgency war. If so, Iraq's was certainly an extreme counter-insurgency war—one in which the government seemed intent on killing not only every *peshmerga*, or Kurdish guerrilla fighter, but also every potential *peshmerga*, which is to say every male between the ages of sixteen and forty. No one should dismiss out of hand the idea that Saddam could prevail in the International Court of Justice with this defense. But if he does—if a government can commit the atrocities Saddam has committed against the Kurds (and is now committing against Shiites in southern Iraq) and not be held accountable—then the new world order remains much like the old one: a world in which despots go unpunished and undeterred.



THERE are four million Kurds in Iraq. They make up a quarter of the population, and they live primarily in Dohuk, Erbil, and Sulaimaniya provinces. The region is bordered on the north by Turkey, where the Kurdish population is ten million; on the west by Syria, where there are a million Kurds; and on the east by Iran, where there are five million Kurds. The Iraqi Kurds and the nation's ruling Baath Party have been engaged in almost non-stop warfare—an ethnic war, in essence—since the Baathists consolidated their power, in 1968. The Baathists espouse Pan-Arabism and insist that Iraq must be an Arab state. The Kurds are not Arabs. They have a distinct language, culture, and history, and have consistently sought more cultural and political autonomy than the Arab rulers in Baghdad have been willing to grant.

Traditionally, the Kurds, most of whom are Muslims, gave their loyalty not to any nation but to family, clan, and tribe; and it was not until the First World War that Kurdish nationalism emerged as a significant factor in international politics. President Woodrow Wilson declared in the Fourteen Points—his outline of the world order that he envisioned after the war—that the ethnic minorities living in territory previously under Turkish control, which included nearly all of present-day Iraqi Kurdistan, should be assured of "an absolutely unmolested opportunity of autonomous development." For a brief period, it seemed that this part of Wilson's idealistic program might become a reality. In 1920, the Treaty of Sèvres, which dealt with the breakup of the Ottoman Empire, provided that if a majority of the Kurds in what had been southeastern Turkey wanted independence it was to be theirs; the treaty also said that if they did establish an independent state then Kurds in a part of the Ottoman Empire known as Mosul Vilayet would be free to join it. (Mosul Vilayet, a province the size of

Portugal, is today Iraqi Kurdistan.)


Fantastic, fit, fortysomething exec, interested in culture, athletic pursuits, and gourmet food, seeks intelligent, dynamic, thirtysomething beauty for evolving relationship leading to marriage.
Vivacious, 30-plus career woman with beauty and brains wants to enjoy the arts, fine dining, and fitness with successful, 40-plus man who is not afraid to contemplate the "m" word.
MANKOFF

But the Kurds never got an opportunity to establish their independent state. In 1923, nationalist forces led by Kemal Atatürk came to power in Turkey and declared that they would not recognize the Treaty of Sèvres or any other agreement entered into by the Ottoman leaders. The Treaty of Sèvres was superseded by the Treaty of Lausanne, which was signed by the Turkish and the Allied governments in 1924. It made no mention of the Kurds. About a million and a half Kurds found themselves inside Turkey, and half a million more in Mosul Vilayet. Then, in 1925, the League of Nations ceded Mosul Vilayet to Iraq, which had come into being when Britain and France carved up the Middle East after the war. During the twenties and thirties, rebellions arose throughout Kurdistan, but they were quelled. The only time the Kurds have ever had their own state was just after the end of the Second World War, when those in the Mahabad region of Iran established the Mahabad Republic. It survived only eleven months before the Iranians crushed it.

In Iraq, Kurdish nationalism did not emerge as a potent political movement until the overthrow of the monarchy, in 1958. The new rulers legalized the Kurdish Democratic Party, or K.D.P., and the Kurds took advantage of the political freedom to begin demanding some degree of autonomy. But the government adopted a republican constitution that more or less guaranteed conflict between the Arabs and the Kurds: although one provision recognized the rights of the Kurds, another declared that Iraq was an Arab state. In 1961, war erupted between the Kurds and Baghdad.

Throughout the nineteen-sixties, Iraq was torn by coups and counter-coups, and various factions, hoping to gain power or to hold on to it, sought the support of the Kurds. In 1970, Saddam Hussein, who was the strongman in Iraq's Baathist government but was not yet President, agreed to meet the demands of the Kurdish leaders, in order to placate at least one potential enemy. "When he is weak, he gives away everything in order to survive," says Latif Rashid, who has been a Kurdish political leader since the seventies. "When he is strong, he takes everything."

Among other things, the 1970 agreement provided that Kurdish would be the language of instruction in schools, along with Arabic; that government officials in the Kurdish region would have to speak Kurdish; and that Kurds would be brought into the central government at senior levels. In principle, the agreement gave the Kurds more autonomy than any other Iraqi government had ever granted them, but it was never put into effect. Saddam "had no intention of carrying out either the letter or the spirit of the agreement," according to John Bulloch and Harvey Morris, British journalists who wrote "No Friends but the Mountains," a 1992 book about the Kurds. "Instead he was intent on consolidating Baath Party power and needed a temporary halt to the destructive war in the north."

The Shah of Iran, fearing the Baathist government in Iraq as much as he feared Communism, had been providing troops, heavy artillery, and missiles for the *peshmerga* in Iraq. The Iraqi Kurds also had Israel as an ally. It was obviously in the interests of that country's foreign policy to support the enemy of one of its more determined enemies—Iraq—and therefore Israel had been providing covert assistance to the Kurds since at least 1965. Then, in 1972, Baghdad and Moscow signed a treaty of friendship and coöperation. With the Soviet Union now among the players, Iran and Israel easily brought the United States into the game.

The most important Kurdish leader at the time was Mullah Mustafa Barzani, whose name has become virtually synonymous with the Kurdish revolution in Iraq. "Barzani insisted on the United States' being involved, because he thought the Iranians would drop us," Mahmoud Osman, a Barzani deputy at the time, told me in June. "He had a lot of faith in the Americans. He thought that if they were involved the Kurds wouldn't be defeated. He was disappointed." Later in 1972, Osman and one of Barzani's sons, Idriss, went to Washington and met with Richard Helms, who was the head of the Central Intelligence Agency, and General Alexander Haig, who was Henry Kissinger's deputy at the

National Security Council. "We wanted political support, openly," Osman told me. Arms and money were "secondary," he said, explaining that they would be relatively easy to obtain if the Kurds had the political backing of the United States. But the Nixon Administration was willing to go only so far in embracing the Kurdish cause—a caution that has continued to mark American policy—and after the meeting Washington did begin helping the Kurds, but the assistance was funnelled covertly, through Iran. Then, in 1975, Saddam Hussein and the Shah worked out an agreement on border disputes between Iraq and Iran. As part of the deal, Iran withdrew its military support of the Kurds. Kissinger, who had become Secretary of State, then withdrew American support as well, leaving the Kurds at the mercy of Baghdad.

Barzani sent a personal plea to Kissinger. "Our movement and people are being destroyed in an unbelievable way with silence from everyone," he wrote. "The United States has a moral and political responsibility toward our people who have committed themselves to your country's policy." Kissinger never replied. Moreover, Washington refused to provide humanitarian assistance to more than two hundred thousand Kurds who fled into Iran after the termination of military support. "Covert action should not be confused with missionary work," Kissinger said later in defense of his abandonment of the Kurds.

"I hold the Administration of that time and Henry Kissinger responsible for the suffering of the Kurds," Massoud Barzani, another of Mullah Mustafa Barzani's sons and currently the leader of the K.D.P., told me in June.

With the Iranians and the Americans out of the way, Baghdad rounded up thousands of suspected *peshmerga* and tortured and executed them. The military began clearing Kurds out of villages within five or ten miles of both the Iranian and the Turkish borders. The people were moved to "resettlement" towns in other parts of Iraq, and their villages were razed. Iraqi soldiers were deployed throughout Iraqi Kurdistan.

Few analysts thought the Kurds would recover. Adding to the weakness of the Kurdish national movement were deep and long-standing internal differences. Urban intellectuals and leftists, led by a lawyer named Jalal Talabani, split from Barzani and the Kurdish Democratic Party and formed the Patriotic Union of Kurdistan, or P.U.K.; other Kurdish political parties were also formed. While the Kurds were trying to fight Baghdad, they were also warring bitterly among themselves.

Then, in September of 1980, Saddam Hussein, who had become President the previous year, invaded Iran, beginning a war that he thought would be over within weeks. Instead, it quickly began to drain his Army. Throughout the nineteen-eighties, while the Iran-Iraq War became a bloody stalemate, the *peshmerga* grew stronger militarily. Kurdish politicians, principally Talabani and Massoud Barzani, began to put aside their old hostilities in the interest of Kurdish nationalism. With the Kurds now stronger and Baghdad weaker, the Kurdish desire for autonomy presented a serious threat to Saddam. On March 29, 1987, Saddam signed a decree giving his cousin Ali Hassan al-Majid absolute authority over all civilian and military offices in Kurdistan.

MAJID lost little time in exercising his authority. In early April of 1987, in what was probably the first major deployment of chemical weapons by the Iraqi government against its own people, the Iraqi Air Force dropped chemical weapons on several Kurdish villages in Erbil province. (The notorious chemical bombing of Halabja, in Sulaimaniya province, which left at least four thousand Kurds dead and brought Iraq's use of chemical weapons to the attention of the world, occurred the following year.) Among the villages that were targets of the April, 1987, attack was Shekh Wassan, fifty miles northeast of the city of Erbil, which is the capital of Iraqi Kurdistan.

"It was a quarter of an hour before dark," Abdullah Kadir Asad, a resident of Shekh Wassan, told me in June. "I saw a dozen planes. They bombed the first time there, behind the village." He pointed toward some high ridges. "And then they dropped them in the village. We saw people vomit, and they felt blinded; their faces were dark, and their skin had blisters."

At least fifty people were killed by the gas, most of them women and children, and more than four hundred were injured. "Nobody knew what it was, because it was the first time with chemical weapons, and we did not think the government would use chemical weapons against us," I was told by Nadir Sadiq, a villager whose mother, father, and wife had died from the poison.

Abas Ali Mahmoud, who is now twenty, was away from his village when the attack came, and he rushed home to check on his parents. While he was searching for them, he heard a woman crying for help. Inside a stone house, he found the woman, her daughter, and her father and mother, all of them blinded. He led them down a valley to a paved road four miles away. "When I got to the main road, helicopters came, and I told these blind people to run, but they couldn't," he recalled. The helicopters began shooting at them. The older man and woman died instantly; one of the younger woman's hands was severed by bullets, and she died later. The child was eventually found and taken to safety by other villagers. Mahmoud did ultimately find his own mother, but his father had disappeared. All that Mahmoud knows about what became of his father is that he was taken to Erbil.

The morning after the chemical attack, people from nearby villages came to Shekh Wassan and helped the injured down the valley to the village of Sorochawa. Among them was Ali Aziz, aged thirteen, whose grandmother had been killed in the attack. "When the bomb landed here, I became blind," he told me. "I couldn't see anything. My skin was hurting me—I felt as if it had been removed from the rest of my body." He pulled up his shirt to reveal a large light-colored blotch on his stomach. "Still now I am sick. I cannot breathe well. And I cannot walk as usual. My stomach and all my body pains me." At Sorochawa, soldiers gathered the injured and took them first to the town of Ranya and then to Erbil. "They told us they were taking us to a hospital." Instead, they were taken to the headquarters of

Amn, Saddam's internal-security department—a large compound in the center of Erbil—and put in its jail. There the villagers were told that if anyone asked who had dropped the chemical bombs they should say that it was the Iranians. Aziz recalled, "One day, a security man came to the hall and shouted, 'Who attacked you with chemical weapons?' No one answered, because we were too afraid. He said, 'You have to say that Iran did it.'"

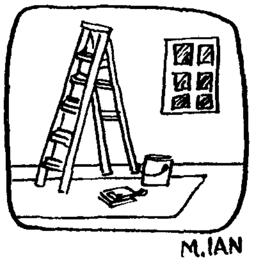
The prisoners were given no medical care and very little food—rice and soup once a day. Many people were so sick from the gas that they couldn't eat even that, Aziz said.

The people of Shekh Wassan have compiled a list of the villagers who died, either directly from the chemical bombs or later in the Erbil jail. There are more than a hundred names on it—infants, teen-agers, men and women in their sixties and seventies.

One day not long after the people from Shekh Wassan were taken to the jail in Erbil, security officials chased everyone away from a cemetery a few miles south of the city, near an asphalt factory. Then a large government truck arrived. It contained the bodies of twenty-six Shekh Wassan villagers, the driver told Bakir Asad Omar, the cemetery guard. The bodies were tossed into a pit that had already been dug by a bulldozer. The villagers do not know where most of their other relatives and neighbors are buried.

Between seven hundred and eight hundred nameless victims of the security forces and the military were buried in the Erbil cemetery in 1987 and 1988, Omar said as we walked among the weeds and thistles. "Shaqlawa," he said, pointing to a row of mounds, each marked by a piece of concrete; next to them were regular graves, with tombstones. Shaqlawa is a summer resort in the mountains, between Erbil and Shekh Wassan. The Shaqlawa victims were brought in a large military truck one morning in February of 1987, Omar said. There were twenty-two of them, all men, in their teens and twenties. They had been blindfolded, and their hands had been tied behind their backs.

Omar pointed to another area and said that ten bodies were buried there, and then to an area where forty-two bodies were buried. He does not know how any of these people died. He said that when there were a large number of bodies they had arrived in military trucks, but when there were only two or three they arrived in ambulances. Whenever someone died in the custody of Amn, which often meant that he had been tortured, the morgue at one of the hospitals in Erbil was asked to issue a death certificate so that Amn could show it to relatives who might inquire. On one occasion, the Erbil office of Amn sent a hospital a letter asking for death certificates for seventy-seven "criminals," whose names it listed. One hospital worker entered in a secret ledger the names and ages of the victims whose bodies Amn sent with requests for death certificates. On November 14, 1987, fourteen bodies were brought to the morgue; on April 12, 1989, sixty-four arrived. More than three hundred people are on the hospital worker's list. The overwhelming majority of those listed are males between the ages of seventeen and thirty-five. No one believes that the list is anywhere near a complete accounting.



As documents such as these indicate, the operations against the Kurds were not those of a state run amok but those of a state operating with extreme efficiency according to rules that it had established. The government itself kept meticulous records. When, for example, a man named Bakhtiar Qoron wrote to the Sulaimaniya government to inquire about the fate of his father, Qoron Ahmad, and his mother, Naima Abdulrahman, a file was opened and given a number—24900. The file contains a letter from an "interrogating officer." He wrote that Ahmad and Abdulrahman were the parents of the "criminal Hushyar Qoron Ahmad, a member of Iran's agents, who was apprehended together with eight other agents after they conducted sabotage activities and assassinations. . . . They were all turned over to the Revolutionary Court, in Case Number 47/1987," and were hanged "at 7 P.M. on 12 July 1987."

The interrogating officer added that Qoron Ahmad and Naima Abdulrahman were "liquidated on 19 May 1987," and that the regional security office "was informed by our letter [marked] Secret and Personal . . . 17980 dated 25 May 1987." This liquidation, the interrogating officer notes, was carried out "in compliance with the order from the Struggling Comrade Ali Hassan al-Majid," which had been sent "by the letter Number 106309 dated 1 May 1987 marked Secret and To Be Opened Personally regarding the liquidation of first degree relatives of criminals." ("First-degree relatives" means parents, siblings, and children.)

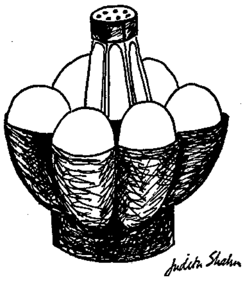
On another occasion, a woman named Bakizah Omar Said inquired of the General Security Directorate in Baghdad about one of her relatives, Barham Omar Said Muhammad. Baghdad sent a cable to the Sulaimaniya Security Directorate asking for information. In reply, the Sulaimaniya director of security said that Barham Omar Said Muhammad was an Iranian agent who had participated, along with four other "criminals," in the assassination of a member of the Baath Party. The Sulaimaniya officer explained that the Secretariat for the Northern Planning Bureau had by letter No. 6806, dated December 12, 1987, decided that it was "appropriate to cut off the heads of family members of three of the criminals, including the family of the criminal Barham Omar Said Muhammad." As for Barham Omar Said Muhammad and the other "criminals," the Sulaimaniya security officer advised Baghdad, "At 1:15 P.M. on 24 October 1987, the aforementioned criminal and his fellow-criminals were executed by a firing squad." The execution had been supervised by several public and Baath Party officials, he noted, and was "broadcast in our governate."

Executions were indeed videotaped and broadcast to the public. One broadcast shows three young men, blindfolded and gagged with black cloth, tied to eucalyptus trees. They are then executed. A man in uniform goes to the three victims' bodies, which are bullet-riddled and slumped over, and delivers a final shot. Off camera, people who have been brought to witness the execution applaud.

ON August 20, 1988, a ceasefire in the Iran-Iraq War went into effect, and Saddam immediately began moving troops to the western part of Kurdistan. Within a week, thirty-eight infantry brigades, two armored brigades, thirty artillery detachments, and at least one chemical-weapons battalion were engaged in concentrated attacks on villages in Dohuk. The offensive there was part of what Saddam called Operation End of Anfal—the final phase of his Operation Anfal.

Operation End of Anfal began with chemical bombardments. "On August 25, 1988, in the early morning, we saw about eight planes moving around," a farmer named Hamed Hassan Saleh told me in June as we walked through the Dohuk village of Birjinni. "One of them bombed here on this side." He pointed to the western edge of the village. "The bomb looked like a watermelon coming from the end of the fighter plane. We saw the smoke. It rose about sixty metres. It was white smoke. It smelled like apples." Birjinni sits between two ridges. On the west side of the village are three shallow craters, thirty yards apart. Each crater is about eight feet in diameter, and in each is a cannister about two feet in diameter and three feet long. The cannisters are twisted and rusted and have no visible markings. On the slope of the ridge just to the north are three other craters, containing the remains of other cannisters. Altogether, twelve cannisters are believed to have landed in and around the village; it has since been determined that the principal chemical that the Iraqis used against the Kurds on August 25th was mustard gas mixed with nerve gas. The Iraqi military dropped gas on more than fifty villages on that and following days.

When the lethal fumes drifted across Birjinni, women and children started crying and screaming, and everyone ran toward the nearby springs and streams, having been told by the *peshmerga* that in the event of a chemical attack they should wet pieces of cloth and cover their noses and mouths. Hamed Saleh, himself a *peshmerga*, grabbed his wife and their five-year-old daughter and nine-year-old son, and they ran to the east side of the ridge, away from the smoke. When the attack started, his son Dejwar was at the house of Hamed's father, a few hundred yards below Hamed's house; Hamed's mother and his ten-year-old sister were also there. In the ensuing panic, the family got separated. Hamed Saleh recalls, "I cried with all my might, 'Where are you, my father? Where are you, my mother?' My mother cried, 'We are here!' " His eyes were stinging from the chemicals and he felt weak, but he managed to reach his mother and sister; they were near a stream and had covered their faces with wet cloths. They couldn't see, and his mother's tongue was swollen. "I threw my sister in this stream," he told me. He kept searching for his father and Dejwar, and soon found them under a big oak tree three hundred yards below their house. Their faces were blue. His father had not covered his face or the boy's. "He was too old, he didn't understand," Hamed Saleh says. He himself was so weak from the effects of the gas that he wasn't able to move his father, and other villagers helped him carry the old man and Dejwar to a spring. "When we reached it, they were without life," he said.



In the valley below Birjinni lies a small village called Koreme. This village was not hit by chemical bombs, but the people could see what was happening in the mountains above them, and they began to flee through the mountains to Turkey—through the same passes and along the same roads that vast numbers of Kurds would take in March of 1991, when the Kurds once again rose up against Saddam. Thousands made it to Turkey in 1988, but not all did. Soldiers had sealed off the roads and the main passes. "We saw soldiers everywhere," Abdulkarim Naif Hassan, a farmer from Koreme, told me. He and many of his neighbors headed back to Koreme, but it was now occupied by Army soldiers and by *jash*, as Kurds who joined Saddam's paramilitary units were called. (The name means "little donkey" in Kurdish.) Hassan went on, "When we got close, the *jash* called to us, 'Come back! We are Kurds, like you, and there is an amnesty for you.' We went to them. We were happy. They gave us water and cigarettes."

Between three hundred and four hundred of the villagers surrendered. From this group the soldiers singled out thirty-three men. Villagers recalling the incident four years later were not sure if all thirty-three had had weapons, but most of them probably did have rifles of some kind. One of the Iraqi officers, a lieutenant, got on the radio and called a command post at Mengish, a small town two miles west of Koreme. The lieutenant reported capturing thirty-three men who had tried to escape to Turkey. Hassan recalled that the lieutenant asked, "What should we do with them?" Then the soldiers marched the thirty-three over a small rise. The soldiers had told the men's parents, wives, and children, who remained behind, not to worry—they were just going to ask the men some questions, and the men would later join them in Mengish.

On the other side of the rise, the soldiers ordered the prisoners to form a line, starting at an almond tree and extending down the slope toward a stream. "Now I realized that they had brought us here to execute us," Hassan said. He was eighteen years old at the time and had been a *peshmerga* for two years. "They ordered us to squat down and to get close to one another." The grass was tall, up to the men's knees. Seventeen or eighteen soldiers stood about fifteen feet away, on slightly higher ground. The lieutenant gave the order to fire.

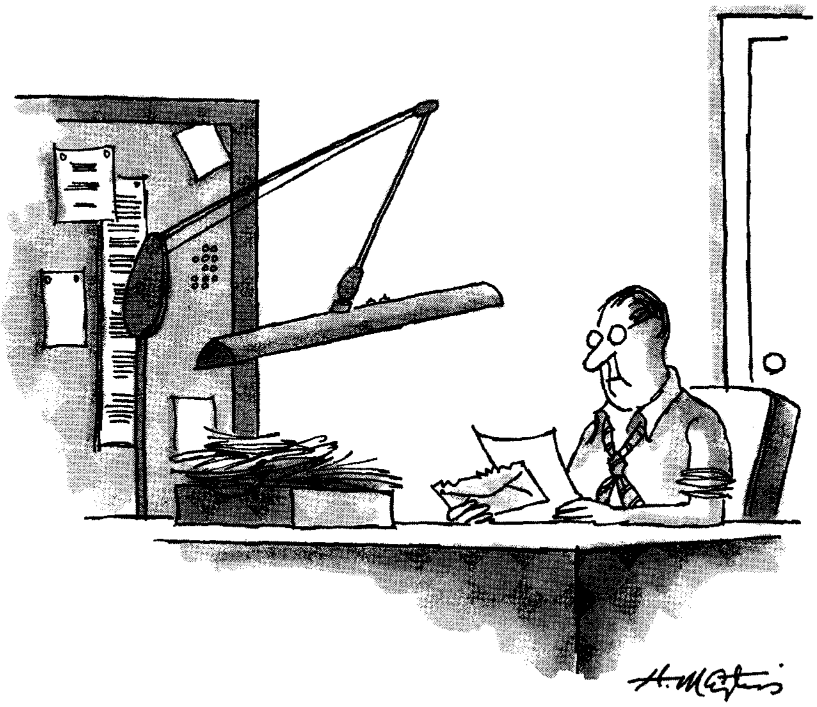
When Hassan heard the order, he threw himself forward, onto the ground. One bullet grazed his jacket at the shoulder, another his baggy pants at the hip. No bullet touched his flesh. After the soldiers emptied their magazines, an officer gave one of them orders to go down the line of men and shoot each with "the blessed bullet." Hassan was under several bodies, and the final executioner missed him. "It was a miracle," my interpreter commented as he listened to Hassan's story. Hassan and three others who survived the firing squad hid in the valley for ten days. Then they surrendered to the *jash* in another village, and eventually they were sent to an internment camp. While they were there, Hassan married, and his wife gave birth to a son; he named him Najbeer, which means, my interpreter said, "always remember."

The men, women, and children who surrendered in Koreme were taken to a military fort in Dohuk, a city of three hundred thousand that is the provincial capital. The fort is about two hundred and fifty yards long and a hundred yards wide; it has thick walls thirty feet high; the windows are small and barred. At each corner is a turret, with observation slits for sentries. The Kurds call this structure and others like it castles.

At Dohuk, the refugees were given only one piece of bread a day and water from a military tank truck that was brought into the courtyard; the water was hot. The men were tortured. "I was beaten until I was unconscious," Hassan Merza Osman, who was fifty-five years old at the time, told me in Koreme. "I can show you the signs of the beatings." He raised his shirt to reveal long scars on his back. The soldiers also put lighted matches to his beard, he said. "We all saw it," a young woman near him said.

They were sitting in the grass on a warm summer day this past June, on the edge of the mass grave where the soldiers had buried the young men of Koreme after executing them in 1988. The bodies in the grave were being exhumed by an international team of forensic anthropologists, and relatives and friends who had come back to the village waited pensively. Osman's wife, Fahima, a black-and-white-checked scarf wrapping her narrow face, yanked up grass with her right hand, gathered it in her left hand, then threw it aside. Only a foot or so beneath the grass were the remains of two of their sons, Salam and Saleh. Salam was twenty when he died, the father of a one-year-old son and a three-month-old daughter. Saleh was sixteen; his wife was pregnant. When the digging was finished for the day, a teen-age girl named Khayira sat alone in the alpine meadow, the long grass scattered with scarlet poppies, yellow dandelions, and tiny white wildflowers. Khayira's father was buried in the grave. So were two of her brothers, one of whom was thirteen years old when he was shot. After a while, her aunt, Najma, came and sat next to Khayira; strands of gray hair among the black showed at the edges of her white lace scarf. A dozen or so children gathered; a small girl had a garland of delicate white flowers in her hair. "All we have is God," Najma said softly to her niece. "May God show mercy." They wept, quietly. The earth contained the body of one of Najma's brothers, fifty-three years old at the time of his execution. It also held the bodies of two of her sons; they were fourteen and sixteen.

Back in 1988, after a couple of weeks at the Dohuk fort, Najma and Khayira, Fahima and Osman, and the other Koreme villagers who had survived the bombings and beatings and executions were loaded into vehicles and driven a hundred miles southeast to a place called Beharke.



"Dear Editor: How are you? I am fine. Having a wonderful time. Wish you were here. Love, Sally."

• •

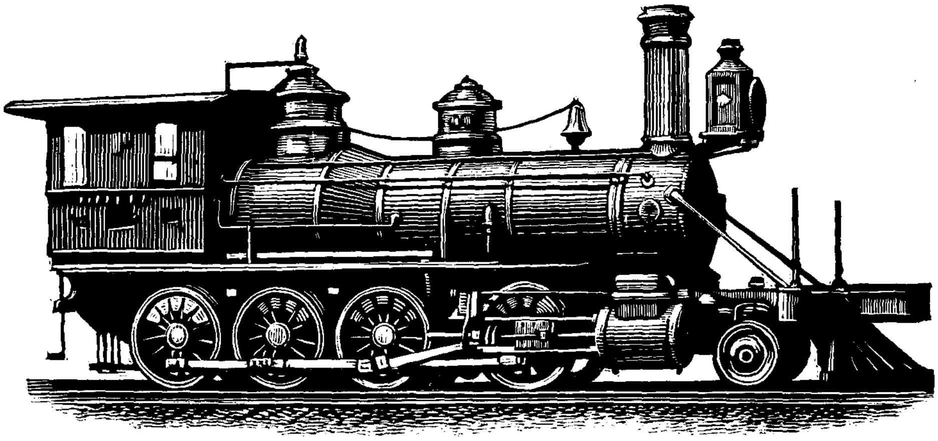
"Every day, there were a hundred and thirty, a hundred and forty, a hundred and fifty vehicles," a man named Najat Muhammad, who was living nearby at the time, told me. These were military and civilian trucks of all sizes, commandeered from all over Iraq. The torrent of trucks jammed with people lasted twelve days—and then "nothing more," Muhammad said.

Beharke is on a plain twenty miles west of Erbil. There were no houses, no tents, no water there when the Kurds arrived. They had no food, and the government gave them nothing. When the people of Erbil, a city of more than five hundred thousand, heard about the newcomers' circumstances, they mobilized a relief effort. The better-off went through their closets and kitchens and gave away what they didn't need. A hotel owner donated a large sum of money. Collection centers were set up. Car caravans stretched for miles all day long from Erbil to Beharke. They brought kerosene, lamps, clothes, medicine, beds, pillows, towels, oil, sugar, tea, flour, and water. The people of Erbil got the donations to the internees by bribing the soldiers.

"If the people from Erbil had not brought us food, we would have all died," Hassan Merza Osman recalled. Many of those taken to Beharke think that that was what the government wanted. "The soldiers told us, 'We're not bringing you here to survive, but only to die,' " another Koreme villager said. As it was, hundreds died, or maybe thousands; no one knows for sure. "Every day, people were dying—four, ten, fifteen—continually," another man from Koreme told me. "We dug the graves and buried them."

On a knoll just to the west of Beharke is a cemetery on the site of a former village called Jeznikan, which was levelled by the Iraqis during the nineteen-eighties. Forty or fifty of the graves are marked by stone slabs bearing the name of the deceased. Rocks are scattered about the rest of the knoll, and from a distance it looked to me like a field that had not been cleared for cultivation. Up close, however, I saw that the rocks were in fact simple grave markers. As I walked among the graves, my interpreter commented, "Most of them are children."

THE camp at Beharke grew into a small town. The people built small houses, and the government put in paved roads and electricity and erected a police station along the main road. Hundreds of thousands of Kurds were



©1992 J.P. Morgan & Co. Incorporated

If you weren't

the founder

of a railroad,

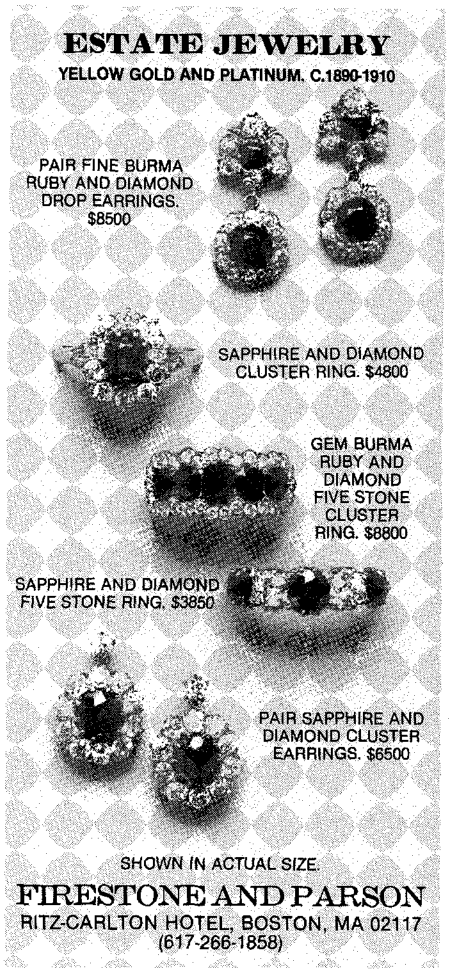
will you feel

comfortable

at J.P. Morgan?

Yesterday, it was steel and railroads. Today, it's biotech and microchips. New industries. New wealth. And as one might suspect, a new type of private banking client. The kind looking to preserve and build assets with creative investment opportunities. Global opportunities. Research-driven opportunities. And yet, someone who sees a trusted, financial relationship as a long-term opportunity. If you have assets of $5 million or more, call Thomas F. Shevlin at (212) 837-4343. **Private Banking** **JPMorgan**

New York, Wilmington, Del., Palm Beach, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Brussels, Frankfurt, London, Madrid, Milan, Nassau, Paris, Geneva, Zurich, Hong Kong, Singapore, Tokyo



ESTATE JEWELRY
YELLOW GOLD AND PLATINUM. C.1890-1910

PAIR FINE BURMA RUBY AND DIAMOND DROP EARRINGS. $8500

SAPPHIRE AND DIAMOND CLUSTER RING. $4800

GEM BURMA RUBY AND DIAMOND FIVE STONE CLUSTER RING. $8800

SAPPHIRE AND DIAMOND FIVE STONE RING. $3850

PAIR SAPPHIRE AND DIAMOND CLUSTER EARRINGS. $6500

SHOWN IN ACTUAL SIZE.

FIRESTONE AND PARSON
RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL, BOSTON, MA 02117
(617-266-1858)

The *Only* Periodical Devoted Exclusively to Italian Cuisine.

Restaurant & Cookbook Reviews, Wine Ratings, Travel, Humor, Profiles, Roots & Influence of Italian Cuisine Covering the U.S. & Italy

1 Year (6 issues) $16 / 2 Years (12 issues) $28
(Checks or Money Orders Only)

Journal of
Italian Food & Wine
609 W.114th St. #77, NY, NY 10025

Certain gifts must simply be extraordinary
THE FAMOUS
Stave Jigsaw Puzzles
Since 1974, the finest handcut personalized wooden jigsaw puzzles being made today. $95 - $2000. Call or write for free catalog. Stave Puzzles, Box 329A, Norwich, VT 05055 ☎ 802-295-5200

For the discriminating vacationer
a commitment to excellence
Kiawah Island
Rentals and Sales
Pam Harrington Exclusives
803-768-0273 800-845-6966

forced into places like Beharke, which Saddam called "amalgamation villages." Saddam wanted to empty the countryside of Kurds, and he made sure they had nothing to go home to.

The first thing one sees upon entering Koreme today, for example, is the ruins of a concrete building. It had been the school—a structure large enough for two hundred students. An oak tree stands at its southwest corner. Soldiers used dynamite and bulldozers to level the building. Twisted steel reinforcing rods extend from what had been the supporting pillars, which now lean at various angles. A few hundred yards behind the school is the water tank that supplied the students. It has a gaping hole in it.

"This is the remains of my house," said Abdulkarim Naif Hassan, one of the men who had survived the execution. He was standing on what had been a wall, amid rubble covered by tall grass. The house had had eight rooms—four for Hassan's family, four for his uncle's—surrounding a courtyard, and it had a big front window, providing a view of the tree-filled valley and snow-covered mountains beyond. Koreme had previously been attacked by the Iraqi Army in 1987; soldiers had smashed the contents of Hassan's house, including the refrigerator and the television and all the furniture. But the concrete walls had remained standing until Operation Anfal. Then every house in the village was levelled. A water pump at a nearby spring was destroyed; so was the spring. "They spared nothing," Hassan said.

"We were rich before, very rich," said Hamed Hassan Saleh, the man whose father and son had been killed when the chemical bombs were dropped on Birjinni, just above Koreme. We were walking past what had been his vineyard—an area more than a hundred yards long and about twenty yards wide; now the blackened stumps of more than two thousand vines poked through the soil. "I had five hundred sheep, four horses, and hens and turkeys," Saleh said. "We had apricot trees and apple trees. We could grow all the vegetables." He pointed to a field of yellow and purple wildflowers, where he formerly grew wheat and barley. We reached what had been his house, built of stone, with five rooms. It was rubble.

Three miles down a dirt road from Birjinni is another pile of concrete and reinforcing rods. This had been the school for the children of sixty families in the village of Beski. Nearby lay the remains of their stone houses. Two miles beyond are the ruins of the school for the village of Zawki, also destroyed. Sixteen miles farther is the debris that used to be Sandur, a village of a hundred families.

During one 1989 meeting with senior military officers and Baath Party officials, Ali Hassan al-Majid had said that dealing with the Kurds "means burying them with bulldozers," and he added that he had "bulldozers going backward and forward" through Kurdistan. He was speaking the truth. A book titled "Forever Kurdish: Destruction of a Nation," published in July of 1990 by the P.U.K., the political party headed by Jalal Talabani, lists each village destroyed; the number of families, schools, and mosques in it; and the date it was razed. It is two hundred and three pages long.

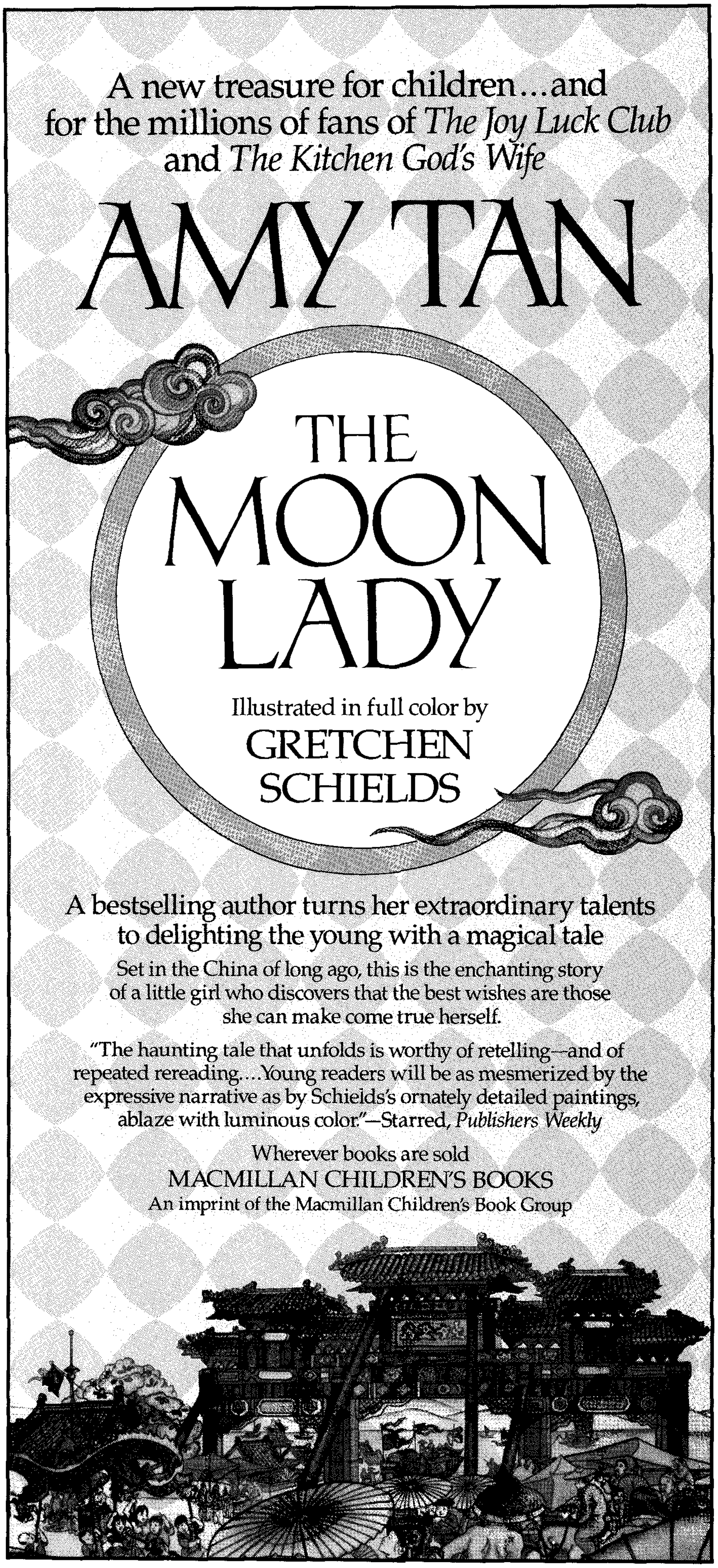
Nothing was spared. Bamarni, a picturesque mountain village forty miles east of Dohuk and fifty miles south of the Turkish border, had been built on two levels, connected by a winding paved road. Stone and concrete houses were shaded by leafy trees. There were once five thousand people in Bamarni; after Operation Anfal, there were almost none, although recently some villagers have returned. Bamarni's history is like that of many villages. For years, going back to the nineteen-sixties, the Iraqi government tried unsuccessfully to eliminate the *peshmerga* there. In the mid-eighties, frequent skirmishes took place between the *peshmerga* and the Army, with the guerrillas usually winning. "We were making a sacrifice, so one *peshmerga* could stand against ten soldiers," a *peshmerga* named Twafik Abdullah Abdullah told me when I went to Bamarni.

"No, against one hundred soldiers," another man said proudly.

"They didn't have chemical weapons at that time, so we were always able to stand against the government," Abdullah went on; he had a pistol tucked into his cummerbund. "After the Army was finished with Iran, it came here, during Anfal. All of this area was full of the Army. Just imagine how many soldiers there were in Iran. All of them came here." The military dropped chemical bombs about a mile from Bamarni, and for one day there was fighting in the village between the *peshmerga* and the soldiers. The soldiers prevailed, the *peshmerga* fled, and the Army moved in with bulldozers and dynamite.

We were sitting in a barbershop, with concrete walls and a concrete floor; an old office chair had been set on pieces of cement, high enough so that the barber and his customer could see into a rectangular mirror on the wall; a portable electric hair dryer lay on a wooden table. The shop opened onto a dusty oval plaza—what had once been the center of a thriving small town. A two-story mosque was on one side, pockmarked with bullet holes, its windows blown out, huge holes in its roof. Nearby was the bakery, its walls collapsed. Three schools and the health clinic were in ruins. Not far from the center of town were a hotel and a casino. The upper story of the hotel, which had offered spectacular views of the valley in one direction and of the mountains in the other, has now fallen into the first floor. "They tried to destroy life here," one man said.

The men in the barbershop were convinced that Saddam had plans for Bamarni once the Kurds were gone—that he intended to use it as a rest-and-recreation area for government officials. A Bamarni civil engineer who had worked in Baghdad declared that he had once seen a map of the area showing a palace site for Saddam. And in October of 1988 Saddam did in fact begin building a palace at Sarsenk, a village six miles southeast of Bamarni. What he managed to complete before the Gulf War is stupendous. A stone wall that surrounds the compound runs parallel to the main road for half a mile, then turns and heads up a mountainside; the stones were taken from destroyed villages. Just inside the compound's main gate, one passes a dozen or so houses constructed of cut-stone blocks, with porticos. They are more substantial than anything in Bamarni or any other part of rural Kurdistan, and even in the Kurdish cities few of the houses belonging to the wealthy are of equal splendor. These houses were built for the guards and the household staff. Beyond them, looking down on a lake, is a mansion


A new treasure for children...and for the millions of fans of *The Joy Luck Club* and *The Kitchen God's Wife*

AMY TAN

THE MOON LADY

Illustrated in full color by
GRETCHEN SCHIELDS

A bestselling author turns her extraordinary talents to delighting the young with a magical tale

Set in the China of long ago, this is the enchanting story of a little girl who discovers that the best wishes are those she can make come true herself.

"The haunting tale that unfolds is worthy of retelling—and of repeated rereading....Young readers will be as mesmerized by the expressive narrative as by Schields's ornately detailed paintings, ablaze with luminous color."—Starred, *Publishers Weekly*

Wherever books are sold
MACMILLAN CHILDREN'S BOOKS
An imprint of the Macmillan Children's Book Group

with a red tile roof. Passing through the entrance, between two columns forty or fifty feet high, guests enter an octagonal foyer whose ceiling is a hundred feet high. Then there is a large room, on whose walls are painted Islamic sayings, in Arabic. "Thanks to God who gives us these good things," one says, and another, "All things belong to you. You are free to give to anyone." A circular stairway leads to the second floor, which contains numerous bedrooms and bathrooms. This house was built for Saddam's wife. Below it is an even more extravagant structure, Saddam Hussein's own residence, with a roof of green tiles. It sits on the edge of a lake, an artificial one created by building a dam. There had been a village below the dam, but it was destroyed during Operation End of Anfal. To one side of Saddam's house is a casino, with a ceiling shaped to resemble the inside of a tent. A stone path leads from the casino to a gazebo, where one can enjoy looking out at a waterfall.

A hundred and fifty miles southeast of Bamarni is Said Sadiq, at one time a city of more than thirty thousand. There is not much left. Said Sadiq is about fifteen miles from the Iranian border, and during the Iran-Iraq War both sides shelled it; for brief periods, the Iranian Army controlled areas just outside the city, and it is likely that the majority of the inhabitants of Said Sadiq sympathized with the Iranians, as the enemy of their enemy. It might therefore be argued that the destruction of Said Sadiq, in March of 1988, was part of Iraq's war against Iran, and not part of its war against the Kurds. That argument cannot be made, however, about the destruction of an even larger city, Qalat Diza, which is in northern Sulaimaniya. It was levelled in June of 1989, ten months after the Iran-Iraq ceasefire. The population was nominally sixty thousand, but was probably much larger at the time, because many people had fled there after their villages were destroyed. "They took us by force from our town—they said we had to leave," a woman from Qalat Diza told me in June, standing in front of what had been her family's home; the house had been levelled, but she and her family were rebuilding. "We weren't able to take any of our things with us," she said. Walking around Qalat Diza, even three years later, one might reasonably think that it had been at the epicenter of a severe earthquake. The second stories of many houses had collapsed. What had been restaurants, hotels, and shops were reduced to huge mounds of rubble, some of them twenty feet high. Block after block of the city is like this.

FOR almost three decades now, the United States government has been reluctant to condemn the violence against the Kurds. After the Iraqis dropped chemical bombs on the village of Shekh Wassan, in April of 1987, Muyehddin Abdullah, the representative in Washington of the Kurdish Democratic Party, sought to meet with someone at the State Department. His request was refused. Abdullah had photographs that were taken after the attack. He called reporters, but the press wasn't interested.

The world paid little attention until March of 1988, when the Iraqis bombarded the town of Halabja with mustard gas and nerve gas and more than four thousand people were killed. The town is near the border with Iran, and the attack occurred during the Iran-Iraq War; in fact, it came a few days after Iran and some Kurdish *peshmerga* had seized the town. The Iranian government took journalists into Halabja, and soon pictures of the carnage, of dead women and children sprawled in the streets, were appearing on television and on the front pages of newspapers around the world. The news of the four thousand deaths brought outrage but no action. The Reagan Administration did condemn the use of chemical weapons, but it did not directly condemn Iraq, and nearly all countries reacted in the same way. The United Nations refused to impose sanctions on Iraq. Saddam was no doubt emboldened by the world's timidity.

In September of 1988, after Baghdad bombarded villages in Dohuk with chemical weapons, the State Department denounced Saddam's use of chemical weapons as "totally unjustified and abhorrent." Senator Claiborne Pell, Democrat of Rhode Island, the chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, introduced legislation that would have imposed sanctions on Iraq

• •

BIRTHDAY

Eighty-one he'd have been. Given the fine day,
I dawdle the afternoon away in the woods
with binoculars. Sudden shapes of small birds
appear disappearing between leaves, delicately
peck at beech moss, nibble tree ferns. As a boy
he collected eggs from hedges along the Boyne:
only one a nest, prick it, blow the insides out,
save the whole hollow orb as trophy, laying
its speckles or solid color in a hinged box
on cotton wool. Today I see the beech leaves
have begun to uncurl their little fists, turning that
pale translucent green he once described as
stained glass. Did they shine out at him
from early on, I wonder, speaking that gracious image
to his eyes? Stopping to look, I imagine him
stopping to look up and thinking, *Just*
like stained glass—maybe a window he'd seen
in a chapel somewhere as a child, or at the seminary
before he gave it up, turned teacher, married.
So much of him closed off—not even a mystery,
just a blank map. Still, those gathered eggs and
beech-leaf lozenges of stained glass took root,
letting my father and me walk out together—almost
companionable along the cusp of spring—to meet
his eighty-second year, me all eyes for the small birds
I'm spying on from a safe distance so they
can grow familiar shapes and names, the old man
keeping his worried eyes on the ground, watching
each concentrated step and saying nothing.

—EAMON GRENNAN

for the use of chemical weapons; it had the support of the conservative Republican Jesse Helms, of North Carolina. The bill passed, but the House enacted weaker legislation, which would have allowed Iraq to continue receiving agricultural credits. Eventually, the House and the Senate passed compromise legislation, but it never became law, in part because the Reagan Administration opposed sanctions of any kind against Iraq, as did the incoming Bush Administration; consequently, no sanctions were ever imposed on Iraq for using chemical weapons or carrying out other atrocities against the Kurds.

American human-rights laws that were enacted in the nineteen-seventies prohibit aid to countries that have engaged in "a consistent pattern of gross violations of internationally recognized human rights." Iraq's treatment of the Kurds was certainly covered by that definition; as the State Department noted, in an internal memorandum on whether to impose sanctions against Iraq in November of 1988, "the use of chemical weapons is only one facet of an extraordinarily brutal campaign" against the Kurds. Nevertheless, the Reagan and Bush Administrations licensed the export of defense-related materials to Iraq, sold agricultural commodities to Iraq, and made several hundred million dollars of loans to Iraq through the Export-Import Bank.

ON March 4, 1991, four days after the Gulf War ended, the Kurds rose up once more against Saddam Hussein. The rebellion began in the town of Ranya, which is near Qalat Diza, and quickly spread to other towns and cities; soon, *peshmerga* were engaged in combat with Iraqi troops. Euphoria spread throughout Kurdistan, but it was short-lived. While Saddam had been forced out of Kuwait, he had not been destroyed, and now he unleashed his tanks, artillery, and troops on the Kurds.

On February 16th, President Bush had called on the Iraqi people to overthrow Saddam Hussein—"to take matters into their own hands, to force Saddam Hussein, the dictator, to step aside"—but then he refused to help them. It was a replay of the policy that Kissinger had adopted toward the Kurds sixteen years earlier. American lives were too "precious" to waste in a civil

FANTASY NOW.

Fantasy Fest in Key West
"Halloween in the Devil's Triangle"
Oct. 24 - Nov. 1, 1992.
Costume competitions, concerts, the unbelievable **Twilight Fantasy Parade** down Duval Street. Parties, Parties, Parties! Pack up your costumes. Call your favorite Key West resort or your travel agent.
For more information, call or write:
Fantasy Fest
P.O. Box 230-B
Key West, FL 33041
1-800-LAST KEY

Fantasy Fest

THE FLORIDA KEYS℠ & KEY WEST
Key Largo, Islamorada, Marathon, Lower Keys, Key West

Jarless Running . . .

NordicTrack's a perfect indoor complement to running.

NordicTrack can help you stay in shape when you can't run.

NordicTrack's striding motion is similar to running and provides the same pleasant, rhythmic feeling of continuity.

Strengthen your upper body.

NordicTrack uniformly exercises your upper and lower body helping you maintain flexibility and strength while giving you a highly efficient aerobic workout.

Cross train with NordicTrack.

Reduce your risk of shin splints, knee problems, back injuries, or joint problems. In fact, many doctors specifically recommend NordicTrack for patients recovering from minor injuries.

The best indoor workout.

NordicTrack duplicates the motion of cross-country skiing, the world's best exercise for cardio-vascular conditioning. Its flywheel provides a smooth motion. Standing position exercises your entire body, working all major muscle groups simultaneously.

Better than an exercise bike or ordinary rowing machine.

NordicTrack provides a more efficient workout than an exercise bike, stairclimber, or treadmill. NordicTrack users burned more calories and obtained significantly more cardiovascular exercise.*

Easy to use.

No skiing experience required. You can be tracking in just a few minutes.

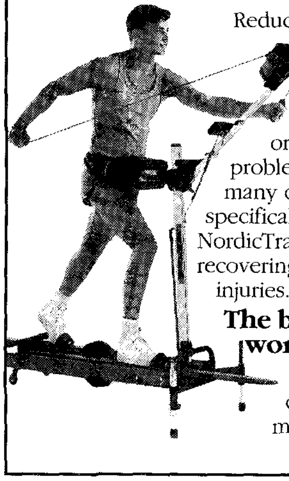
30 day in-home trial!

*Scientific test results included in NordicTrack brochure.

NordicTrack
A CML Company

Call or Write for a
FREE VIDEO
& Brochure

1-800-328-5888 EXT. 26312
NordicTrack, Dept. #26312,
104 Peavey Road, Chaska, MN 55318
©1992 NordicTrack, Inc., A CML Company, All rights reserved.



war in Iraq, Bush said in April. Three days later, Secretary of State James Baker said, during a visit to Turkey, "We are not prepared to go down the slippery slope of being sucked into a civil war," and added, "We cannot police what goes on inside Iraq, and we cannot be arbiters of who shall govern Iraq."

Soon, however, the images of hundreds of thousands of Kurds fleeing through the mountains, freezing and starving as they trudged through snow to escape to Turkey, appeared on television and on front pages everywhere, and the world was forced to act. On April 5, 1991, the United Nations Security Council adopted Resolution 688, which demanded that Iraq cease its repression of the Kurds and other minorities and that it coöperate with international humanitarian organizations seeking to assist the Kurds. A few days later, Britain's Prime Minister John Major proposed a "safe haven" for the Kurds. Reluctantly, the Bush Administration signed on.

An enclave was ultimately established in northern Iraq, and Operation Provide Comfort, as the Americans dubbed it, was launched by the United States, Britain, France, and several other European nations, from bases in Turkey. The Gulf War allies warned the Iraqi Air Force to stay out of Kurdistan, and the returning Kurds had the protection of allied troops on the ground. The ground troops soon left, but American, British, and French pilots continue to fly missions over Iraq north of the thirty-sixth parallel. The Kurds worry about how long the protection will continue, and with good reason.

"There is no doubt in my mind that Saddam is just waiting to attack," says Army Colonel Richard Naab, who was a senior American field officer in Operation Provide Comfort until this past June. Saddam has heavy artillery and at least thirty-five thousand soldiers, including two divisions of the highly trained Republican Guards, deployed along the border with Kurdistan, often only a few kilometres from where Kurds are working in the fields. Naab says that it would take Saddam perhaps thirty-six hours to crush the Kurds.

The initial understanding among the allies was that Operation Provide Comfort would end in June of 1992. At the last minute, after intense negotiations, the operation was extended, but only for six months. Naab thinks that the extension should have been made indefinite. "Saddam believes time is in his favor and he's going to take his revenge," he says. "He doesn't understand restraint. He mistakes restraint for weakness. The Iraqis don't know where the line in the desert is now, and he's going to keep probing."

For the moment, however, the Kurds are returning to rebuild their devastated land, despite the uncertainties and risks. Travelling around Kurdistan, I saw tents everywhere—tents of all sizes, shapes, and colors, in mountain meadows and on the edges of fields. Here and there, a family had pitched a tent right on top of the ruins of the house that Saddam had destroyed. While people live in the tents, they are building their houses and community structures—schools, health clinics, mosques. Everywhere, fields that had lain fallow for several years are now under cultivation. Men, women, and children were hoeing and planting, tending to grape vines, digging irrigation canals.

In many ways, the task of rebuilding Kurdistan should be relatively easy. There are a considerable number of teachers and engineers, doctors and lawyers. Kurdistan is not undeveloped, as Africa is, and it is not as underdeveloped as much of rural Latin America is. Paved roads connect the large cities and the towns. The region's rivers and dams provide enough water and electricity for the whole of Iraq. Electric towers are visible all across the landscape.

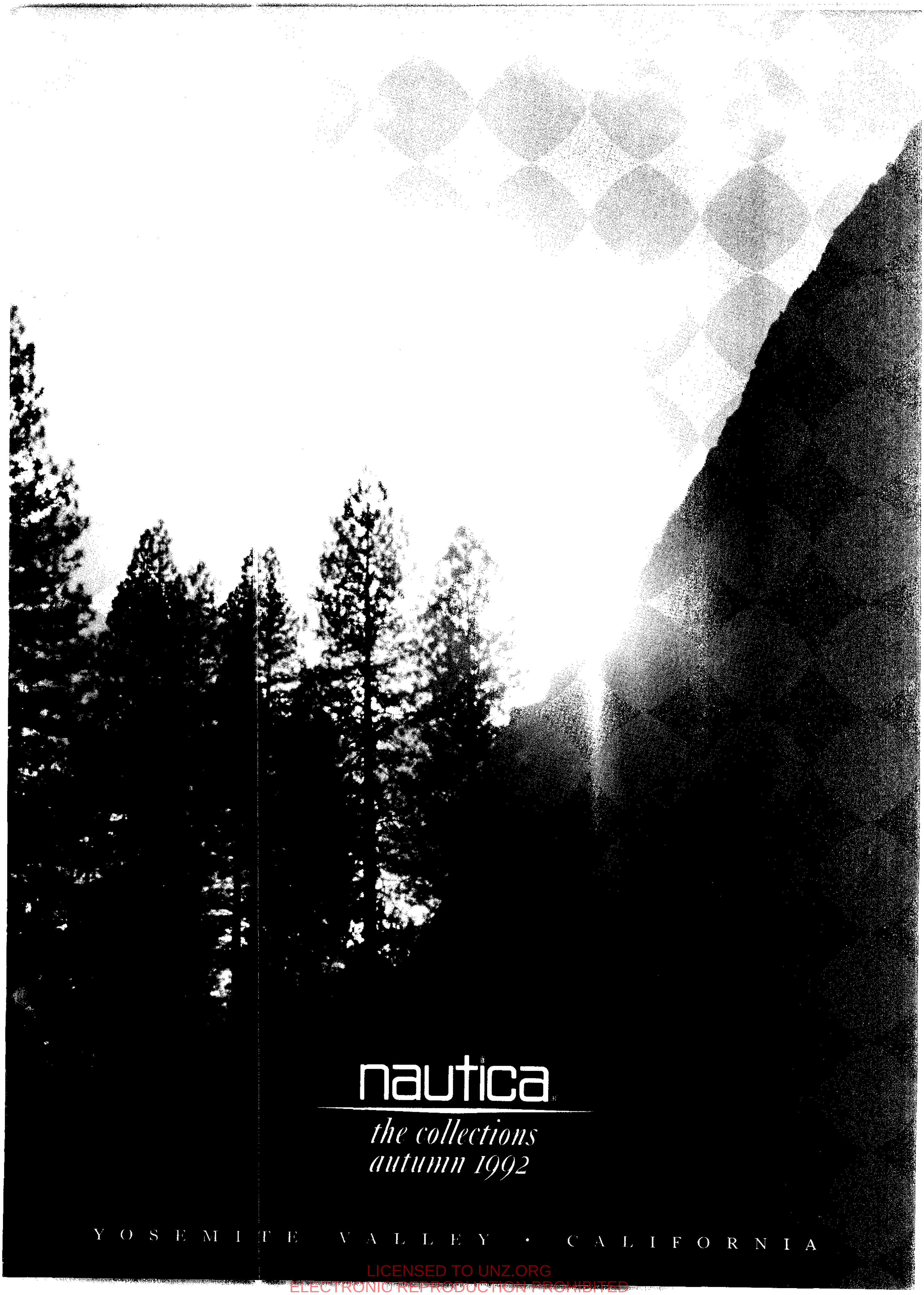
But Saddam is doing his best to make reconstruction impossible. Last fall, he ordered all civil servants to leave Kurdistan, and he has refused to pay those who haven't. This has crippled the delivery of services—education, sanitation, road maintenance.

He has also imposed a blockade on the flow of goods from the south to the north, and this has caused real hardship in Kurdistan. A kilo of lamb which was fourteen dinars—a dollar at the unofficial rate of exchange—before the blockade cost thirty-eight in June; sugar had gone from three dinars a kilo to nearly nine. A twenty-five-litre container of cooking gas cost seventy dinars in the province of Dohuk; less than fifty miles away, in the city of Mosul, which is controlled by Saddam, it cost less than one dinar. A two-hundred-and-forty-litre drum of kerosene, used for heating homes, cost three hundred dinars in Dohuk, ten dinars in Mosul. A litre of gasoline had gone from less than a tenth of a dinar to more than two dinars. The daily wage, for the few fortunate enough to find work, was five dinars or less. "When I wake up in the morning, I think how am I going to spend the day getting things," said my interpreter, who is married and has a small daughter. "Am I going to wait in line for sugar? Am I going to spend my money for meat? It is very, very difficult to get clothing. This shirt was fifteen dinars; now it is eighty-five."

The embargo is also paralyzing the reconstruction effort. The essentials for building a house, a school, a mosque—cement, sand, gravel, gypsum, window frames, doors—were twenty times as costly as before because of the blockade, Ahmed Sarwar, an engineer and one of the directors of the Kurdistan Shelter Reconstruction Organization, told me.

There has been little concern in the West about Saddam's economic blockade against the Kurds. It was in effect for several weeks before the Bush Administration even delivered a protest to the Iraqi government. "We let it drift," one American official told me. And even now, the Kurds feel that the Bush Administration is not putting sufficient pressure on Saddam to lift it.

What Saddam's embargo isn't doing to the Kurds, international policies are. Along a four-lane highway a few miles west of the city of Sulaimaniya is a cement factory, one of the largest in the Middle East. It can produce two thousand long tons of cement a day, but it is currently producing just a hundred. Villagers standing amid the rubble of their houses told me they were having to pay more than one dinar for every cement block, and several hundred blocks are needed for each house. If the factory were operating, the cost would be about a fourth of a dinar, according to Ahmed Sarwar. He also told me that the German company that built the plant is ready to send a technician to get it operating at full


nautica
the collections
autumn 1992
YOSEMITE VALLEY • CALIFORNIA

nautica
the collections

nautica
NEW YORK • NEWPORT BEACH • HONOLULU • MEXICO CITY • LONDON • TOKYO • AUCKLAND

© 1992 NAUTICA INTERNATIONAL, INC. PRINTED ON RECYCLED STOCK

capacity again, but some computer boards are needed, and until they can be brought in—until the international sanctions against Iraq are lifted—his trip would be a waste of time.

Also because of the sanctions, Kurdish farmers can't get fertilizer or irrigation pipes, or even seeds. Roads are falling into greater disrepair for lack of spare parts to operate bulldozers and other heavy machinery. The major Kurdish political parties operate their own television stations, but to keep the stations on the air they need parts that the sanctions deny them.

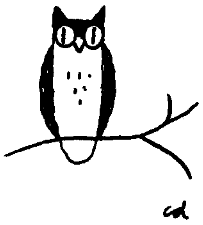
Kurdish leaders aren't asking for a complete lifting of sanctions for Kurdistan. "I know the border would leak, and a lot would go to Baghdad," Sarwar said. But they do want a partial lifting. "With one shipment of spare parts, I could get the cigarette, cement, and textile factories running—and it would only have to be a small shipment," Sarwar said. He calls this an "emergency package" that would "allow us to stand on our own two feet."

THE most fundamental issue for the international community is the Kurds' relationship to Iraq. If Kurdistan is to remain an autonomous region, how much autonomy will it have? Or are the Kurds to become a federated state within Iraq, which would give them still more control over their lives? And the ultimate question is whether they will break away altogether and become an independent nation. It is hard to imagine a people with a greater right to nation-state status than the Kurds. In a 1942 paper for the Council on Foreign Relations the historian and papyrologist William Westermann wrote, "The Kurds can present a better claim to 'race purity' [ethnic unity] and continuity of cultural pattern . . . and for a longer period than any people which now inhabits Europe." Kurds trace their roots back four thousand years, and Kurdistan encompasses an area larger than Italy. An independent Kurdistan would also be economically viable.

For more than a year now, since the inception of Operation Provide Comfort, a political coalition called the Kurdistan Front has been the de-facto government in most of the three Kurdish provinces in northern Iraq. What is difficult to fathom—particularly now, when so many ethnic groups are demanding statehood—is why the Iraqi Kurds haven't declared an independent Kurdistan. Washington, London, Paris, and Bonn are adamantly opposed to an independent Kurdistan, and this opposition is the principal reason that the Kurds have not declared independence. It is not that they don't want their own state; it is that they know they cannot attain it in the current political environment.

"As a nation, we have the right to independence, as other nations have, but our circumstances and our conditions at the moment are not right for us to ask for that," Massoud Barzani told me in June. "It is our natural right to have independence, but we don't believe in violence; independence should come about peacefully." Barzani is careful not to say how soon independence should come. He knows that he must not upset Washington.

In May of 1991, a delegation representing the Kurdistan Front met with the Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Near Eastern and South Asian Affairs, David Mack. "We got a warm reception, but cold words," Mahmoud Osman, now head of the Kurdistan Socialist Party and one of the leaders of the delegation, told me. Mack explained that Washington respected the territorial integrity of Iraq and that the Kurdish conflict with Saddam Hussein was an internal political matter in which the United States was not going to intervene. The policy irritates Osman, who is a medical doctor by training but has the temperament and intelligence to be a prime candidate for Secretary of State if Kurdistan were ever a state. "The United States is intervening from Cambodia to El Salvador for a peaceful solution. Those are internal problems, aren't they?" Osman said.



Last May, the Iraqi Kurds held elections for a parliament, and the most debated issue was Kurdistan's independence. Though several parties participated in the elections, the real contest was between Massoud Barzani's K.D.P. and Jalal Talabani's P.U.K. The K.D.P. was expected to win by a wide margin, reflecting the fact that it had been in existence for many more years than the P.U.K. and that Barzani is a revered name in the Kurdish independence struggle. But Talabani spoke about "self-determination," which to most voters meant independence, while the K.D.P.'s slogan, referring to the practical difficulties of independence, was "Realism, not maximalism." After eliminating, as the rules called for, the parties that did not receive seven per cent of the vote—which included Osman's Kurdistan Socialist Party, the Communist Party, and the Islamic Movement—the K.D.P. had fifty-one seats in the new parliament and the P.U.K. forty-nine. Recognizing how badly Kurdistan needs political stability and that the politicians must lay aside the clan-based rivalries that have weakened the nationalist movement, the K.D.P. offered to split the parliament fifty-fifty. When the new parliament, which sits in Erbil, was sworn in, in June, there were lawyers, doctors, and professors in the ornate chambers; a number of them were women.

These were the first democratic elections in Kurdish history, and they were organized by the Kurds without any significant assistance from the outside. "It was really exciting to watch," said Kurt Schork, an American journalist who covered the elections for Reuters. On voting day, May 19, people walked for miles and then waited for hours at the polls. "There were long lines of women in sparkling dresses stretching as far as the eye could see," Schork said. He visited one polling place to which a crippled man had been carried on the backs of his brothers for more than a mile in order to vote. "It was fantastic," Schork said. "The people are fascinated by this notion of voting and choosing."

Western governments weren't. They fear that a democratic election could be the prelude to a demand for independence, perhaps after a referendum. Not a single Western government sent an official representative to the elections. In an unofficial capacity, parliamentarians from a few European countries—Germany, France, Britain, and Norway—went to Kurdistan as observers. No members of the United States Congress attended, and the State Department not only refused to send observers but actively discouraged Americans who wanted to go from doing so. The United States and other Western democracies reject the idea of an independent Iraqi Kurdistan for a number of reasons. One is that Saudi Arabia and Kuwait and other Arab countries are opposed to Kurdistan's being separated from Iraq, simply because it would shrink the geographical size of an Arab state. But the chief explanation of Western policy toward Kurdistan is to be found in one word: Turkey.

No country was more frightened by the Kurdish elections than neighboring Turkey; its government condemned them as a destabilizing factor in the region. Turkey's fear is that a democratic election—indeed, any expression of political freedom—by the Iraqi Kurds will encourage Turkey's ten million Kurds, who occupy about a third of Turkey's territory, to follow suit. Turkey's policies toward its Kurdish population have at times rivalled those of Saddam Hussein. In 1924, Kemal Atatürk prohibited Kurds from speaking Kurdish in public places, essentially denying their independent existence. The Turks began to refer to them as "mountain Turks." A decade ago, a member of the Turkish parliament who said, on the floor of the parliament, "I am a Kurd. There are Kurds in Turkey," was sentenced to more than two years at hard labor; for disseminating materials about the Kurds, a publisher was sentenced to thirty-six years in prison. In 1991, the Turkish government began to make some concessions to the Kurds—it lifted the ban on speaking Kurdish, for example—and the country's Kurdish problem, whose existence the government had long denied, is now discussed in the press. Still, the Turkish government is waging a counter-insurgency war against the radical Kurdish Workers Party which is very much like those conducted against rebel movements by military governments in Guatemala and El Salvador.

During the Cold War, Turkey was considered strategically important, and it may be considered even more so now that the Cold War is over. Among other things, Turkey is the gateway to the many emerging independent Central Asian republics and, as a secular state, is contending with Iran, with its fundamentalist Islam, for influence there.

It was primarily because of Turkey that Operation Provide Comfort was extended for only six months instead of indefinitely. There was considerable opposition within the Turkish government to any continuation of the rights of the coalition to use an air base at Incirlik, in southern Turkey, for overflights: conservative Turkish parties saw those flights as an infringement on Turkish sovereignty, and Turkish military officers were opposed to them because they were helping the Kurds. In order to persuade the government to agree to continued use of the base, according to Ismet Imset, the deputy editor of the English-language *Turkish Daily News* (which has close ties to Prime Minister Suleyman Demirel), the United States, Britain, and France had to assure the Turkish government that they would mute their criticisms of Turkey's human-rights violations.

For the past several months, Turkish planes have been conducting bombing raids on suspected Turkish-Kurd guerrilla camps inside Iraq. At least twenty Iraqi Kurdish villages have been hit, and an unknown number of civilians have been killed. The raids have further complicated Kurdish attempts to rebuild the country, for while the Iraqi Kurds are encouraging people to return to the border villages, many have been bombed after they have done so. In late May, for example, Turkish helicopter gunships strafed a group of returning Kurdish refugees who had camped in a field outside Duri, a village only a mile or two from the Turkish border; four children between the ages of eight and ten were killed, villagers told me. The United States has not condemned the Turkish raids—and, in fact, the raids "have been facilitated by our presence," a Western military officer in Iraq told me, noting that the coalition controls the airspace over northern Iraq.

MOST Kurds are baffled by United States policy. They understand that Turkey is allied with the West, but they don't understand why that alliance is so important that the suppression of Iraqi Kurds should be allowed to continue. They understand that sanctions are needed against Saddam, but they don't understand why the Kurds should suffer because of them. Over and over, I was asked how it was possible that the United States went to war for Kuwait, which isn't a democracy, but is willing to do so little for Kurdistan, which is struggling to become one. And the Kurds find it difficult to understand why the United States is opposed to independence for the Kurds when so many other ethnic nationalities are gaining their freedom.

"Here we are at the end of the century, and we are facing a world community that says, 'Don't talk about a separate state. Don't disturb the boundary with Iraq,'" Fouad Baban, a doctor who was one of the founders in 1991 of the Kurdistan Human Rights Organization, said. In negotiations during the past year between the Kurds and Baghdad, the Iraqi government has said that it will give the Kurds essentially the same autonomy that the government offered in the seventies. "The majority of the people won't accept that," Dr. Baban told me. "The final solution, the democratic solution, is independence." Three other doctors and a lawyer, all members of the Human Rights Organization, were present when I spoke

CAUTION
STUDENT
DRIVER

to him. We were having dinner in the garden behind the Salam Hotel in downtown Sulaimaniya, and they all agreed with what he said.

I asked them what would happen if Saddam were to be deposed and Iraq were to become a democracy. Would the Kurds then be satisfied with something less than independence? This hypothetical question assumes a lot—not only that Saddam would be ousted, which is possible, but also that Iraq itself would become a democracy, which it has never been, and that a new Arab government in Baghdad would treat the Kurds as equals. Nevertheless, it is a proposition that one hears frequently from Western policymakers.

"If Saddam is out of power, then a federation as two equal republics—this might be a reasonable solution," Dr. Baban said.

I posed the question about democracy and limited independence repeatedly when I was in Kurdistan, and the answers I received can be summed up like this: Yes, if Iraq were to become a democracy Kurdistan would be willing to accept a federated status. But then the person answering would add "for now" or "for the time being."

The international community might not have to face a demand for Kurdish independence immediately, and maybe not for ten years, or even for another generation. But unless one refuses to recognize the dramatic world events of the past two years—in the former Soviet Union, in Yugoslavia—one must realize that eventually the Kurds will demand their independence, and will quite likely take up arms to get it, if that is the only way. But the makers of foreign policy are rarely farsighted, and politicians don't think past the next election. Washington, therefore, is not, at the moment, entertaining the notion of an independent Kurdistan. Instead, it tells the Kurds to negotiate with Baghdad.

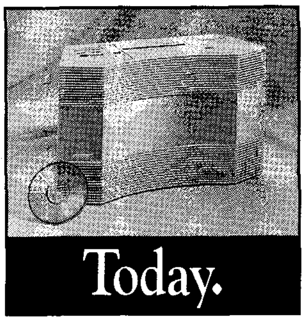
—RAYMOND BONNER

•

ALL'S RIGHT WITH THE WORLD DEPARTMENT

[*From an article by Glenn Randall in America West Airlines Magazine*]

A joyous contest with a high peak or steep trail always left my body pleasantly drained—and simultaneously drained the tension from my mind. When I returned to my bedroom office, all of my problems were still there, and yet now I could see them for what they were: overripe fig meats of my imagination.



The Stereo Of Tomorrow: Today.

The Bose® Acoustic Wave® music system will change the way you enjoy music.

The first Acoustic Wave® was named *Invention of the Year*. Like other winners in the fields of medicine, physics, and genetic engineering, it was so advanced, it seemed technically impossible. In fact, it took Bose engineers 14 years to invent its revolutionary way of reproducing sound.

Now, there's a new, even better Acoustic Wave®. A combination compact disc player (or cassette), AM/FM radio, and patented built-in speakers, it's hardly bigger than a briefcase. Yet it's like listening to a much larger, more expensive stereo. And it's as easy to use as a TV. So you'll not only listen to music more, you'll enjoy it more.

To find out more about the stereo of tomorrow, ask for our informative booklet today. It's free and, like the Acoustic Wave® music system, it's available only by calling or writing Bose Corporation.

"You have to hear it to believe it."

Call 1-800-282-BOSE Ext.1728 for a FREE booklet!

☐ *Yes, please send me a free booklet about the Bose Acoustic Wave® music system.*

Name 1728

Street

City State Zip Phone ( )

Mail to:
Bose Corporation, Dept. CDD, The Mountain,
Framingham, MA 01701-9168 USA

BOSE® *Better sound through research*™

© 1992 Bose Corporation

Sit Down, Shape Up. Fast and Easy!

30 day in-home trial!

Introducing the fastest, easiest, most complete workout you can get at home! Today experts recommend a combination of aerobic exercise *plus* strength training. Now, NordicTrack's Total-Body Fitness System brings you both — in one compact machine. You get a heart-healthy, energy-building aerobic workout *plus* a muscle-toning, strength-building upper-body workout. (Do both at the same time, or separately!) Call today. For a complete health club workout...in just minutes a day!

Best of all... it's from NordicTrack!

NordicTrack's **TotalBodyFitnessSystem**®

© 1992 NordicTrack, Inc. A CML Company. All rights reserved

Call for a ***FREE VIDEO*** *& Brochure*

1-800-892-2183 ext. 0Q412

Or write: NordicTrack, Dept. #0Q412,
104 Peavey Rd., Chaska MN 55318

☐ **Please send me a free brochure**
☐ **Also a free VHS videotape**

Name

Street

City State Zip

Phone ( )

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

CATALONIA

IN some ways, the worst possible place from which to watch this year's Olympic Games in Barcelona was Barcelona. I was there, and I usually seemed to know less about what was going on than friends half a world away. Without the highlight-isolating filter of TV and newspapers, events tended to sprawl. One evening early in the Games, hoping to tighten my own focus by concentrating on a modest sport, I went to watch Olympic table tennis. I never figured out *anything*. There were eight games—women's doubles—going on at once, with a scoreboard flashing results from a seemingly unrelated set of matches. Hunched, intent young women in polo shirts darted and flailed inside low blue enclosures. Scores remained a secret, at least from me. Worse, discrete groups among the sparse crowd kept erupting in fierce cheering, sometimes unfurling national flags. I was sitting with four other non-aficionados. We tried following the gazes of the more rapt fans—all immediate family members of the players, we assumed—hoping to discover at least which games they were watching. We couldn't connect a group to a game. We couldn't even identify the flags. Romania may have won something.

We eventually fled to a temporary bar set up outside the arena. Our table overlooked a new park. I ordinarily find new parks depressing, with their comfortless saplings and mute lumps of sculpture. This one had something, though. Children charged around in the gloaming, scaling hillsides sheathed in big pale-bluish tiles—like warm, opened-up ice caves. Bigger kids played Ping-Pong on concrete tables. Couples strolled, and I could hear a choir singing in the distance. It was led by two clowns in fluorescent fright wigs. This park—the landscape sculpture was by an American, Beverly Pepper—was part of an immense urban-redevelopment program undertaken in conjunction with the Olympics. A new airport, new highways, new beaches, a new marina—a whole new neighborhood, with two thousand apartments—had all been created in the past few years. There had been a heavy emphasis on art and design; other parks and public spaces, new or refurbished, featured work by Miró, Lichtenstein, Oldenburg, Serra. During the last ten years, in a city already overwhelmingly rich in buildings and monuments, nearly a hundred new parks and squares had been opened—a staggering achievement, even if, in my view, the results were mixed. This was in addition, of course, to a great array of new sports facilities. The table-tennis arena was an old train station, beautifully renovated. I wondered if the Ping-Pong tables in the park were related to the arena's Olympic function. I also wondered what sort of neighborhood we were in.

My companions, who were all native Barcelonans, couldn't tell me. "Middle-class," said one. "Working-class," said another. "Gentrifying" was probably closest to the truth, though the word seems to have no equivalent in Spanish or Catalan. We were in the Eixample, the nineteenth-century layer of Barcelona, built after the city finally burst its medieval walls. Often compared to Baron Haussmann's Paris, the Eixample is a dense grid of gracious apartment blocks—highly desirable real estate in an overcrowded, growing city. In a process accelerated by the Olympic redevelopment, poor people have been pushed out of the city at such a rate that even natives, like my companions—and they included two journalists and an urban planner—had trouble keeping track of the changes.

They had no such trouble when it came to the impact of the Olympics on Spanish and Catalan politics. (Catalonia, one of Europe's older nations, has not enjoyed political independence since the seventeenth century. Most of its traditional territory is in Spain, where Catalonia has had the status of an "autonomous region" since 1980. Most of the six million people in the region speak Catalan, a distinct language that has survived suppression by a series of foreign rulers, most recently Franco.) As it happened, the five of us had watched the opening ceremonies of the Games together—on TV, wisely, in the apartment of Daniel and Elisabet, the young Catalan couple with whom I was staying. Watching the opening ceremonies with a bunch of excited Catalans was much like watching Olympic table tennis—except that my companions did try to give me some idea of the political significance of each phase of the spectacle. The high point of the evening, from their perspective, came when the mayor of Barcelona, Pasqual Maragall, invoked, in Catalan, the name of Lluís Companys, the last president of republican Catalonia before the long night of the Franco dictatorship. Companys, one of the heroes of Catalan history, was executed by Franco in 1940—executed, in fact, on Montjuïc, the very hill where the opening ceremonies were being held. Companys, I was told, was part of the history of Barcelona that the world *ought* to hear.

Sea Breeze
MOTEL
NO VACANCY
CLOSED FOR THE SEASON

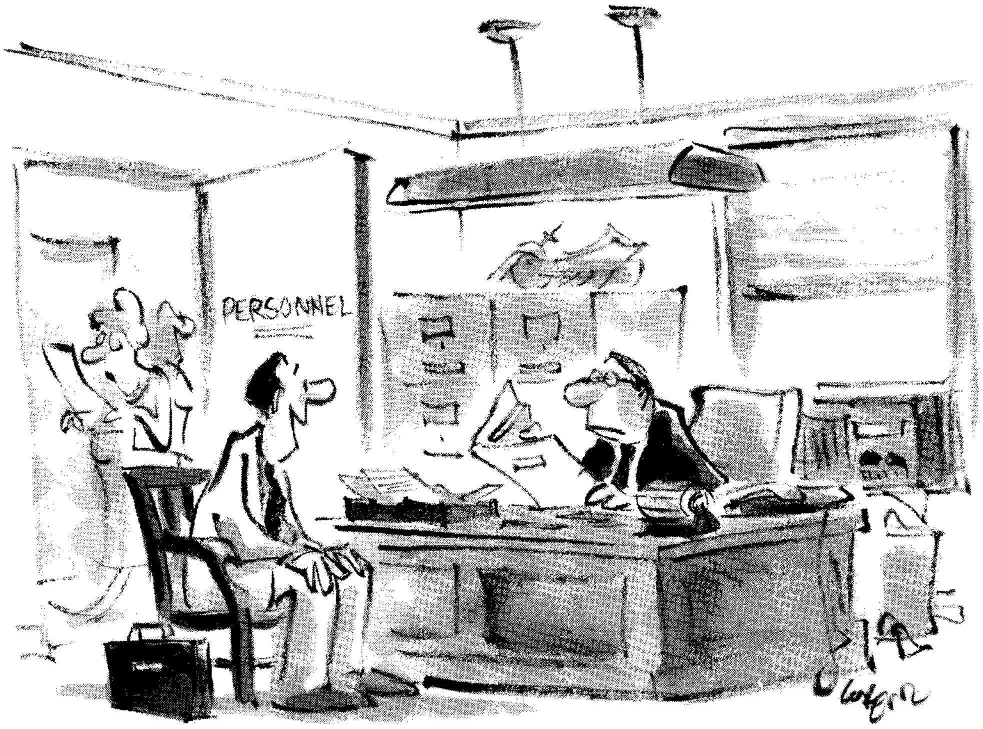
A second high point of the opening ceremonies, as far as my local hosts were concerned, came with the entrance into the stadium of the Spanish monarch, King Juan Carlos. It wasn't the King's entrance that caused my hosts to break out in cheers, however, but the playing of "Els Segadors," a Catalan national anthem, *during* his entrance. "It's so the people in the stadium won't whistle," Elisabet told me. Three years ago, she said, at a track meet in the same stadium, the King had been nearly whistled out of the place.

People throughout Spain were apparently watching the opening ceremonies—and the Games themselves—in this spirit: calibrating the symbolic balances between Catalonia and the Spanish nation as a whole. The concern among Spaniards was that Catalan nationalists not "steal" the Olympics; the concern among Catalans was that the Games be a showcase for their homeland, and not "Spain."

Whole acres of Catalan flags hung in rich red-and-yellow rows from the balconies of the apartments around the little park outside the table-tennis venue. These flags were inescapable in Barcelona. Spanish national flags, meanwhile, were nowhere to be seen. A few Olympic flags, with their innocuous multicolored rings on a white background, were also hanging from the balconies around the park—I'd heard that people who might be inclined to fly a Spanish flag sometimes flew the Olympic flag instead, in deference to their Catalanist neighbors.

In the park, the clown-led glee club was still belting away. As with the neighborhood, the exact character of the singers and their songs was, I found, a mystery to my companions. Although group singing is extremely popular among Catalans—Daniel and Elisabet, for instance, belong to a traditional Catalan choir—the clowns and their choristers were working in no recognizable tradition. But their voices were sweet, if slightly childish, and, rather than return to the deadly Ping-Pong, we stood listening to them, sipping from our plastic cups of beer, as darkness fell.

Much of Barcelona has this quality: a glistening appearance of social peace (solid citizens enjoying their park at dusk) in a context of prosperous upheaval (neighborhoods rapidly changing; construction cranes looming). Every second detail of the place seems to be hooked deep into Catalan history (Montjuïc!), while a good many of the ones in between seem to be queasy improvisations (alien clowns conducting TV jingles). My own disorientation was only increased by my having visited Spain before, for all my previous visits had occurred during the Franco era. I had last been in Barcelona in early 1975, when the city was bubbling with suppressed elation at the impending death of the dictator. I mostly remembered long nights in smoky basement night clubs, where shaggy crowds sang banned protest songs and waited nervously for the police. *That* Barcelona was the polar opposite of Orwell's famous revolutionary city—the place where, he wrote (in 1937, in "Homage to Catalonia"), "practically every building of any size had been seized by the workers and was draped with red flags or with the red and black flag of the Anarchists; every wall was scrawled with the hammer and sickle and with the initials of the revolutionary parties; almost every church had been gutted and its images burnt"—and yet, if only because of the continued existence of a powerful left-wing, anti-Fascist social movement, it bore a certain resemblance to the historical Red Catalonia, bogeyman of capitalist Europe and backbone of the Second Spanish Republic.

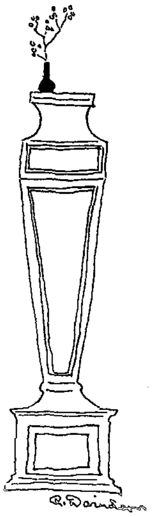


"Needless to say, in the course of redefining myself I've taken certain liberties with the factual record."

This Barcelona, a democratic, Socialist-ruled city in a democratic, Socialist-ruled Spain, was another matter. It seemed defined by discontinuities. "Run-D.M.C." was spray-painted on the front wall of the building where I stayed; down the street was a travel agency urging "Escape to Cuba." On the new city beaches, women—including huge-bellied peasant women—went gaily topless. Communism, Fascism, the workers, the Church—these venerable rallying points of Spanish public life seemed virtually obsolete, effaced by such local concerns as gentrification and Catalan nationalism. An ancient city riding a postmodern, post-industrial boom, Barcelona—like much of Spain—was clearly whipping into uncharted territory, and the old categories, political and social, largely failed to describe the landscape.

HOPING to find a sport less bewildering than Ping-Pong, in a place less bewildering than Barcelona, I started going down to Castelldefels, a beach town southwest of the city, where the Olympic kayaking and canoeing events were being held. Coming in on the highway from Barcelona, I passed a lot of billboards, motels, go-cart tracks, desert-theme discothèques (Hache Ka, Tutankhamen, Aryzona Club), and economy campgrounds set back among the pine trees planted to anchor the sand dunes. Then, stretching away across the fields to the north, shining in the sun, plumb straight and nearly two kilometres long, was Castelldefels' new distinction, its Olympic subsite: the Canal.

The first day I was around, there was a reception at the town hall for the presidents of the competing national kayaking and canoeing federations. The town hall turned out to be a handsome four-story, mansarded building on a plaza in the old part of Castelldefels. In the city council's meeting room, the mayor, a good-looking man in a dark suit, welcomed his guests with a story about the successful search for an aquifer to fill the Canal. I found myself sitting next to Eric Haught—the chairman, according to his business card, of the board of directors of the U.S. Canoe and Kayak Team. A pale, heavyset young man wearing a striped shirt and a necktie, he watched the proceedings warily. The mayor of Castelldefels handed out mementos of his city to the federation presidents, summoning a series of sunburned men in navy-blue blazers to the platform. When five or six countries in a row each failed to produce a representative, things began getting embarrassing—until Mexico's man rose, to relieved applause. When the mayor called for "David Mason" of the United States, Haught sprang to his feet and diplomatically accepted the goods without speaking.



The mayor of Castelldefels turned out to be an interesting man. At least, he had had an interesting career. His name was Agustín Marina, and he came from Asturias, a coal-mining region in northwest Spain. In his late forties, rangy and trim, with deep-set eyes, a lantern jaw, and close-cropped hair, he had the look of a perennially boyish politician. Marina told me that in his youth he had been a Communist militant. His father was a coal miner and a Socialist, and had spent five years in Franco's prisons after the civil war. Agustín himself was forced into exile at the age of eighteen. He spent ten years in Paris and Brussels, during which he became a Socialist. After Franco declared a general amnesty for political exiles, in 1972, the Socialists sent Marina back to Spain. He went to work as a clandestine organizer in Catalonia, and in 1974 he helped found an underground branch of the Socialist Party in Castelldefels.

A generation before, Castelldefels had been a quiet seaside village with barely two thousand residents. In the nineteen-sixties, however, a huge wave of immigration from Andalusia and other impoverished parts of Spain had transformed the town—had, in fact, transformed all of greater Barcelona, spawning a ring of dormitory cities known, for their politics, as the Red Belt. By the mid-seventies, Castelldefels—which today has a population of nearly forty thousand—had a working-class, Castilian-speaking majority. Most of the newcomers were construction workers who had come to help build a new highway and stayed, bringing their families and erecting rudimentary houses in sprawling new neighborhoods north of town.

The political atmosphere in Castelldefels in the late Franco era, when Marina arrived there, was less repressive than slovenly. The Guardia Civil knew who the subversives were, and occasionally picked them up for questioning, but the local commander was a nice enough fellow, and he usually let them go with a warning. The main function of the local authorities was petty-bribe collection. By all accounts, the town suffered chiefly from neglect. "The city hall was an empty house," one of the town's early underground Socialists told me. "They didn't even collect income taxes."

In the first municipal elections after the death of Franco, the Socialists ran Marina for mayor, and managed to defeat the Communists, who were also strong among the immigrant workers. There was a great deal to be done—the infrastructure of the working-class neighborhoods resembled that of South American *favelas*, lacking sewers, street lights, paved roads, potable water, schools—and there was much resistance among the town's merchants and middle class to funding the needed projects. But Marina and his comrades pushed their progressive projects steadily along. They built schools, a public library, a sports complex. Above all, they transformed the poorer neighborhoods: the houses are still simple—flat-roofed, thick-walled, owner-built in a rural Andalusian style—but the sewage system is modern, the streets are paved and lighted, and the water is safe to drink. The wealthier residents of Castelldefels complained that their neighborhoods were being neglected, but no one could complain, really, about enlightened ideas such as closing the street between the train station and the town hall to cars, to create a quiet row of outdoor cafés—or, more recently, about taking money from the provincial government to turn a tract of swampland north of the highway into an Olympic kayak-and-canoe course.

The Canal sits in a strange relation to Castelldefels. It is awkward to reach, except from the highway, requiring a winding route from the city center, through new housing tracts and old farmland, and once you get there it is hard to take in. There are stands, a modest pavilion, and a black glass "communications tower," but basically it's just a broad trench of standing water, with low walls of blindingly white crushed rock. The Olympic crowds were modest, even for the finals, and it was unclear how many of the spectators who ventured down from Barcelona ever set foot in Castelldefels proper. Most came by direct bus, and had a distracted, displaced, funseekers' look about them—the same look that glazed the eyes of the mobs milling on Montjuïc, eying each other's Olympic souvenir pins. (As it happened, the single most pin-bedecked tourist I saw in Spain was an elderly Frenchman at the Canal: he was wearing nothing but swim trunks, sandals, and a baseball cap to the back of which he had sewn a large French flag as a sort of floor-length sun flap; the flag was covered with hundreds of pins, and its wearer seemed to be drifting around in a particularly deep daze.)

Far more alien than the tourists, though, were the athletes themselves. They all seemed to be six-foot-six Hungarians named Attila—great blond beasts with impossible shoulders, chests, cheekbones. Men and women, they were the fittest-looking people I've ever seen, and they lounged around the boat tents at the Canal like the denizens of some paddlers' Valhalla. They came from all over the globe, but the dominant teams were German, Scandinavian, and Eastern European. There were individual contests, at five hundred and a thousand metres, and team events, with two or four paddlers in a boat, but nearly all the competitors had, I thought, the slightly distant gaze of terminal loners. Their years of solitary struggle on lonely streams, canals, and bays had left an ethereal stamp. Even during the medals ceremonies, when three young women in traditional Catalan dress (red skirts, white loose-weave hairnets, black fishnet over skirts and forearms, red ribbons lacing black espadrilles) led the procession to and from the victory stand, and a scratchy recording of the Olympic anthem whistled out over the sun-flattened Canal, the medalists, in their neon outfits and space-monster sunglasses, seemed strikingly detached.

But then I talked to two young Americans, Michael Harbold and Peter Newton, who had just qualified for the final in the two-man kayak. Both seemed to be brimming with a sort of laid-back joy. Mike was wearing a straw hat and a lei—he and Peter are from Hawaii—and carrying a black fibreglass paddle. There would be nine boats in the final, he said, and he and Peter didn't want to speculate about their chances against such a field. "I mean, I look at the list, and I just go 'What are we *doing* here?' " Peter said. "These are all the guys we used to watch on videotape, the best in the world, and now we're supposed to *beat* them?" To reach the Olympics, Mike and Peter had surprised themselves many times before. Mike remembered his coach when he was a kid in Hawaii, an older Portuguese man, terrifying him about the "mainland guys" he would eventually have to face. "So I finally went to the mainland, to the 1986 nationals, in Indianapolis," Mike said. "And here were all these guys in pink spandex and flat-top haircuts. And here I was in my T-shirt and board shorts. They scared me to death. So I jumped in for my first race, and paddled as hard as I could, and I ended up so far in front I thought I was on the wrong course."

Mike now lives in Washington, D.C., and Peter is at college in Washington State, so their training time together is limited. But the fact that both are from Hawaii helps, they agreed. "I've got to be able to know how he's feeling without asking him," Mike said. "And there's a lot of nonverbal communication in the islands."

I remarked that some of the other national teams seemed to enjoy more government support than the Americans, and Mike and Peter shrugged. Commercial sponsors for kayakers and canoeists are rare or nonexistent; even the top paddlers remain essentially amateurs. But the relative purity and obscurity of their sport didn't seem to dampen Mike and Peter's pleasure in the glitzier parts of the Olympics. A few royal visitors had made their way out to the Canal when their subjects were in contention: the King of Sweden, the King of Spain. "That was cool," Mike said, speaking of the visit of Juan Carlos. "Just to see the King walk into some place, and everybody stands up, and they don't sit down again for as long as he's there."

Agustin Marina thought it was cool, too. So did his press secretary. We were talking in the Mayor's office at the end of a day that had brought not only the Spanish King and Queen out to the Canal but Barcelona's Mayor Pasqual Maragall and Jordi Pujol, the president of Catalonia. The opportunity for Marina to be seen, photographed, and televised in the company of such national and international figures was, his press secretary assured me, "very, very important." Though the Spaniards, as it turned out, had not won any medals, the Mayor seemed to be in a buoyant mood. He had changed his dark suit for a T-shirt, jeans, and espadrilles, and he was talking about his dream of turning Castelldefels into what he called "a city of services." The former Communist militant, who had once dreamed of a workers' revolution, and had taken his share of police blows for that fantasy, now sounded, I thought, much like any small-town, chamber-of-commerce American mayor.

A WHOLE generation of anti-Franco fighters has, like Marina, "become official" since the dictator's death, in 1975. And the political clarities of the Franco era have become blurred beyond recognition. One of my young Catalan hosts told me that the last resounding political moment he could recall took place in 1977. It was April 23rd, the Feast of St. Jordi, a major Catalan holiday, and a hundred thousand people massed in the streets of Barcelona for what was at the time the largest political demonstration in the city's history. The crowd concentrated itself eventually in the Plaça Sant Jaume, outside the office of the Francoist regional council. My friend could even now hear the enormous chant: "*Samaranch, fot al camp! Samaranch, fot al camp!*" ("Samaranch, get out of town!") The crowd was calling for the departure of the council president, Juan Antonio Samaranch. Today, Samaranch is the president of the International Olympic Committee. As such, he was largely responsible for bringing this year's Olympics to Barcelona.

In a different sort of transition to democracy, a man like Samaranch would have been sent to jail, or worse, for his service to the dictatorship. As the scion of a Barcelona manufacturing family, he had been an unusually enthusiastic Fascist. "It was very strange for a Catalan from a good family to associate himself with the political side

Cemeteries

Mark Twain once said, "New Orleans has no real architecture except that which is found in its cemeteries." With a water table less than two feet below the surface, and Catholicism's prohibition on cremation, New Orleans found a solution in the Spanish custom of above-ground burial in elaborate decorated tombs.

For a free guide to New Orleans call 1-800-932-1400, or write to New Orleans Tourism Marketing Corp., P.O. Box 61023, New Orleans, LA 70113-1023

Free Catalog
Teak and Mahogany Outdoor Furniture
Precision-cut Kits or Fully Assembled
All-weather furniture of enduring beauty and character, crafted to last a lifetime. Classic garden benches, porch swings, chairs, tables, rockers and lounges. Available fully assembled or as precision cut kits that are easy and fun to put together. Call or write for FREE COLOR CATALOG.
WOOD CLASSICS
Box 2Y39, Gardiner, NY 12525
(914) 255-7871

GALÁPAGOS
You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galápagos expedition. 60 trip dates. Machu Picchu option. Free brochure.
Inca Floats 510-420-1550
1311-Y 63rd St., Emeryville CA 94608

VENUS BROOCH
A whimsical sterling silver adaptation of Botticelli. Venus moves inside her frame. 2" $48 PPd. Catalog $2.00
Williamsburg Merchants
223 Parkway Drive
Williamsburg, VA 23185
1 (800) 545-4556
HAND & HAMMER SILVERSMITHS

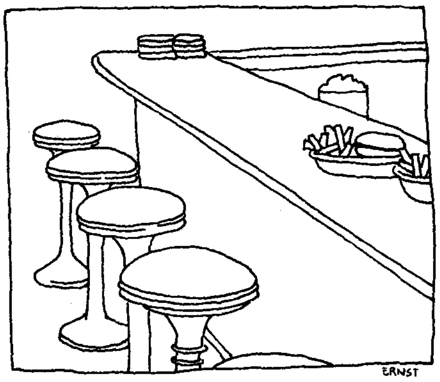
of Francoism," a professor at a Barcelona university told me. "To wear the Fascist blue shirt, to give the *Heil* salute—it was *bestial*. Someone from the petite bourgeoisie might have needed to do that sort of thing to survive, but Samaranch did not." The professor, who knows Samaranch socially, suggested that the extreme regimentation that authoritarian societies typically inflict on sports, Samaranch's chosen field of self-advancement, was a possible source of his political ardor. "If you want to become part of a Fascist or Communist state, this is one of the dirtiest, most pathetic ways," he said. "It is where they try to shape the nation's youth." Samaranch served as Franco's Minister of Sport, but most of the political posts he held were in his native Catalonia. He nonetheless spurned his mother tongue so assiduously, speaking only his master's Castilian, that when, at the Olympic opening ceremonies, he gave part of his speech in Catalan my companions at Daniel and Elisabet's place screamed with laughter at his accent.

"The man's rehabilitation was a major case," the professor told me. There was much argument, apparently, over the degree of Samaranch's responsibility for the dictatorship's crimes. As a general matter, it was decided that he had not been in charge of direct repression—though there were (and still are) voices recalling that the violent crackdowns of the early seventies in Catalonia came during Samaranch's watch as council president. In any case, Samaranch has not lived in Spain since 1977. After being hounded out of Barcelona, he landed, characteristically, on his feet—as Spain's Ambassador to the Soviet Union. And it was from Moscow that Samaranch made his way to the top of the International Olympic Committee, a secretive, powerful, unaccountable body, where the support of representatives from the East Bloc and other undemocratic states of the time was crucial to his rise.

The consensus in Spain after 1975 not to punish collaborators arose partly from people's fear of reliving the horrors of the civil war, in which a million Spaniards died. "To understand this country, you must always remember what the civil war did to people," Daniel told me. "Families were destroyed. Brothers fought on different sides." A transition without retribution was also a practical matter. Franco's chosen successor, King Juan Carlos, had been a Francoist, naturally, and so had Adolfo Suárez, the first post-dictatorship Prime Minister. "If we had started looking under the bedsheets of everyone in power, we would have created the largest possible political party—Those Who Were Afraid—at a time when there were no parties yet," Xavier Rubert de Ventos, a Catalan Socialist and classics scholar, told me. Spain's task, de Ventos said, was to break the cycle of vengeance. He drew a lesson from the Greek philosophers. "Aristotle was right," he said. "Whoever wants to organize a polis must organize the amnesia of the people."

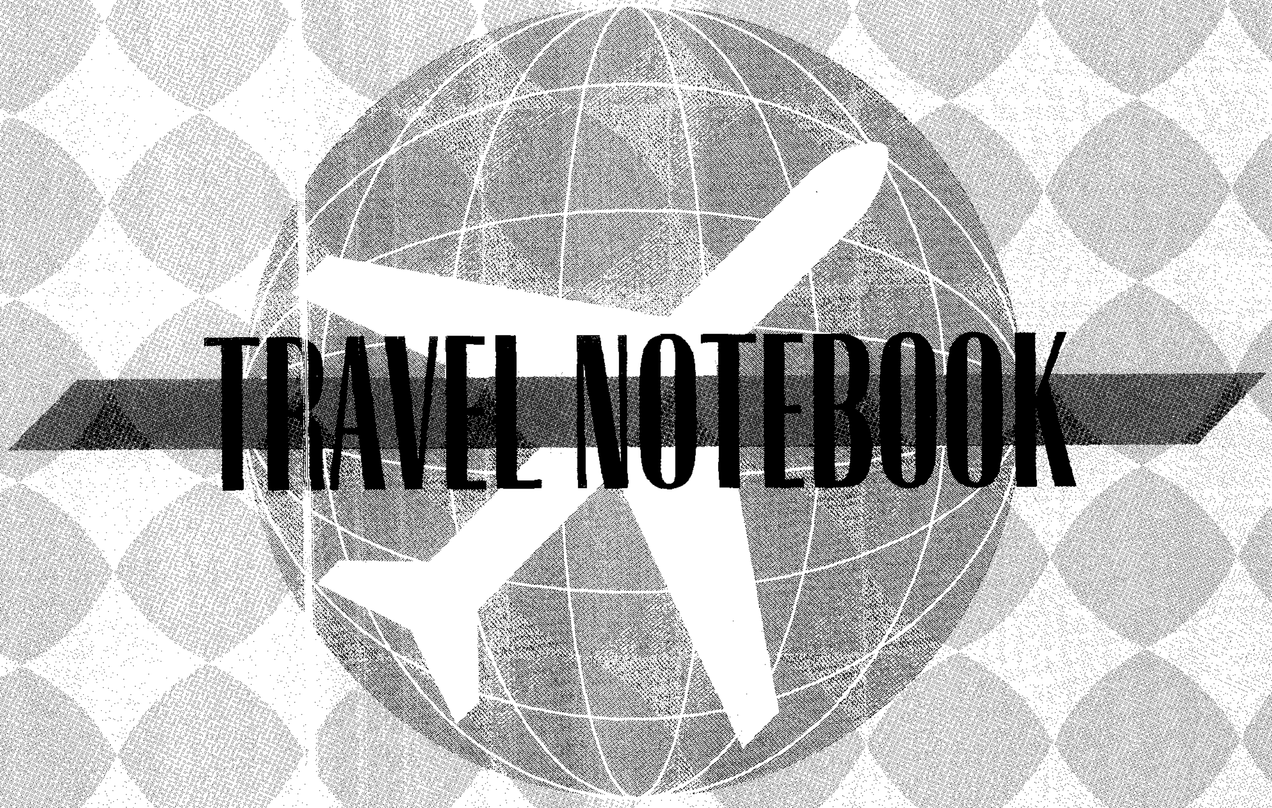
The Olympics had done wonders, as far as I could tell, for amnesia in Barcelona. Two successive Socialist mayors had worked with Samaranch to win the Games for the city, and among the other prominent organizers were a right-wing industrialist, an ex-Communist engineer, and Jordi Pujol, the conservative president of autonomous Catalonia. In the end, the Socialists had actually shown more enthusiasm for the Olympics than any other political faction. "It's surprising, I realize," Mayor Maragall told me. "You expect the left to be critical of the gigantism, the commercialism, that the Olympics inevitably involve. But we recognized this as an opportunity to do things we had wanted to do for a very long time. Franco punished Barcelona for its resistance during the civil war with almost forty years of neglect."

At a gala reception in Barcelona during the first week of the Olympics, the amnesia felt complete. Maragall and Pujol—major political rivals—were co-hosts, and the entire Catalan upper crust seemed to be on hand: hundreds of svelte and gleaming men in beautifully cut dark suits, hundreds of poised, burnished women in jewels and elegant evening gowns. The reception was held in the gardens of the Palau Reial de Pedralbes, a nineteenth-century palace in the leafy western suburbs. This palace, someone told me, was where Franco had stayed when he came to Barcelona. A swing band played near the fountain. Looking out over the crowd—Samaranch was there, naturally, and so was Xavier Rubert de Ventos—I remembered something an American historian living in Barcelona had told me. "The Spanish élite is still so small," he said. "And the Catalan élite is that much smaller. It's like what the United States must have been in the early nineteenth century, when you had to have gone to Groton if you wanted to be a bank president and to Exeter if you wanted to be something else." There is still a thin layer of wealthy Castilians at the top of the social and economic heap in Catalonia, but the Catalan bourgeoisie, which has been a formidable force in Spain since at least the mid-nineteenth century—when Catalonia became the first area of the country to industrialize—but had a rough ride under Franco, is today resurgent. The Catalan burghers have always been renowned for their pragmatism. Perhaps it accounts for their ability to reabsorb a prodigal like Samaranch.



The famous Barcelona working class, meanwhile, seemed not to be represented. Perhaps its members, who are no longer Catalans but Castilian-speakers—Andalusians, Galicians, Murcians—were home watching the party on TV. The grim apartment blocks in the dormitory cities where most of them reside, thrown up in the fifties and sixties by Francoist developers, are already falling down, victims of a concrete flaw known as Aluminosis. As it happened, one of the developers responsible for a large part of the Aluminosis problem was at the gala at the Palau Reial de Pedralbes. A rich and powerful man, he seemed to be having a wonderful time. I was told that he is mostly occupied these days with the city's new Museum of Contemporary Art, of which he is a major patron.

IN more conflicted societies, in more conflicted times, the planning for an Olympics tends to bring political tensions to a head. In the years leading up to the 1988 Games in Seoul, South Korea was racked by protest and vio-



TRAVEL NOTEBOOK

A truly remarkable travel experience begins with more than good intentions; it begins with careful planning. To design an extraordinary vacation, look through the following pages. Our "Travel Notebook" features distinctive offerings that make for unforgettable journeys.

America West Vacations®
BETTER THAN YOU EVER DREAMED.

America West Vacations. Take a walk on the shores of Lake Tahoe, discover the Old West in one of Reno's ghost towns, or enjoy the casino night life in Las Vegas. All this and more awaits you with one of our vacation packages. To make your vacation dreams come true, call your travel agent or America West Vacations at (800) 356-6611.

1

Angkor Wat Adventures. *Dear Harriet, Just got back from Angkor Wat last night. Bill from the office tells me I must be brave to have gone there. I felt safer at Angkor than I do jogging to your apartment. Just being there I felt like Indiana Jones. My adventure in Indochina was super, too, — lots of Buddhas. Next time we go together. Love you madly, Howard.* Experience the unusual. Call (416) 482-1223, or fax (416) 486-4001. Call (800) 253-6369 to order our video.

2

The World of Ansett.

Ansett Australia Airlines
Ansett New Zealand
EASTWEST
Great Barrier Reef Resorts
HAYMAN
Hamilton Island
SOUTH MOLLE ISLAND

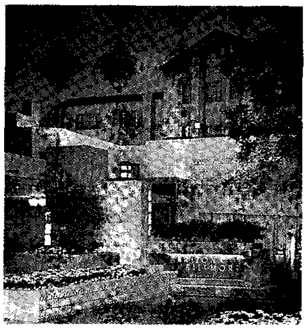
The Ansett Group of Airlines has perfected the art of travelling around Australia and New Zealand with its "Down Under Discount Deals" Pass. Now you can take advantage of these great "Deals" to the Great Barrier Reef Resorts of Hayman, Hamilton, and South Molle Islands. For reservations and information, contact your travel agent or Koala Tours at (800) 535-0316.

3

PHOENIX
MESA
SCOTTSDALE
TEMPE

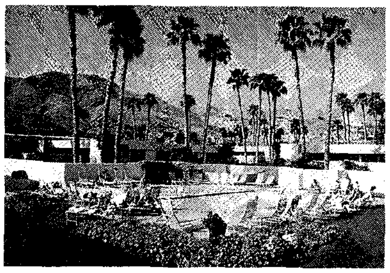
Arizona. The Grand Canyon State. American Indian crafts and culture. Cuisine from cowboy to continental. Legendary shops and galleries. Five-star resorts and cozy inns. More than 100 championship golf courses, 1,000 tennis courts, and over 300 days of sunshine a year. For more information call (602) 254-6500, or write: The Valley of the Sun, 400 E. Van Buren St., Suite 600, Phoenix, AZ 85004-2290.

4



The Arizona Biltmore opened in 1929 and remains one of the most highly awarded resorts in the world. Fresh from a multi-million dollar renovation, the Arizona Biltmore features 6 restaurants and lounges, 2 18-hole championship golf courses, 8 lighted tennis courts, 3 swimming pools, a health and fitness center, and recreational activities for people of all ages. Call (800) 950-0086.

5



The Autry Resort Hotel. The Legendary Glamour of Palm Springs. Thirteen beautifully landscaped acres, swimming pools, hot spas, 185 rooms and bungalows, award-winning cuisine, celebrity entertainment, and superb service. "One of the top five tennis schools in the USA" (*Town & Country*, June 1992). Special for *New Yorker* readers — $95 per night, Sunday through Thursday. The Autry Resort Hotel, 4200 East Palm Canyon Drive, Palm Springs, CA 92264. Call (619) 328-1171 or (800) 443-6328.

6

COLORADO
For A Free Vacation Kit, Call 1-800-COLORADO

Colorado Tourism Board. Our Ski Areas Come in All Shapes and Sizes. But Only One Color. Lots of people don't realize that we have more green, blue, and black terrain than anywhere else. Maybe that's because it's always covered over with white. Luckily white's your color. So call (800) 265-6723, extension 619, for our free Winter Vacation Kit.

7

WALK ENGLAND

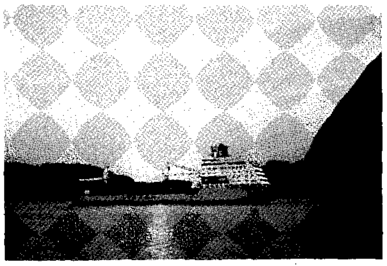
English Adventures

English Adventures. Travel back in time on our luxury tours to the enchanted villages and spectacular mountains of Wordsworth's Lake District, including visits to the Roman Wall and Yorkshire Dales. World-class walking and literary/cultural/culinary fun. Twelve-person groups. Private suites in a grand Victorian mansion. (303) 797-2365.

8

Essex House, Hotel Nikko New York. It's Everything You Remember. And More. After a two-year renovation, the grand, new Essex House has been restored to its former grandeur. From the Art Deco lobby to its great, new restaurants, you'll be happy to know that one of New York's treasures has now been restored. For reservations and information, call (800) NIKKO-US or (212) 247-0300.

9



Ivaran Lines. Ivaran's M/V Americana, the world's most luxurious cargo vessel, combines the amenities and cuisine of a continental hotel with the adventure of a freighter. Accommodations range from single cabins to suites, with rates for $7,875 to $14,310 per person for a 45-day cruise to colorful South American ports. For a free brochure, contact Ivaran Lines, 111 Pavonia Avenue, Jersey City, NJ 07310, or call (800) 451-1639. In New Jersey, call (201) 798-5656.

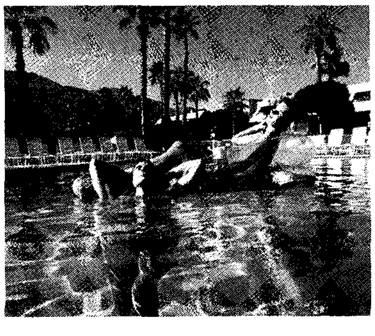
10

Milford Plaza

BEST WESTERN
Milford Plaza

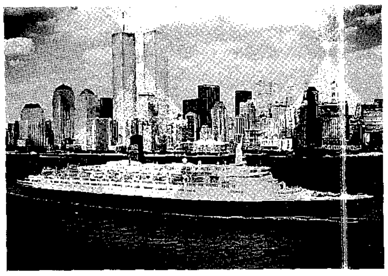
The Milford Plaza Hotel is truly the Lullabuy of Broadway — offering a great location with most theatres only a few steps away. The Milford offers value with a variety of group rates and special packages. Three restaurants are available including the world famous Mamma Leone's, Stage Door Canteen, and the Celebrity Deli. When your relatives or friends come to visit, call (212) 869-3600 for accommodations.

12



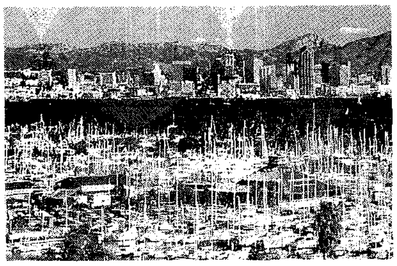
Palm Springs. Vacation in "the village of Palm Springs" for unlimited sunshine and just as many options. Hike and picnic in the lush Indian Canyons, or shop on Palm Canyon Drive. Swim, play tennis, ride the Aerial Tramway, dine, dance, or simply relax by the pool under a palm tree. Call (800) 34-Springs for a free 32-page vacation guide or to make hotel reservations.

14



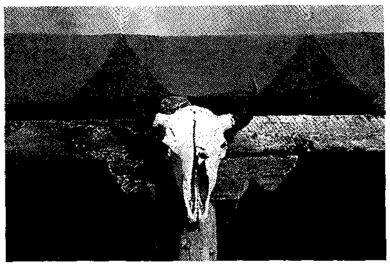
Queen Elizabeth 2 to Europe. Revel in 5 splendid days at sea on the superliner whose very name evokes images of luxurious staterooms, impeccable service, sumptuous menus, and visions of a glittering era of transatlantic travel. With 26 Atlantic crossings between April and December, QE2 offers return air transportation and a choice of all-inclusive European vacations. Call your travel agent. For a free brochure or our $8.95 video, call (800) 221-8200, code K40.

15, 16



San Diego Convention and Visitors Bureau. Free San Diego Vacation Packet shows why San Diego is perfect for vacations or getaways. San Diego offers an ideal climate, 70 miles of beaches, cultural opportunities, plus its famous attractions like the San Diego Zoo, Sea World, Horton Plaza, Old Town, Balboa Park, and nearby Mexico. Better start packing! Call (619) 236-1212.

17



Santa Fe. Come to where traditions live on. Our tri-cultural heritage and incredible scenic beauty make Santa Fe the visitor destination of the Southwest. Enjoy quality shopping and Southwestern cuisine, world-class museums and art galleries, white-water rafting and downhill skiing, and exploring ancient Indian ruins. Call (800) 777-CITY for a free visitors guide.

18

Sea Lodge/La Jolla Beach & Tennis Club. La Jolla's two most spectacular resorts share one magnificent beach. La Jolla Beach & Tennis Club and Sea Lodge feature fine restaurants, tennis, lush gardens, La Jolla's only beachfront location, and the gracious hospitality that only traditional family resorts can offer. La Jolla Beach & Tennis Club, (800) 624-2582. Sea Lodge, (800) 237-5211.

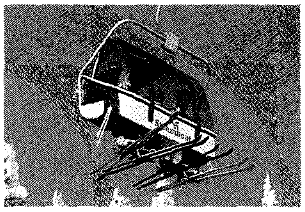
19, 20

Sven-Olof Lindblad's
SPECIAL EXPEDITIONS

Special Expeditions. Snorkel with a sea lion in Baja California. Explore ancient Mayan ruins. Discover a polar bear in the Arctic ice. Experience the earth's wild and beautiful corners in the company of naturalists and historians aboard our comfortable expedition ships. Wherever you go with Special Expeditions, it is always with a spirit of discovery and adventure. Call (800) 762-0003.

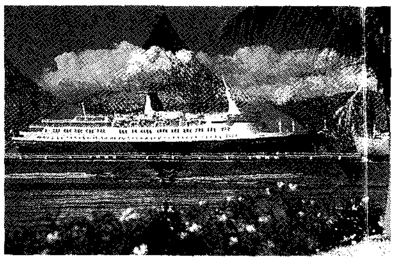
22

Steamboat.



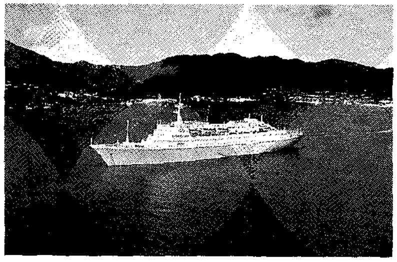
Steamboat. The Place To Ski. Something new has come to the Old West. The state-of-the-art in chairlift technology. Two new, high-speed, covered quads. Now you can ride from the bottom of our mountain to the top, covered all the way. For reservations, call (800) 922-2722, dept. 350.

23



Sun Line Cruises' Winter 1992/93 Program features luxury cruises to exotic zones including the Amazon River, the great cities of South America, and the Panama Canal. Sun Line also offers its Christmas in the Caribbean. All on board the 5-star Stella Solaris. Call your travel agent or send for a free 28-page brochure. (212) 397-6400.

24



Vistafjord's South America. This January 29 take a leisurely cruise to 15 exotic cities and idyllic islands. Sail for as little as 2 weeks up to 36 days roundtrip to and from Ft. Lauderdale venturing as far south as vibrant Buenos Aires. All aboard Cunard's 5 Plus Star Vistafjord. Call your travel agent. For a free brochure or our $8.95 video, call (800) 221-8200, Code K39.

25, 26

Woodstock Inn & Resort

Woodstock Inn & Resort, Woodstock, Vermont. A year-round resort in a charming Vermont village. In the fall, enjoy breathtaking foliage, plus antiquing and golfing. In winter, there's alpine skiing at our own Suicide Six, cross-country on 60 kms. of trails, ice skating, sleigh riding, and an indoor Sports Center with pool, tennis, squash, steam, sauna, and exercise rooms. Call your travel agent or (800) 448-7900 for reservations.

27

lent police response as the Chun Doo Hwan military government tried to enforce Seoul's Olympic slogan, "Harmony and Progress." On the eve of the 1968 Games in Mexico City, troops firing rifles and machine guns killed some three hundred and fifty protesters in the Plaza de las Tres Culturas, maiming and wounding a thousand. Somehow, in Barcelona, a city with a long and bloody history of class and political conflict ("Barcelona is one of the violent cities of Europe," V. S. Pritchett wrote in 1954), hardly a voice was raised in anger on the subject of the Olympics.

One of the few signs of popular skepticism I saw was a hand-painted banner hanging from a balcony in the Plaça Reial, in the Old City. Surrounded by the Catalan and Olympic flags of other residents, the banner showed an Olympian in running shorts, torch in hand, sweating heavily as a flaming arrow lodged in his rear end. "Barcelona '92," its message read. "Speculation, Repression, Misery, Unemployment." It was the sort of overstatement one expected, somehow, in the Plaça Reial, a seedy but architecturally stunning little square, where tourists sat in cafés back under the neoclassical arches, serenaded by aggressive singers—Gypsies and Andalusians who pounded their guitars as they wailed. The Plaça Reial reeked in the summer heat, and it retained a certain edge—drug dealers hung around the public telephones—but it was a prime target for gentrification and, like most of the rougher parts of the Old City, it had been overwhelmed and tamed for the duration of the Games by both the Olympic crowds and their watchmen, the massively reinforced police. A few blocks away was the harbor, where some ten thousand visitors were staying, under truly impressive security, on luxury yachts and cruise ships leased by the Olympics' corporate sponsors. Meanwhile, in the name of civic renovation, the raffish nearby waterfront known as Barceloneta had been almost entirely cleared of the low-rent seafood restaurants celebrated by Robert Hughes in "Barcelona."

It was possible to find dissenting voices. I talked, for instance, with José Miró, a wiry, gray-haired unreconstituted leftist, who is the president of a large federation of neighborhood associations, nearly all in the poorer barrios of Barcelona. Miró expressed a quiet, level anger about the government's failure to consult community leaders (such as him) on matters affecting the barrios—most notably Olympics-related development. The Olympic Village, built in a run-down industrial area and venerable working-class neighborhood known as Poble Nou, was a particular sore point. "After the Olympics, we were supposed to receive some of the housing built for the athletes, but now they say they are simply putting it on the market. The yuppies will buy it all." Miró pronounced "yuppie" to rhyme with "soupy," and the word came up often in his description of Barcelona—an incongruous flotsam of goofiness in an otherwise solid stream of earnest political Castilian. Outside the window, I could hear on someone's radio the tootling horns of Juan Luis Guerra's "La Bilirrubina," a Dominican merengue tune that was turning into the unofficial anthem of the Olympics. It sounded, for the moment, like music from a party to which someone had neglected to invite José Miró.

Most of those looking for a critical perspective on the Olympics seemed to make their way to the palatial hilltop home of Manuel Vásquez Montalbán, a popular author, gourmand, and self-described "democratic communist." I got there just behind two TV crews, who interviewed Montalbán on his patio in, successively, Catalan and French, and just in front of a third TV crew, who—after our chat—interviewed him in Italian. Montalbán has written a great deal about what he calls "the evolution of the anti-Francoist city of the nineteen-seventies into the Olympic city of the nineteen-nineties." Speaking of the Olympic Village and Poble Nou, he told me, "It's like putting Malibu next to Harlem. In the long run, the neighborhood that wins is Malibu." (Between interviews, Montalbán had managed to turn a profit on the Olympics himself, producing a mystery novel set in Olympic Barcelona and serialized in the Madrid daily *El País*, with a detective hero who lives, like Montalbán, in the mountaintop suburb of Vallvidrera, and who tries, unsuccessfully, to stay clear of all the Olympics fuss by barricading himself inside his house.)

When I mentioned Montalbán's criticism of the Olympics to Mayor Maragall, the Mayor said gently, "The public expects Montalbán to say such things. For that matter, I appreciate it. We need such voices." There were in fact few others. The labor unions, once the radical vanguard in Barcelona, were now so inconsequential that they had scarcely been consulted on any aspect of the planning for the Olympics. Maragall was both precise and philosophical when I asked him about Barcelona's gentrification. He actually endorsed the process for certain older areas of the city. He also said, "There are so many simplifications in urban life. Investment in a poor neighborhood will be called evicting the poor; non-investment will be called neglect." Maragall, who comes from one of the most distinguished families in Catalonia, struck me as a man unusually comfortable with the compromises and ambiguities of power in a democracy. During the Franco era, he was a clandestine militant in the Catalan Workers Front. Today, he would probably be comfortable within the ideological confines of the Democratic Party in the United States.

I WAS staying in Sant Cugat, a suburb west of Barcelona. Elisabet, my hostess, worked in Sabadell, an inland industrial city, where she was training as an internist at a public hospital. She thought I should come to the hospital, where I would see an aspect of local life that was being kept from visitors to the Olympic city. Elisabet worked in an emergency room where heroin and cocaine addicts and dealers sometimes had to be disarmed before they could be treated. She had patients who feigned back ailments to get government benefits and pain medication, which they then sold on the street. There was a ward at the hospital devoted to AIDS patients, most of them former heroin addicts. I kept pointing out that, sadly, I could see all these things within a mile of my home in New York. Elisabet thought I still didn't understand. On the way to her hospital, she told me, she passed through a neighborhood where the people were so poor, so desperate, that when she stopped her car at a traffic light men appeared with rags to wash her windshield.

I took the train each morning to Barcelona instead, travelling the last few miles underground, in the subway system, and even in the subway there was no mistaking Barcelona for New York. The trains were immaculate, and on most of the lines the cars had a futuristic, molded-plastic look, with lighted boards above a door indicating the name of the station being approached. The stations themselves all looked like showpieces. One afternoon, at an outdoor stop near the foot of the mountains—Barcelona fills the narrow plain between the Mediterranean and the Collserola range—I sat listening to a soft, clear version of "Samba Pa Ti" on the public-address system, and contemplating the flower boxes along the station's walls, which were overflowing with geraniums, petunias, and morning glories. I felt as if I had landed in Switzerland South. The other people on the platform were too stylishly dressed for Swiss, though. A clean, well-lighted, humanely designed subway system does wonders for the looks of the people who use it.

Modern Catalonia plays havoc with the concept of North and South—economically, technologically, symbolically. To the rest of Spain it has been, since at least the beginning of the Industrial Revolution, the North—wealthier, better developed, more efficient, more democratic, less priest-ridden, closer to Europe both physically and socially. It is a place where poor southerners go to work for higher wages. And many Catalans are, in fact, firmly oriented toward Europe and the rest of the world. Daniel and Elisabet, for instance, told me that they had each been to Madrid only once, he to get a foreign visa, she to demonstrate with other doctors against reductions in the national health-care budget. "I've been in San Francisco more than I've been in Madrid," Elisabet said. Meanwhile, Northern Europeans and Americans continue to regard Barcelona, along with the rest of Spain, as part of the sunny, romantic South—the country of painters, bullfights, and, above all, the civil war as depicted by Orwell and Hemingway. ("It was the last pure war," Rubert de Ventos, the classicist, said. "So it has always generated a great deal of nostalgia.")

An industrial engineer in Castelldefels told me that he welcomed the Olympics as an opportunity to show the rest of the world that Spain was not

Five Pairs of Earrings for the Price of One

Clip or pierced . . . yours for just $29.95

Exclusively from Kenneth Jay Lane

18 karat gold embellished settings

Five gemstone colors: pearl • ruby emerald • sapphire • onyx

Earrings shown actual size.

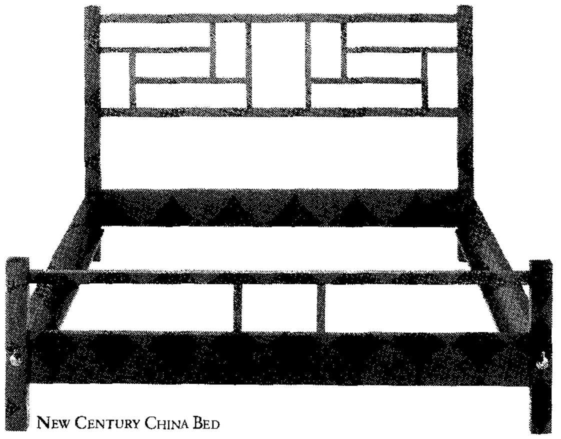
FIRST LADIES, royalty, and movie stars wear jewelry created by Kenneth Jay Lane. Now you can wear it too.

You can change the inset stones in these earrings to suit your whim or wardrobe. They come in five colors. Magnets hold them in place. Slip one off, slip another on. It is fast, easy, and fun. Available clip or pierced.

This five-in-one set is yours for just $29.95, including the compact travel case. 30-day money-back guarantee. Lifetime warranty against breakage or tarnishing.

Call Toll-Free (24 hrs., 7 days)
1-800-233-3489, ext K48
to order with VISA or MasterCard. Or mail check for $29.95 plus $3.95 shpg/hdlg (NY & RI res. add sales tax) to KJL (Dept. K48). Specify clip or pierced.

K·J·L by Kenneth Jay Lane
"Jeweler to the World's Most Admired Women"™
417 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10016



A Chinese way of ordering space.

NEW CENTURY CHINA BED

THOS. MOSER
CABINETMAKERS
CATALOG $9

SHOWROOMS
ALEXANDRIA 703-548-3447
PHILADELPHIA 215-922-6440
SAN FRANCISCO 415-931-8131

415R CUMBERLAND AVE.
PORTLAND, ME 04101
207-774-3791

GLITTERING 8-DAY, 7-NIGHT PACKAGES FROM $779!

this winter...say "OUI" to Saint Martin and The French Caribbean

featuring the Mont Vernon all-Suite Beachfront Resort. All prices include:

- Round trip air from JFK to St. Martin
- 7 nights in an air-conditioned suite with private terrace
- Buffet breakfast daily
- 1 1/2 miles of sugar sand beach, complimentary water sports equipment, tennis, horseback riding, fitness center - and the largest pool on St. Martin.
- Round trip airport transfers
- Tax and service charges

Also available 7-night packages to Martinique, Guadeloupe, St. Lucia, St. Barths and Nevis plus glamorous yacht charters

To receive a free brochure, use the coupon below or call
1-800-JET BROCHURE.
For reservations, see your Travel Specialist or call
1-800-538-0999.

NAME ______________________________
ADDRESS ____________________________
CITY ____________ STATE ____ ZIP ________
MAIL TO: JET VACATIONS C/O DISTRIBUTION SERVICE
2039 NINTH AVENUE
RONKONKOMA, N.Y. 11779

Jet Vacations

USTOA $5MILLION CONSUMER PROTECTION

CARIB NYER

Latin America. After three weeks in and around Barcelona, I was at least no longer confused on that score. And yet I wasn't surprised, somehow, to hear that the movie Oliver Stone is planning to make in Barcelona is not about the contemporary Olympic city. It's a film version of "Homage to Catalonia."

FOR Americans, and for much of the world, the essential story line of the Olympic Games since the fifties has been East vs. West. And there were still a few flickerings of this leitmotiv in Barcelona. I went to see the United States and Cuba play baseball. The game was held in a new stadium in a huge, bleak dormitory city southwest of Barcelona called L'Hospitalet de Llobregat. Angry graffiti covered the walls I passed while walking through the neighborhood from the subway—swastikas and, more frequently, the stencilled raised fist and rifle of the Juventud Comunista Español. A crowd of residents outside the stadium gates chanted, "*Cuba sí! U.S.A. no!*" Inside the stadium, it was a muggy evening, with black clouds drifting among the hills and endless rows of identical apartment blocks beyond the fence. It was a terrible game—over four hours long, nine errors, aluminum bats. The Cubans won, 9-6, and their fans were delirious. But the meaning of the game was ambiguous. The capitalist imperialist Americans were, after all, true amateurs—college kids, most of them preparing to report to the lower levels of the minor leagues—while the Cubans, who went on to win the gold medal, were a polished, "professional" team. (The only reason the Cubans allowed the Americans any runs that night, I was assured by an American reporter, was that they were distracted by rumors that Fidel Castro had just been overthrown in a coup. More specifically, this mind reader told me, the Cubans were dropping fly balls because they were busy calculating just how many dollars their skills might now fetch in the Yankee major leagues.)

But the East-West theme was, of course, basically defunct. I went to see Pete Sampras play the Russian tennis ace Andrei Cherkasov. The match went five sets, and included some breathtaking points—Cherkasov finally won it—and yet it was most notable simply for the lack of partisan feeling surrounding it. The players could have been two guys from the same Canadian province. Certainly the idea of a grand ideological conflict being acted out at the Olympics seemed hopelessly passé. Even China, the new Socialist-state sports juggernaut, was reportedly rewarding its gold-medal winners with fifty thousand dollars and a solid-gold soda can worth six thousand dollars.

Commercialism was the universally acknowledged new king of the Olympics, and it cast many events in a sickly light. Sponsors were affecting coaching decisions—the surprise last-minute choice of Nike's client, Michael Johnson, for the American 4 x 400 relay team by a coach on Nike's payroll was only the most blatant incident. And the disturbing possibility that some athletes might actually feel more loyalty to their sponsors than to their native lands was driven home by Michael Jordan's threat to boycott the basketball medal ceremony if he was forced to wear an outfit by Reebok. Although the decision to sell the Olympics and all its fixtures to the highest corporate bidders was originally made by the officials of the various Olympic Committees—notably Peter Ueberroth in Los Angeles in 1984—one of its unintended effects has been to finance the virtual independence of at least the top athletes from the control of Olympic officials.

It's not that the International Olympic Committee is in danger of losing its power. Indeed, its wealth and arrogance seem to grow daily, and Samaranch has made it clear that, at the age of seventy-two, he has no intention of stepping down from its presidency. (His friend King Juan Carlos recently rewarded him for his labors by making him the Marquis of Samaranch.) What is occurring is a vast worldwide merchandising drive, which is wiping out weaker structures, like the genteel dream of amateurism, while creating new alignments. For the mere fan, it can be disorienting. When Sergei Bubka fails in the pole vault, who feels sorrow? Nobody more than Nike, we sense—and the pain of corporate image-tenders will always leave the rest of us cold, if not actively gleeful.

As an Olympic framework, though, commercialism may be ultimately preferable to the Games' traditional organizing principle, nationalism. In Barcelona, one had only to read about events in the former Yugoslavia to recall the disasters to which nationalism has too often lent itself. In fact, the cautionary nightmare of Bosnia was being widely seen within Spain as the reason for the failure of Catalan nationalists to capitalize more fully on the Games. Although young people were distributing "Freedom for Catalonia" leaflets to foreigners on the streets of Barcelona, it clearly wasn't a propitious time to be pushing a separatist agenda internationally—and, in any case, the suggestion that the overwhelmingly middle-class, politically dominant Catalans (only a small minority of whom support independence) are an oppressed people was not likely to persuade anyone actually visiting Catalonia. The efforts of the nationalists to make the Games an exclusive advertisement for Catalonia—Jordi Pujol's regional government mounted an international publicity campaign, which included full-page ads in the New York *Times*, firmly locating Barcelona "in Catalonia, of course"—also seemed plagued by heavy-handedness, particularly since the national government was footing most of the Olympics bill. On the whole, with Mayor Maragall coördinating the festivities, the Games seemed to be an advertisement for the Socialists' cosmopolitan idea of Catalonia rather than for the nationalists' more provincial version. The unexpectedly rich haul of medals for Spain—leading to the unprecedented spectacle of Barcelona crowds chanting "Spain! Spain!"—offered another powerful counter to Catalan nationalist feeling.

And yet, with the great ideological contest of the twentieth century effectively decided in favor of market capitalism, what is there to organize people's political passions *other* than nationalism? According to Rubert de Ventos, who is a delegate to the European parliament, nationalism is "the new danger" in the minds of successful European politicians, of both the left and the right. "It has replaced Communism," he said. At the Barcelona Olympics, the great fear was of a terrorist attack by Basque nationalists. None occurred, blessedly, but Basque nationalism remains a fierce, unsolved problem for Spain. Catalan nationalism is of another order, politically speaking, but its well of popular feeling runs just as deep. I even began to feel its swirling currents in little Castelldefels.

HISTORY feels all but effaced in a place like Castelldefels. On a busy road in the city center, a man who grew up there in the forties studies the blank rows of six-story apartment blocks lining the street in search of a single building that he remembers from his childhood. In a shoe store on the ground floor of one of the apartment blocks, I find an old man, half deaf but bright-eyed, who tells me about fighting in the civil war here, and being captured by the Fascists and sent to a concentration camp in Murcia. Somehow, if I understand him correctly, he learned to cut hair in Murcia, and came home as a barber. He can tell me exactly where the bombs dropped by Franco's planes landed in Castelldefels—and yet his stories have the antique, stylized air of medieval chivalric tales. Another man, the head of a local merchants' association, takes me to lunch and talks about the early days of the Franco era in Castelldefels. In the forties, he says, when he and his friends would dance the *saldana*, a traditional Catalan round dance, the local Franco youth group would attack them. If they spoke Catalan at school, they were reprimanded and told, "Speak Christian!" Again, it all seems quite unreal: listening to this jolly, conservative small-town businessman discuss the various political "lines" developed and fought over in the clandestine networks of the fifties and sixties while we sit, in the Olympic nineties, picking our way through heaping platters of *tallarinas* (shellfish), *escaxaida* (cod), and *suquet de peix* (combination plate).

Castelldefels has its clandestine networks, but today they consist of wealthy foreigners living in large houses on the hills south of town. Colombians mainly, they keep to themselves behind their high garden walls, coming to the attention of their neighbors only when one of them suddenly appears in the news—being ushered into a car by customs agents or international narcotics police. Suspicious characters have always turned up in Castelldefels—Barcelonans on the lam, renting cheap beach apartments in the winter—but the new, low-profile foreigners are different: their wealth and anonymity give the town a buzz, an injection of loose cash and exotic cars. And the town is getting measurably richer—though not necessarily by criminal means. Castelldefels is riding the general tide of Spanish, and particularly Catalan, prosperity. Its middle class is growing rapidly. Much of the growth comes from young professionals fleeing the high cost of housing in Barcelona, and some of the newcomers are living in their parents' second homes. While Castilian-speakers remain the majority, the town is steadily becoming, in a word, more Catalan.

For Agustín Marina, this trend means trouble. He likes to say that he has middle-class support in Castelldefels, and could not be mayor without it, and that is probably true, but his wife, Africa Lorente Castillo, is blunter. She helped found the Socialist Party in Castelldefels in 1974. She, too, had only recently come to town, as a schoolteacher, from Murcia. The sharp edges of her radicalism did not wear down as quickly as her husband's, though, and people in Castelldefels still remember her anger, her harangues. "Africa was the hot one, Marina was the cool one," a former comrade told me. Africa has largely withdrawn from politics in recent years, concentrating on her job as director of the city's media-and-tourism office. Still, I found her refreshingly forthright. Demographically, she said, the Socialists in Castelldefels were imperilled. The working-class population was not growing. What was needed, obviously, was more working-class housing. Construction would begin, therefore, on a big new housing project later this year. Africa shrugged, then smiled, seeming to say, "The advantages of incumbency—use 'em or lose 'em."

Such advantages infuriate the opposition, naturally. I talked with two men, Ramón Martín and Ramón Freixenet, from the local branch of the Convergence and Union, Jordi Pujol's conservative, Catalan-nationalist party. Their day was coming, they maintained. The Convergence already controlled six hundred of the approximately one thousand municipalities in Catalonia—it was only in and around Barcelona that the Socialists hung on to power. And in Castelldefels, to judge from the tales told by Martín and Freixenet, they did so only by trickery. The older immigrants, many of them illiterate, were frightened into voting Socialist by stories about how Jordi Pujol would send them back to Andalusia if they didn't. Martín and Freixenet were earnest, likable fellows, yet I somehow doubted whether many Andalusian immigrants would be reassured of the Convergence's good intentions toward them by the history lesson Freixenet gave me, which contained a lot of Charlemagne defending Catalonia against

Oh, what a beau-ti-ful morn-in',
Oh, what a beau-ti-ful day.
I got a beau-ti-ful feel-in'
Ev-'ry-thing's go-in' my way.

IN DEEP DENIAL

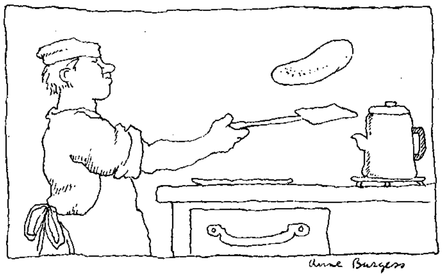
the Arabs. "We've existed as a nation for a thousand years," Freixenet declared. "Spain has existed for only five hundred years."

As for Agustín Marina, that Socialist from Asturias, he had lied about his past, the Convergence men claimed. His father had actually been a Francoist, "and the boy grew up in the shadow of the regime." The Convergence men were wrong about Marina and his father, as far as I could tell, but it was significant that they tossed such accusations around. Nearly a generation after the peaceful transition to democracy, and despite the near-miraculous reconciliation that had occurred, the mere presence of Francoism within one's family could still be an explosive charge. (This may be more true in Catalonia, where the right is not neo-Francoist but nationalist, than elsewhere. Jordi Pujol, the leader of the Catalan right, spent seven years in Franco's prisons.) Of course, Spain after Franco bore some similarities to Germany after Hitler, when scarcely an ex-Nazi could be found. At least, I met no one in or around Barcelona who admitted to having supported Franco when he was alive.

The Convergence men also charged that the Socialists in Castelldefels were seeking to drive the culture wedge deeper between immigrant workers and Catalans, but this, too, was a dubious proposition. Beginning with the school curriculum, which was controlled by the Catalan autonomous government, virtually everything in Catalonia propelled immigrants in the direction of Catalan culture. Where it had once been illegal to speak Catalan, it was now necessary to do so in order to get ahead. Certainly, old-fashioned class solidarity presented few obstacles to assimilation. "The Spanish working class is in decadence, in agony," an old Catalan anarchist and civil-war veteran told me. What he meant, he explained, was that the decline in worker militancy was rendering the working class politically obsolete. And he was right, I thought. In the meantime, however, the workers in and around Barcelona seem to be enjoying their decadence, their agony. Under the Socialists, they have shared in Spain's remarkable economic growth. They own cars, televisions, VCRs. They take five-week paid vacations. Their apartments may be cramped and shoddy, but they generally own them. Ask a worker from Andalusia today if he is a member of the working class, and he will most likely answer, "No. I am a technician."

With the virtual disappearance of class-consciousness, the Communists, desperate to stop their own slide toward oblivion, have actually begun to include Catalan nationalism in their appeals to the masses of Catalonia. A serious economic downturn could always twist the face of Catalan nationalism from today's benign expression into a far harsher mask—of tribal frustration and the search for scapegoats. For now, though, the class enemy seems to be scarcely identified. One day, in a working-class district in Castelldefels, I noticed a shop called Regalos Yuppi. (*Regalos* means "gifts.") I asked a young Castilian, walking past with his daughter, what "yuppi" meant, pronouncing it more or less as José Miró did. He said, "Something pretty. Something cheap. Something new." Did it not mean a kind of person? I asked. No, he assured me, it meant something new.

THE Olympics were something new, and, while the Canal in Castelldefels never seemed to really *connect* with the town, the organizers' call for volunteers found hundreds of young takers, some Catalan and others Castilian-speaking. (In Barcelona, the volunteers numbered a hundred thousand.) These teen-agers abandoned their usual summer routine—which for many of them had meant catching the last train of the evening into Barcelona, partying in one of the city's all-night clubs, straggling back on a morning train, having chocolate and *churros* for breakfast, taking a nap on the beach, then doing it all again—for two weeks of running and fetching around the Canal. All the volunteers I asked said that, at worst, it was less boring than whatever they would have been doing otherwise. They formed collective opinions of the various national squads. The Lithuanians were rated most appreciative: any little thing you did for them, they were grateful. The Germans were generally judged most arrogant. The Americans, according to my sources, were very sure of themselves.



As it turned out, the Americans' confidence was misplaced. They won only one bronze medal in Castelldefels. Michael Harbold and Peter Newton finished eighth in the two-man kayak final. The ethereality that surrounded the canoeing and kayaking may or may not have helped ease the horror of not winning. I thought that it did. I also thought it noteworthy that no records—world or otherwise—seemed to be set in the events. When kayaks were flashing down the Canal at unprecedented speeds, Mike and Peter said things like "These are the lowest times anybody's ever seen!" They also said, when I asked about the composition of the American team, that it was made up of "ten men, five women, and six canoeists." The canoeists do have a peculiar stroke, racing up on one knee, but the rhythm and power of their paddling as they drive their frail vessels over the water is dazzling.

At the end of the last day of competition, the city of Castelldefels threw a party for the athletes and the volunteers. It was held outdoors, on the grounds of the hilltop castle from which the town takes its name. I heard several Americans exclaiming over the castle. This, a heavily muscled young woman said, was—unlike the Olympic Village, where they were staying—the *real* Spain. Actually, although small parts of the castle survived from the fourteenth century, most of it was the fin-de-siècle folly of a rich Barcelonan, whose taste in architecture closely prefigured Walt Disney's. A local salsa band helped power the party, and the till-now-mothlike volunteers got the chance to be butterflies and show the Olympic athletes how to move to a Latin beat. None of the party's many chaperons seemed to be concerned that the maidens of Castelldefels might earn themselves *mala fama* by mixing too freely with the glamorous kayakers, and it struck me that, for all the medieval images that still cling to the country, *this* was "the real Spain": a thoroughly modern land, increasingly sexy and shockproof and rich.

The next day, down at the town hall, Agustín Marina was musing on the future of the Canal. I had heard that it was already plagued by some monster algae, which grew at the rate of two feet a month. The cost of keeping down this algal forest was prohibitive, and, now that the Games were done, the Canal might be overgrown. Marina said it wasn't so. They were staying ahead of the algae, and were stocking the Canal with fish. Eventually, he said, they might get American trout or black bass, and perhaps put on casting and fishing contests. I thought that that sounded good; bass fishing, the joke went, might be one of the demonstration sports at the 1996 Olympics in Atlanta. (Stock-car racing was another possibility.)

I asked Marina how he had felt about working with a man like Juan Antonio Samaranch. He said, somewhat defensively, that there had been no problem. "Everything can change, even convictions," he said. "There is a saying here: 'Water that's gone by doesn't move the mill wheel.' It's what is yet to come that matters, because if the mill wheel isn't turned there's no wheat or bread." This, I thought, was the essence, somehow, of the modern Spanish Socialist's vision: using bygone imagery—mill wheels for bread production—to endorse forward-looking adaptability. Marina himself, the poor boy from Asturias, the immigrant speaking halting Catalan in a party whose regional leaders nearly all came from the Catalan upper class, was a marvel of adaptability. He was a wanderer who had found a home—when he spoke of Castelldefels, he often made a gathering, patting motion with his hands: a garrulous shepherd's self-consciously tender gesture to indicate his flock. His press secretary could not have scripted it. Of course, not everyone was as blithe as Marina claimed to be about what preceded this fluid new democratic Spain. When I asked his wife, Africa, about working with Samaranch, she sighed. "*Hombre, el pasado pesa*," she said. ("Man, the past weighs.") "But you have to live here. He was a Francoist, but he was able to evolve. I've also evolved."

One afternoon, I sat in an outdoor café on the quiet, shady pedestrian *rambla* in the center of Castelldefels with Pedro Polo, a bearded engineer and Marxist from Madrid. Brawny beach boys with earrings rode past on bicycles, shyly ignoring the greetings of a group of girls, whom I recognized as ex-volunteers. Pedro Polo scorned the classless Socialism of Agustín Marina and his party, and lamented the decline of working-class radicalism. "Have you seen our trade-union leaders today, those who are not on holiday in Switzerland?" he asked me. "They all look like Don Johnson. This is what we are left with today—consumerism, moving to the rhythm of 'Miami Vice.' " Polo blamed the Socialists, primarily, for what he saw as the decadence of Spanish politics. "Look at the Olympics. They have never even bothered to explain to the people the political meaning of the Olympics. The Socialists are no longer a party of militants. They are simply a party of friends." To my surprise, Polo said that he supported Agustín Marina. The mere fact that the local right hated the Mayor so much had won the man his vote, he said. Score one, I thought, for bourgeois democracy.

At another café, on another afternoon, Jordi Notó was also ruing the state of Spanish politics. He, too, thought that the Socialists had become hope-

Now enjoy Starbucks exotic CARE coffees, at half the regular price.

At Starbucks our coffee buyer traverses the globe in search of the world's finest coffees. Now you can savor the results of their effort – at a special introductory price.

Enjoy aristocratic Guatemala Antigua, full-bodied Kenya, classic Estate Java, and exotic Sumatra Boengie – and transport yourself to a distant land.

The CARE Sampler includes four ½ lb. bags and costs just $8.95, plus shipping (regularly $18.95). It's a wonderful introduction to some of Starbucks finest coffees.

And when you purchase your CARE Sampler, Starbucks will donate $4 directly to CARE programs for children's health and literacy in Guatemala, Indonesia and Kenya. One more reason to order your CARE Sampler today.

KENYA
GUATEMALA
JAVA
STARBUCKS COFFEE

STARBUCKS COFFEE

1-800-445-3428
Ext. 2C-3A

Offer ends 12/31/92. Limit 1 per customer. Starbucks Coffee Company, 2203 Airport Way S., PO Box 34510, Seattle, WA 98124-1510
Starbucks Coffee supports CARE, the respected international relief and development agency.

THE NEW YORKER

READER SERVICES

1.800.447.6553

Use our convenient touch-tone phone line to hear special messages about the quality products and services listed below. Call toll-free from any touch-tone phone:

☎

The Nature Conservancy

Endangered animals and plants need you! Join the group that has protected more than 6.3 million acres of habitat.
For membership and general information call:
30173

Martell Cognac

Cognac connoisseurs, call for a free subscription to L'Art de Martell, a celebration of the Art of Cognac and of life's finest pleasures.
For your free subscription call:
30167

Berger Associates, Inc.

"We believe that profitable, successful companies are apt to become profitable, successful investments. Mediocre companies are the reason most people are disappointed investors."
For a prospectus of the Berger 100 Fund and the Berger 101 Fund call:
30169

☎

ADVERTISEMENT

lessly bland. "No choice at all," he said. What was really bothering Notó, though, was something darker, more inchoate. He was a large-eyed, earnest man in his thirties. A Barcelonan lured to Castelldefels by the lower cost of living, he worked for the local radio station. I had seen him hurrying around the Canal, microphone in hand. He also put out a free monthly magazine, which, in Catalan and Spanish, took a critical, independent look at local politics. (Pedro Polo was one of his columnists; Aluminosis was one of the magazine's stories.) Notó's problem was loneliness. He was a Catalan in a Castilian-speaking town. He liked the fact that an outsider like Marina could become a mayor in Catalonia—no Catalan would ever be a mayor in Asturias or Andalusia, he was sure—but he still felt isolated, alienated from the local culture. "And the foreigners—the British, the Germans—are a closed circle," he said. "Their parties are incredibly boring."

The Olympics had offered him a break from the dissatisfactions of his routine. And they had produced a kind of irrational euphoria in many people. But, now that they were over, there were bills to pay. Notó had been to Montreal, a city that was practically bankrupted by the 1976 Olympics. It *still* hadn't paid off its Olympic debts. And it had never figured out alternative uses for many of the new facilities. Some were all right for concerts, but you couldn't really hold a concert in a Canal, could you? Notó foresaw hard economic times, at least locally. Now that Spain was no longer cheap, tourism was falling off. I pointed out that there were worse things, really, than becoming a rich country, and Notó laughed, and agreed. It wasn't that he wished for a return to the bad old days, he said. "Twenty years ago, we couldn't even have had this conversation here. We would have had to go to my apartment, and post a lookout to make sure no one heard us discussing politics." It was just that things were changing so fast, he said. Sometimes it seemed that the world hardly made sense anymore. "In Catalan, we have a word, *rauxa*, that means euphoria, like a celebration. And we have another word, *seny*, that you can't really translate. It's like common sense. Well, we have had too much *rauxa* here lately. We have to get back to *seny*."

—WILLIAM FINNEGAN

MUSICAL EVENTS

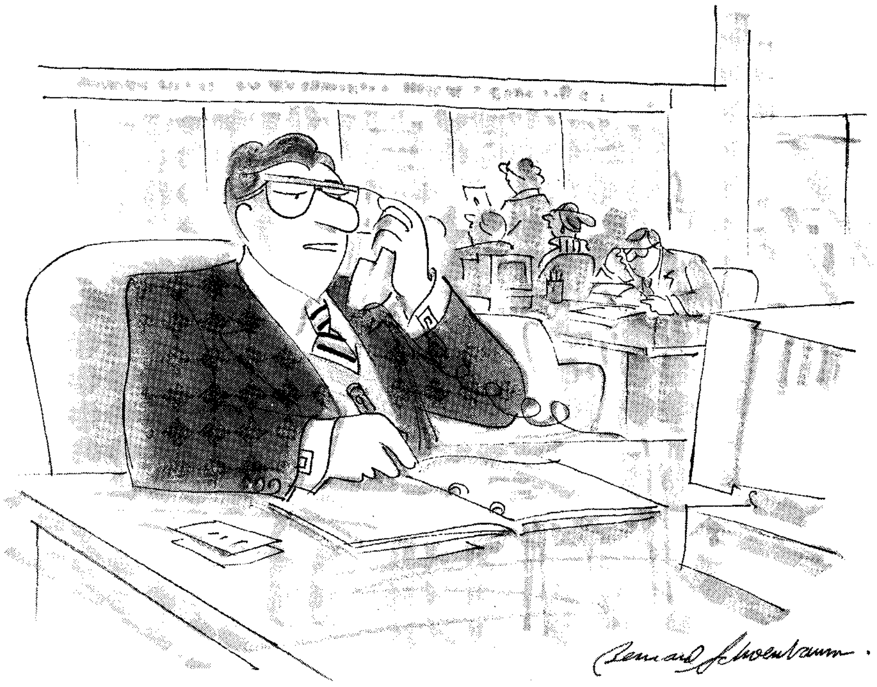
Out from the Shadows

TCHAIKOVSKY'S is a curious posthumous fate, to have remained one of the world's favorite composers and yet still to be so dimly known. Scholars and popular biographers continue to argue about what in the present state of the world is taken as the central matter of his life: his sexual activity. Controversy goes on, too, about whether that was also the central matter of his death—whether he was a careless victim of cholera or whether a court of honor, rigged up by old schoolfellows, obliged him to commit suicide in order to forestall a homosexual scandal. At the same time, much of his music rests in darkness. Many of the familiar works were played last month at the Edinburgh Festival, but the great value of this immediately pre-centenary Tchaikovsky celebration was in going further, into the unexplored outback. So it was that I found myself at an all-Tchaikovsky orchestral program of four items, none of which I'd ever heard in the concert hall before.

Paul Daniel and the English Northern Philharmonia began this strange and surprising occasion with the original version of the Second Symphony, which Tchaikovsky wrote in 1872 and replaced in the winter of 1879-80, having in the meantime composed Nos. 3 and 4. One could guess why he might have been dissatisfied. The 1872 score is a touch garrulous. (A good chunk of the finale was dropped in the revision, and the main body of the first movement, between the slow introduction and its postludial reprise, went as well.) Tchaikovsky's first thoughts were also more complicated (especially in the woodwind parts of the scherzo) and more combative: the discarded first-movement allegro turns out to have been an altogether bigger, darker, rangier piece. Yet this particular substitution suggests that Tchaikovsky's reworking might have been prompted not only by professional dissatisfaction but also by the wish to create a blither image of his youthful years than had been possible at the time. Comparisons are inevitably hindered by the familiarity of the later score, which was constantly in the mind, shadowing this performance, and so making the differences unduly prominent. However, it seemed that the 1872 version was both engagingly, freshly riskier and, paradoxically, closer to the later Tchaikovsky in its impetuosity.

Other discoveries came in the rest of the program. Three songs—the only ones Tchaikovsky orchestrated (Mr. Daniel and John Longstaff had rescored "Does the day reign?," for which the composer's instrumentation is lost)—were attractively sung by Elena Prokina. And though the single finished movement of the Third Piano Concerto was confirmed as a desperate lashing at one good idea, the Concert Fantasia, also for piano and orchestra, was a real find. What's remarkable about this piece, dating from 1884, is not so much its material—a tour of the great clichés of Romantic keyboard writing, plentifully repetitive, and generally taking place at the characterless level of scales and arpeggios—as its orchestration, including a lively pair of glockenspiels, and its form. The first of the two movements is unexceptionably concerto-like in its opening and closing sections, but in the middle comes a huge, ten-minute piano cadenza while the orchestra sits back. The second movement is even odder. It starts out as an andante, but after a while part of the orchestra decides the time has come for a finale, played molto vivace, and the two speeds, two types, are not just interleaved but, quite astonishingly, superposed, in a combination of tempos I'd not thought happened in Western music until Debussy and Ives. Maybe it's the very ubiquity of Tchaikovsky's music that makes one overlook what a formal innovator he was. Peter Donohoe was a dynamic soloist in both the concertante pieces. The orchestra was sometimes a bit stretched—especially in the knottier moments that it, too, presumably, was meeting in the Second Symphony—but under Mr. Daniel's encouraging direction the musicians kept a smile and a zest in their playing.

They'd come to Edinburgh principally to play for Opera North, which was presenting two works that Tchaikovsky wrote to form a double bill, though one of them, "The Nutcracker," long ago took off by itself, leaving companionless and neglected its mate, the opera "Yolanta" (also known variously, even within the pages of the Edinburgh program book, as "Iolanta" and "Yolande"). It's hard to be sure which of the two was meant to be the main course: both are pretty sweet. But both gain something from the juxtaposition for which they were made. They reflect each other in subject matter, since both are stories in which a central young female character is enabled, by a suddenly arriving man, to escape. There are also musical correspondences. The aria for the Moorish doctor Ibn-Hakia in "Yolanta," with its wobbling introductory ornaments, is an exotic



"I'd get out of children and into older people."

set piece like the Arabian and Chinese dances in "The Nutcracker." Then again, both works introduce what the Tchaikovsky scholar David Brown aptly distinguishes as "the Fate theme," essentially an emphatic downward scale that sounds through Tchaikovsky's music from the Fourth Symphony onward. The two works may also have been made to match in their openings: while "The Nutcracker" begins with strings alone, the start of "Yolanta" is scored only for woodwinds—an effect that displeased Rimsky-Korsakov but certainly sets the right tone of color-wash delicacy and fragile charm.

The opera is the story of the blind daughter of the historical King René of Provence (a character to be found also in Shakespeare's "Henry VI, Part I"), as told in a one-act play by the Danish writer Henrik Hertz, which Tchaikovsky's brother Modest adapted into a libretto. (The two brothers, always close, had recently worked together on "The Queen of Spades.") As the piece opens, Yolanta is discovered in a garden, surrounded by her women, including her nurse Marta. The king, at her birth, gave the order that nobody should ever tell her of her blindness, but she is beginning to realize that others have some faculty she does not, and the sense of a gap is dragging her into melancholy. Marta avoids her questions; the other women bring perfumed flowers, and when they sing a lullaby she sleeps. The king arrives with Ibn-Hakia, who examines the sleeping princess and declares that she can be cured, but only if she is first told of her disability. The king won't countenance this, and everyone leaves. Then Yolanta's betrothed, Duke Robert of Burgundy, enters with his friend Count Vaudemont. The duke is distraught because he is promised to Yolanta but has fallen in love with another lady. Vaudemont finds the still sleeping Yolanta and conveniently falls instantly in love with her. On a pretext, the duke goes off, and there follows the opera's climactic scene, in which Vaudemont declares his love, learns that Yolanta is blind (because she mistakes the colors of flowers he asks her to bring to him), and tells her so. Now she knows what she lacks, and when the others return she willingly goes off with Ibn-Hakia for treatment. The king releases Duke Robert from his obligation and approves Vaudemont as his prospective son-in-law. Yolanta is led in bandaged, proves able to see when the blindfold is removed, and joins with the company in a finale of praise to light and to God.

The exquisiteness of the piece, the lavishing of artistry (above all in the orchestral coloration), reminds one that "Yolanta" belongs to the same period as the fairy tales of Oscar Wilde. So precious, it could easily have collapsed in performance into fine splinters had it not been for the supporting, mirroring interest of "The Nutcracker," though in all other ways, too, the Edinburgh production did everything to gentle it into this world. The orchestral playing, under David Lloyd-Jones, was beautifully poised and placed (one needs to hear, as here one did, the tendrilous accompaniment as chamber music). There was also an excellent cast, led by Joan Rodgers, whose plaintiveness as the princess was a matter of musical and verbal clarity as much as of expressive contouring: one heard the words, one felt the tune. Alongside her came good cameos from Clive Bayley as Ibn-Hakia and Norman Bailey as the king. And the staging was nicely gauged to place the least possible weight on the piece. Anthony Ward found a simple fairy-tale look for the costumes (the handmaidens, crowned and each in a robe of one clean color, made a paintbox effect across the back of the stage), while Martin Duncan's directing presumed nothing more than to let the story tell itself as straightforwardly as possible.

"The Nutcracker" was utterly different. Opera North's collaborator on this was a smart new dance company, Adventures in Motion Pictures. Placing the action in a late-nineteenth-century orphanage (again given an elementary immediacy by Mr. Ward's design), the choreographer and director of A.M.P., Matthew Bourne, offered a dormitory of debunking, where the Christmas tree was a wretched bare shrub in a pot and Frau Silberhaus a prancing starched matron in a dubious relationship with the governor, Dr. Dross. All this, though amusing enough, was a trifle hectic and heartless. However, some of Mr. Bourne's other ideas engaged skillfully with the music instead of attempting to send up the whole history of its stage representation.

Playing the two acts without an interval provided the occasion for a spectacular scene change and also allowed the fantasy to grow out of the appalling gray institution (then, at the end, to fold back into it). The confectionery divertimento was strengthened dramatically by being done as a sequence of arrivals at the Sweetieland party, where the guests—a "Liquorice Trio" of slick black-haired cyclists, a lounging male solo "Knickerbocker Glory," a quintet of "Marshmallow Girls," fluffy, pink, and bouncing—paraded themselves in front of the doorman, while all the time Clara, lacking an invitation, dashed fretfully about. Best of all, the pas de deux was danced by the Sugar Plum Fairy not with her own Prince Charming but with Clara's Nutcracker (a giant of a lad, Andrew George, whose metamorphosis from toy into beau had neatly and alarmingly been achieved through the intermediate stage of a hulking Frankensteinian monster). While these two enjoyed their aloneness together on the stage, Clara watched, from the summit of an enormous celebration cake. And though this intervention went flatly against the stage directions, the scene was strikingly right for the music, which includes, together with its triumph and accomplishment, despair. The climax suddenly reveals the movement's main melody as none other than the Fate theme in disguise (it was now that the lighting switched to show us Clara, touchingly acted by Etta Murfitt). The despair is there because the music belongs not only to the couple disporting themselves but also to the secret onlooker: the wordless song rampaging through the orchestra is that of Tchaikovsky, movingly identified with Clara at this point in Mr. Bourne's version, watching a dance he can never join.

A COUPLE of days after this Edinburgh offered more Tchaikovsky, but much more Prokofiev and Shostakovich, in a concert of Russian "Hamlet" music, given by the Royal Scottish Orchestra under Gennadi Rozhdestvensky. All three composers wrote incidental music for the play; Shostakovich even did so twice, first for a stage production in Moscow in 1932, and then, thirty years later, for the film by Grigori Kozintsev. Taking ingredients from both these efforts—

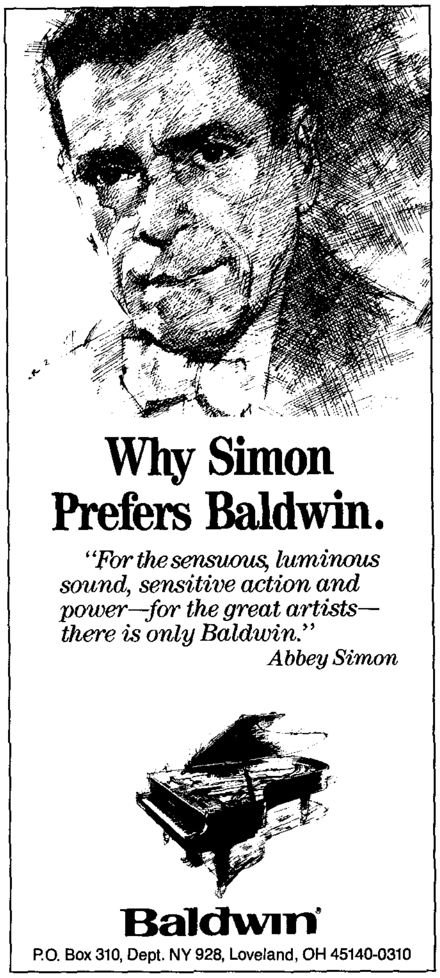
and apparently also some fanfares from the first Russian "Hamlet" score, written by Alexander Varlamov in 1837—Mr. Rozhdestvensky had come up with a "concert scenario," which he was presenting here for the first time. It made an effective piece—Mr. Rozhdestvensky is an effective performer—though I doubt we need more than the composer's own suites. The real novelty of the program was the Prokofiev music, composed for a Leningrad staging in 1938 and taking a more detached, astringent view of the subject than Shostakovich's: the false glamour of Claudius's march was arguably a response to shams nearer home. But Prokofiev was unlucky when he came to write four songs for Ophelia According to his own account, he "partly utilised folk music from the Shakespearian era"; what he didn't know—though the Edinburgh orchestra and audience surely did—was that his chosen folk music was Scots. It was odd to hear Ms. Prokina, again delightful, singing an Ophelian mad song in Russian to a tune very like that of "The Campbells Are Coming."

Space should have been found for this excellent singer to perform also the two mad songs that Tchaikovsky set for a performance of the play, in French, in St. Petersburg in 1891 the first of them is wistful; the second, in another unknown Tchaikovskyan innovation, skids off into speech between the sung verses. But the incidental music as a whole is an awkward mixture of such fine things with pieces recycled from earlier projects (including a stretch from the Third Symphony) or extruded under pressure from the fantasy overture Tchaikovsky had written as a concert work three years earlier. Understandably, Mr. Rozhdestvensky confined himself to this progenitor, though he might have given it more push. Other rare Tchaikovsky in the festival included the "Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom," marvellously sung late at night in St. Giles' Cathedral by the Edinburgh Festival Chorus under Arthur Oldham: a performance of golden roundedness and beautifully true tuning.

TCHAIKOVSKY is one of the very few prominent composers never conducted by Pierre Boulez, so far as I'm aware—not even when Mr. Boulez was at the head of the Philharmonic and landing himself with music as distant from his own as that of Brahms or Chabrier. No doubt this avoidance has something to do with his opinion of Tchaikovsky's music as a variety of aesthetic solipsism. "Every Tchaikovsky-lover at a Tchaikovsky concert," he once wrote, "is celebrating the cult of himself. He recognizes his own taste in that of the composer, congratulates himself on it, and when he applauds is applauding himself." But couldn't one listen to Schoenberg—or, indeed, Boulez—in just the same way, applauding oneself for one's sophistication, or eccentricity, or whatever? Any music can become merely a mirror to the ego. The fault isn't one particular composer's. But I'd guess that Mr. Boulez's strictures are really directed not at how the music is received but at what it is—the suspicion that it was Tchaikovsky, in the first place, who was "celebrating the cult of himself." Perhaps two things can be said in mitigation. One is that the hopes and sorrows of Peter Ilich Tchaikovsky, though they may not constitute the noblest conceivable subject, are part of the universe of space and time as much as the glory of God or the movements of the sea. And, secondly, it may be posterity's judgment, undervaluing such comparatively neutral works as "Yolanta" and the Concert Fantasia, that has fostered the image of Tchaikovsky's music as obsessively confessional.

But Mr. Boulez's dismissal of Tchaikovsky is less interesting than his espousal of what he does well, which includes the works by Debussy, Bartók, and Stravinsky he programmed, with a piece of his own, when he went with the Vienna Philharmonic to the Proms at the Albert Hall in London a couple of weeks ago. He gave a sense of ease and pleasure in being at the head of a virtuoso ensemble, not least in his own "Livre pour Cordes," which abounded in beautiful wandering melodies and transparent designs of line upon line. Even on this occasion, though, it was hard not to resent the piece a little for occupying so much of its composer's time—what we have is a late-nineteen-eighties reworking of a late-sixties reworking of the first movement of a string quartet dating from the late forties—and for trying to replace the original "Livre pour Quatuor," which at last is beginning to get the performances and the attention it merits.

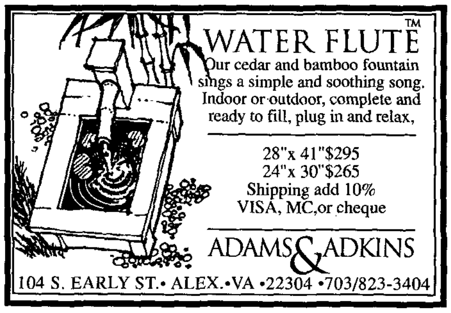
—PAUL GRIFFITHS


Why Simon Prefers Baldwin.

"For the sensuous, luminous sound, sensitive action and power—for the great artists—there is only Baldwin."
Abbey Simon

Baldwin®
P.O. Box 310, Dept. NY 928, Loveland, OH 45140-0310

BEST MUSICAL
1992 TONY® AWARD
CRAZY FOR YOU
The new GERSHWIN musical comedy
TELE-CHARGE®: 1-800-432-7250
In NY/NJ/CT: 212-239-6200


WATER FLUTE™
Our cedar and bamboo fountain sings a simple and soothing song. Indoor or outdoor, complete and ready to fill, plug in and relax.
28"x 41" $295
24"x 30" $265
Shipping add 10%
VISA, MC, or cheque
ADAMS & ADKINS
104 S. EARLY ST. • ALEX. • VA • 22304 • 703/823-3404

ISLAND HIDEAWAYS
Elegant Caribbean Villas 1-800-832-2302

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

SELLING DREAMS

Takarazuka's Kayo Asano and Mayo Suzukaze

"IT'S WAR," screamed a headline more than half a foot high on the front page of the *News* last month. An even catchier headline, in *Newsday*, warned, " 'ATOM BOMB' OF CUSTODY." There was no reason for panic, though; no one was heading for his shelter, or for the Canadian border. These dire headlines were not proclaiming a threat to the nation. No, they dealt with a personal, family crisis. This was a war that was drafting not citizens but lawyers and publicists, for a front-line battle on a very unmilitary front line—in the press. And the press got so apocalyptic because this family crisis involved two American stars as big as they come: Woody Allen and Mia Farrow.

It's hard—maybe impossible—to imagine what it feels like to be the subject of headlines like these, creating excitement and mass debate in offices, at newsstands, on buses, in restaurants all over the land. It's much easier to relate to the feelings of a far larger group of people—the fans. Hasn't each of us carried on, at least once, an unreciprocated love affair with a star? Maybe it was a high-school football hero, maybe it was John Kennedy, maybe now it's Michelle Pfeiffer, Luke Perry, or Jackie Joyner-Kersee. The chosen ones may remain important to us or we may eventually laugh at our infatuations, but I don't know anyone who hasn't felt the emotions that come with being a fan.

In America, over the years, we've changed the way we treat our big-time stars, whether they're in the movie business or in areas that bear more directly on real life. We've gone from regarding the very famous—or, at least, certain aspects of their lives—as if they were untouchable to the opposite: to a form of cannibalism. Nowadays, every aspect of a public figure's business is, if we want it, available to us—as if it were *our* business. Bill and Hillary Clinton's marriage, Jodie Foster's sex life, William Styron's depression, some celebrity's drug habit, history of abuse, or story of personal "madness" (the latest thing in celebrity bios)—these topics fill the dailies, the weeklies, and the monthlies.

The classic among American stars is Elizabeth Taylor, a woman whose marriages, history of backaches, habit of lateness, fluctuations in weight, affection for diamonds, and addictions have fed the media for decades. To witness Taylor on the celebrity stand is to see an audience absolutely mesmerized by the presence of a star they seem to know intimately. Last year, she gave a press conference at the Plaza to help launch her new fragrance, White Diamonds. The reporters who attended seemed to have as much interest in the actual scent as I did: *What* scent? It was Taylor's personal life that they pressed her about, and the questions got very frank, right down to whether or not she practiced safe sex. And, as often happens with Taylor, throughout her appearance the cameras were going. Shortly before her exit, she commented on the non-stop flashes of light in her eyes. "I can't see," she said. But that didn't stop the cameras.

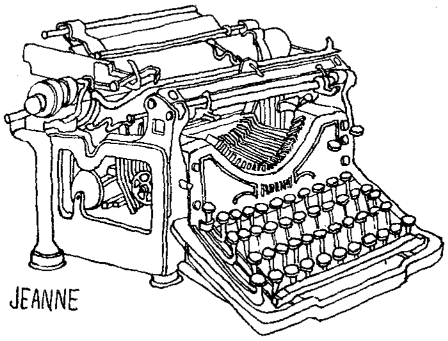
What a different life Taylor might have had as a star if, instead of growing up at M-G-M, she had been one of the girls in Japan's Takarazuka Revue. If she had been, the great majority of the people taking pictures of her through the years would have been fans, not the press, and had she told her fans that their flashbulbs were hurting her eyes, those violet pools would have had instant relief, because the crowd's paramount concern would have been her comfort. And she would never have been subjected to a barrage of personal questions, for she would be treated as someone whose privacy was precious, and not as public property to be dissected. If she had announced plans to get married, there would have been weeping, rather than a rush to get scoops about her sex life. And the fans would have been sobbing because, in essence, their star would have been dying before their eyes. Takarazuka actresses are not allowed to have any public connection with anything that even suggests a sexual relationship, so a Takarazuka actress must retire when she announces her marriage. Had marriage meant the end of Taylor's career, that career would have stopped in 1950, when she was eighteen.

We have no stars like Takarazuka's in America. We have no equivalent to this theatre in America. To Americans, and to most other non-Japanese, the whole thing seems very odd indeed: an all-woman theatrical extravaganza, whose audience is almost a hundred per cent female, but whose biggest stars present themselves onstage as men and are treated as such—offstage as well. It's not enough to say that Takarazuka is the flip side of Japan's most famous theatrical form, Kabuki. On the surface, there are correspondences: whereas Takarazuka has women playing all the parts, male as well as female, contemporary Kabuki uses men in all the parts; and both genres specialize in visual spectacle. But Kabuki, despite its popularity, has something highbrow about it. Not so Takarazuka: although its followers practically constitute a cult, it's as accessible as a Vegas stage show.

If you ask your Japanese friends about Takarazuka, you risk being laughed at. They may tell you that their mother or their maid likes it but that they themselves have no interest in it at all—that they've never seen it, and have no desire to. Which may explain why, although I'd come upon mention of Takarazuka in print, it took years for me to actually see it. As it happens, I had had a passing encounter with the phenomenon ten years ago, in Tokyo. Looking out of a window in the Imperial Hotel, across from the Tokyo Takarazuka Theatre, I saw an enormous crowd on the street below, obviously waiting for something, the way people lining Fifth Avenue wait for a parade. I can't remember whether or not I noticed that the throng was female, but I do remember being aware of how orderly and disciplined it seemed. At the hotel information desk, I asked who the people were and what they were expecting to see, and was told, with a dismissive laugh, "Oh, those are the Takarazuka fans. All women and girls."

I COMPLETELY forgot about my aerial view of the Takarazuka lovers until I went with a friend—I'll call him B.—to see the company perform at Radio City Music Hall in 1989, when it was on tour. (A small group from the company will be performing in New York this November, at the Joyce Theatre, in an atypical all-dance show, of both Eastern and Western pieces, choreographed by Kayoko Nakura and Linda Haberman.) The Radio City event contained many standard elements of Takarazuka: there was singing, dancing, and acting, in a surreal mixture of East and West; the women played both female roles and male roles, and were dressed accordingly; there were thirties-style Hollywood numbers, with plenty of Busby Berkeleyesque lighted-up-stairway-to-the-sky shtick and razzle-dazzle costume changes. The incomparable sound of Takarazuka was there, too—the strangely haunting, even grating, quality of the women projecting their miked voices "girlie" high or else low "like a guy." And Radio City itself, with its Deco architecture and its history of theatrical spectacle, was a suitable place in America for Takarazuka to perform. But although the audience consisted primarily of Japanese, I didn't notice that they were getting any special kicks. There was no real sense of excitement in the air—or on the stage, for that matter.

Our perception began to change a few months later, when, on the first morning of a visit to Tokyo, B. and I spied the Takarazuka Theatre all brightly lit and busy. On the outside of the building were giant posters advertising the stars of the current show, "The Rose of Versailles," the company's all-time hit. (It has been revived again and again since its première, in 1974.) The billboard-size photographs stopped us in our tracks. The top male and female characters had been thoroughly airbrushed and were done up to the max in eighteenth-century outfits, including wigs that could turn ordinary men into rock-and-roll stars and jackets fit for Liberace. Their eyes popped out of turquoise eyeshadow emphasized by bold strokes of purple, and their mouths were superseductive via generous helpings of crimson lipstick. These figures projected an aura unlike anything we had ever encountered. Dietrich, De Mille epics, kitsch are points of reference too limited to suggest the shock value of Takarazuka's iconography.



Inside the theatre, a dress rehearsal was taking place. Thanks to the luck of running into a high-level technician who spoke a bit of English, we were allowed in to watch several scenes being rehearsed—over and over and over, for almost eight hours. I'm sure the rehearsal was less confusing than the whole performance would have been. Consider this plot summary, taken directly from the English translation included in a program for the show, under the heading "A Takarazuka Grand Romance; The Rose of Versailles":

> The story takes place in the last half of the 18th in France. General Jarget's wife was expecting their sixth child. The General loved his five daughters but was praying with all his heart for a son. When his wife gave birth to another daughter, the General gave her a boy's name, Oscar. He decided to bring her up as a boy.
>
> Oscar grew up strong and brave. She became the commander of Queen Marie-Antoinette's Royal Bodyguard. Oscar cut a gallant figure in the Court and was respected for her superb swordsmanship. The Ladies of the Royal Court idolized Oscar and the Queen herself held her in high esteem.
>
> Oscar's subordinate, Andre was a grandson of Oscar's nurse and was brought up along with Oscar as if they were real brother and sister to each other and became a bosom friend of her. But now he was secretly in love with Oscar as a woman. He knew his love to her was a hopeless love. . . .
>
> Oscar learned of Andre's love for her and realized that she had found true love. Beside the river Seine Oscar made every attempt to prevent a violent incident. But the King's troops opened fire on the citizens and started a bloody battle. Oscar, in spite of Jerodel's objections, threw his support to the citizens and fought against the King's soldiers. During the course of a long battle Andre was shot and then Oscar was gravely wounded.
>
> A white flag appeared over the castle wall. With the victorious cheers of his fellow citizens ringing in his ears, Oscar quietly breathed his last.

A grand romance, to be sure—and a grand freedom with pronouns. However, there wasn't much that was grand about the rehearsal itself. Like any dress rehearsal, it was full of interruptions, people checking details on the stage, the orchestra stopping and starting, stagehands dragging scenery behind (or in front of) the performers, a lot of cigarette smoking and ex-changing of notes by those in charge. What stood out was the behavior of the actresses. They gave the impression of being the sweetest schoolgirls on earth, not a grumbler among them, and certainly no sign of a prima donna. This would have been striking in any case, but, given the roles that some of them were playing—men with enough strength to lead armies, to change history—the gap between image and life impressed us and sucked us in.

A few nights later, from the back entrance of the Imperial, we saw what happens when the mob that waits outside the theatre gets its reward. The actress who played Oscar in "The Rose of Versailles" had just come through the stage door. There was a tiny flash from a camera here, another one over there, more and more hints of light bouncing out of the assembled fans as this assured woman strode past, leaving them behind, their order and quiet unbroken. None of the bursts of light came anywhere near her face, and everything else in the immediate environment was business as usual. To the fans, a star was walking among them, but to other Tokyoites passing by, there was no reason to pause. No longer in the sparkling jacket, ruffled shirt, and shiny pants that we'd seen her wearing at the rehearsal, and without her reddish wig, she had a plainer appearance but a no less engaging one. Her face was obviously made up, her short boyish hair was on the dusty side of blond, and her street clothes—a cream trouser suit and a crisp, tucked-in white shirt—had an androgynous look. She was nothing like any of the Japanese women we'd been seeing every day. As we would come to realize, though, her public look resembled that of every top "male" Takarazuka star.

Accompanying the actress was another telltale sign of Takarazuka stardom: an assistant—someone who contrasts with her the way a paper towel does with Christmas wrapping. "Dumpy" might be the word for the assistant, who was carrying her star's typical paraphernalia—a few bouquets and some shopping bags. Crossing the street, they walked by a few scattered groups of fans, each of which held still as the star came past, close enough to be touched. But nobody tried to touch her. Instead, people stared, as if gazing at a masterpiece in a museum. Or they bowed. A few fans chased after the two women, at a respectful distance. Me, too. (Not B., who was enjoying the blackmailable sight of me in the grip of Oscarmania: he knew I hadn't been a groupie since my schoolgirl days in Scotland, twenty-five years ago, when I retired as president of the Illya Kuryakin fan club.) When our star and her assistant reached the back entrance of the Imperial, their followers stopped as if its glass double doors had been barbed wire. *Whoosh*—the doors parted, and in went the two women, while the fans remained outside. The dividing line was clear. But "off-limits" is not a notion we New Yorkers care for, and, besides, I was staying at the Imperial, so I crossed the border, in pursuit. Inside the hotel, the excitement that had surrounded the star instantly evaporated. She stopped at the newsstand, glanced at the candy and the magazines, and then kept on walking, her assistant beside her, until they made their unceremonious exits from the front entrance of the Imperial. It was after this epiphany that B. and I decided to find out what Takarazuka was all about.

BACK in Tokyo this past summer, we made straight for the Takarazuka Theatre and acquired standing-room tickets—the only ones left—for a performance already in progress. I can't remember ever being so stunned by another sequence on a stage as I was by the finale of Takarazuka's version of "Spartacus," which we saw from our perch in the third balcony. Spartacus and "his" cohorts are surrounded by Roman soldiers led by an evil general. The heroine—Spartacus's great love, in blue chiffon—snatches a sword and kills the general, and is slain in turn. The bodies are borne away, and Spartacus is left alone onstage to sing a dirge of protest, anguish, and heroism. (The music, which made Andrew Lloyd Webber's button-pushing seem subtle, was accompanied by another sound: a subdued weeping throughout the huge house, which couldn't be muffled by the white handkerchiefs that had been pulled out and put to use by the audience.) The dirge ended, the lights went down, and the lights came up—on two lead performers in sequinned jackets and razor-sharp trousers, backed by forty girls in white tights and little red bunny dresses, huge plumes in their hair, all dancing and singing, more or less adequately, to "Arrivederci, Roma."

Here, onstage and off, was what had been missing that day in Radio City Music Hall. How could one quibble about technique or talent or narrative logic in the face of the kind of pleasure we saw all around us? This was a full-scale, all-out performance for an audience of fans who are crazy about the company, who plan their lives around getting tickets for it, who have favorite stars they'll wait hours on the street to see. And not just wait. Plan the wait, choreograph the wait, treat the wait as a ritual that leads to paradise: the sight of *them*.

When "Spartacus" was over, hundreds of fans clustered outside the theatre, and the stars gave them more thrills by emerging at intervals, smiling just enough, bowing, accepting a note or two, occasionally signing an autograph, and then disappearing either into waiting cars or into the Imperial. And for the final performance of "Spartacus," the next evening, there were still more fans outside the theatre. Here was a fan sendoff that spared no love. There were so many bouquets lined up on the sidewalk in front of the fans that it seemed like a state occasion. And many of the fans were divided into groups by special uniforms—outfits that they'd had made to identify them as belonging to a specific fan club. A whole section of the crowd was dressed in light-blue denim, another in red and white stripes, another in pink or brown checks, another in green, and so on. (The outfits, in general, had the look and the appeal of Girl Scout uniforms.) On this gala evening, the actresses left the theatre by the main entrance, not by the stage door. Each time one of them came out, the fans roared with pleasure and remained at attention until she had passed out of sight. None of the women in the front rows took photographs, though, because, they told us earnestly, they were the “guards.” When the star who had played Spartacus appeared, there was a moment of silence before the collective explosion of happiness. As B. remarked, “Spartacus did not die in vain.”

While we were waiting with the fans, we spoke to some of them with the help of our friend Kazue Kobata, who interpreted. Of the many people we talked to, only one group seemed uninhibited by the fact that I identified myself as a reporter from New York and had a tape recorder in my hand. This group was made up of fans wearing no special uniforms and standing in an unprestigious spot far from the main entrance. An older woman in the group showed a boldness that seemed to encourage the others.

“Why do you like Takarazuka theatre?” I asked her.

“It’s good because there’s music, singing, dancing, and drama, too. Given the price, that’s a good deal. I go to other kinds of theatre as well, but Takarazuka offers the best value.”

“How often do you come to see Takarazuka?”

“Almost every day. I spend so much money on Takarazuka I can’t believe it! I get a pension; I used to be a child-care worker, so that’s how I can afford it. Often, my husband comes with me. It’s cost us over ten thousand dollars.”

“Why do you think so many people love Takarazuka’s top ‘male’ stars?”

“Because they’re much more man-like than real men.”

A pair of twins in their mid-twenties had been listening to our conversation, and one of them put in, “And they’re more delicate than real men. The charm is that we all know they’re women, and yet they are like men.”

The older woman added, “And they sing better than men.”

When we spoke to other fans, almost everybody agreed that the actresses who played male parts had something extra, which they thought real men lacked—something “ideal.” But this “ideal” something seems to reflect the image the stars project rather than anything they actually say. When I asked one uniformed woman how her fan club’s favorite star behaved at its get-togethers, she said, “Our star doesn’t make any speeches. She doesn’t give any lectures. We ask questions, and she answers.” I didn’t ask if the star had her own agent and publicist; I knew the answer. But then Hollywood stars don’t have front-row guards.

A couple of days later, B. and I received what we’d been hoping for—a fax from Haruhiko Saka, the president of the Takarazuka Revue, inviting us to visit the company at its headquarters, in Takarazuka City. The invitation was the fruit of a phone conversation our friend Kazue had had with Mr. Saka, which went on so long that we were afraid we’d requested the inconceivable. After she hung up, though, she told us, “It will be O.K.,” and she added, “When I mentioned your interest in going behind the scenes, he didn’t say yes and he didn’t say no. He only said that some things might not be possible, because they are selling dreams in Takarazuka.”

The president’s fax, which was in English, was gracious—just as gracious as he himself proved to be from the moment we met him—and it had its own dreamlike surprise toward the end:

> Mr. Tommy Tune is now staying in Takarazuka working with us in preparation for his work of stage direction and choreography with Takarazuka for a world-premiere production scheduled in April 1993 to open at new Takarazuka Grand Theatre.
>
> Mr. Tune is leaving Takarazuka on July 5th for U.S. If you can arrive in Takarazuka by the noon of July 4th (Sat), it will be possible to arrange your meeting with Mr. Tune.

We had heard that at the time the theatre was founded, in 1914, Takarazuka City was a peaceful spa. By 1992, it had become part of a belt of prosperous urban communities in the Osaka-Kobe-Kyoto area of Japan, served by a commuter-railroad system that would make believers of a million drivers from Long Island, New Jersey, and Westchester. But peaceful it is not. With an amusement park called Familyland, a ballpark, a racetrack, a Kentucky Fried Chicken franchise, a Thoroughbred Grill, serving “Soup Any Style” or, if you prefer, “Seafood Any Style,” Takarazuka City would make a suitable location for an episode of “Wayne’s World.” Wayne and Garth would probably love the sweatshirts that B. and I kept seeing on people in town, which were printed with phrases like “Recession Wear” and “Muncie, Indiana We’re Full of Nice Surprises.” Equally full of nice surprises was the state-of-the-art (or nearly) Takarazuka Hotel, with its neo-Italian fountains, neo-French

NUNES FARMS

Try Our California Almonds, SAVE $14 AND Get a FREE GIFT!

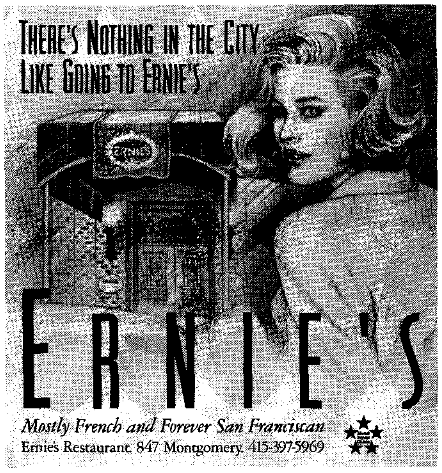
That's right. For a limited time only, we're offering 5 lbs. of our Natural or Roasted Salted California Almonds fresh from our farm for ONLY $19.50 del'd. in cont. U.S. That's $9.00 OFF our regular price. In addition, if you order NOW you can receive 6.5 oz. of our delicious Almond Caramel Chews. (A $5 value!)

Order today as supplies are limited and this offer expires soon! Write or call for our FREE brochure. Indicate Natural or Roasted Salted Almonds & send check, money order, VISA or MasterCard # and exp. date to:

NUNES FARMS
4012 Pete Miller Rd.
P.O. Box 311, Dept. C
Newman, CA 95360

Credit Card Orders CALL TOLL FREE
1-800-255-1641

Money Back Guarantee
(offer expires 12/31/92)


THERE'S NOTHING IN THE CITY LIKE GOING TO ERNIE'S
ERNIE'S
ERNIE'S
Mostly French and Forever San Franciscan
Ernie's Restaurant. 847 Montgomery. 415-397-5969

R&R's Wanderlust

The exclusive guide to life enchanting travel

A personally researched, 8-page monthly travel resource. $100/year for your entree to trips of a lifetime. Subscriptions Limited.

R&R Publications, Inc. (303) 320-5669
Box 61465 Denver, CO 80206 U.S.A.

Cat Stickers

Your Address or Slogan

Sleek Black Cats imprinted in white with your name and address or slogan—Purrrfect for letters, books, luggage, tapes, gifts, reminders, promotions...

Cat Shape...Self-Stick...1⅝" high
100 for $9.90 200 for $13.90 ppd.

CATS, Box 735-T, Acton, Mass. 01720

"We're fighting like—well, we're fighting."

eating spots, *luxe* splashes of red carpet and marble, and distinctly Japanese service. Breakfast was an abundance, ranging from traditional Japanese to traditional Western to chocolate éclairs—possibly a local tradition. Yet simple requests could cause havoc. In the hotel's "European" café, when I tried to get some milk for my iced coffee instead of heavy cream, my waitress didn't understand, and she turned to the maître d' for help. He solved the problem Takarazuka style: he acted out my desires. Squatting down, he performed a gesture on his chest which most of us associate with farmers milking their cows.

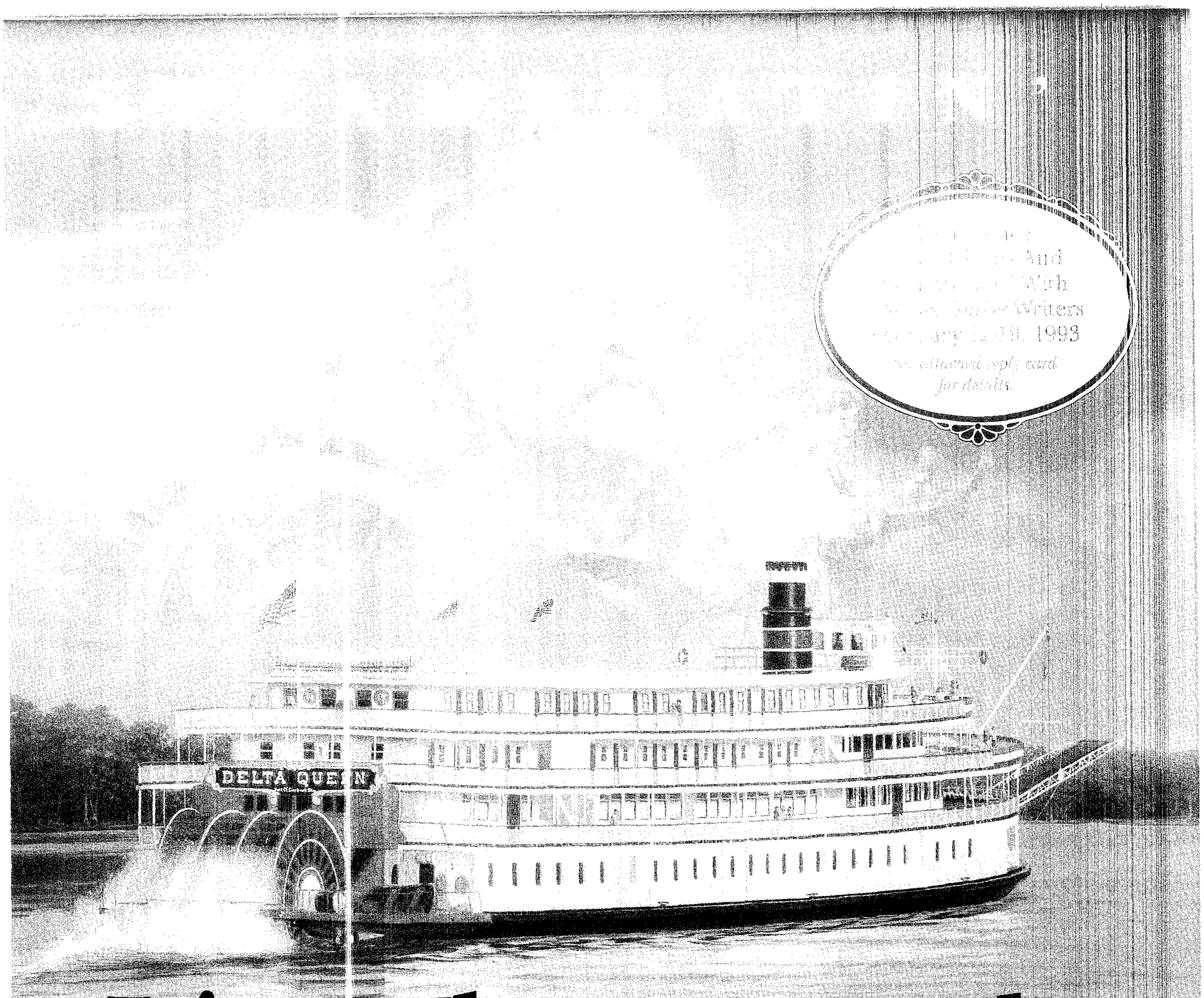
The café was obviously too casual for our first meeting with Mr. Saka; that took place in the Renaissance Room, the hotel's formal tea lounge. During our talk, as waitresses knelt beside our chairs to serve us Campari-and-sodas, Mr. Saka gave us a brief account of Takarazuka, speaking fine English, for which he kept apologizing, and answering our questions without a trace of impatience, though he must have answered the same questions countless times.

The account started with one of Mr. Saka's favorite subjects when he discusses Takarazuka—the company's highly successful production of "Gone with the Wind," first performed in 1977, repeated often since, and seen by about two million people. "Katherine Brown was very enthusiastic about our production," he reported with pride, referring to the agent for Margaret Mitchell's estate. Then he laid out the basic elements of the theatre company. There are four troupes of performers—Snow, Moon, Star, and Flower—each of which averages two big productions a year. Each production plays about forty-five days in Takarazuka City and then goes to Tokyo, and each troupe also puts on small-scale shows and travelling shows, both national and international. Altogether, the company has about three hundred and fifty performers.

It turned out that Mr. Saka's career as Takarazuka's leading executive had a history similar to that of other men we eventually met within the organization. He had worked for many years in the administrative division of the Hankyu Corporation, Takarazuka's parent company, before receiving this assignment, sixteen years ago. The connection between Takarazuka and Hankyu may seem a stretch but it is tight. The Takarazuka form of entertainment was the brainchild of Ichizo Kobayashi, who founded Hankyu, one of Japan's most powerful railway networks. For him, Takarazuka was both a dream and a goal—a reason, early in the century, for vacationers to travel to the town he was busy establishing as a resort. Although Kobayashi died in 1957, he remains a kind of godfather to both the city and the theatre. In fact, the official brochure of the Revue opens with a message from Mr. Kobayashi's grandson. If its last sentence is politically incorrect, and even archaic—"I hope that you will enjoy this dazzling entertainment performed by charming girls of the Orient"—elsewhere the brochure's text suggests just how contemporary Kobayashi's invention is. His approach has a distinctly nineteen-nineties flavor in the way it connects to the latest stylistic trend in rock and roll, the movies, and the visual arts—the collaging and the montaging that have become known as sampling. The brochure describes how Kobayashi added elements of Western musicals, dance revues, and novels to his new entertainment concoction, and it declares that Takarazuka is "an instant history . . . [and] a playback of how the Japanese see and interpret the West."

Kobayashi's idea worked from the start: the theatre quickly took off as a favorite family entertainment among the middle class and not quite middle class. In addition to all the other treats on the stage, here was a chance to observe "charming," well-bred girls—and in performance! To this day, many of the actresses come from economically comfortable families, and it appears that parents approve of their daughters' choice of Takarazuka as a suitable extension of their upbringing, and as a useful preparation for their future. In Takarazuka City, as opposed to Tokyo, one still sees a few families in the audience, but, in general, today's spectrum of fans is much narrower: girls in their teens, unmarried women—many of them office workers—in their twenties and thirties, and older housewives whose children are grown and whose husbands are off, as we were told, working like dogs or playing golf. Mr. Saka, who had told us apologetically that he had two sons, and not the daughters we might expect of a man in his position, also confessed that his sons had never seen a Takarazuka performance. "Some people never taste special dishes," he said philosophically.

He was just as philosophical about those who have acquired a taste for,



Live The Legend.

Live the legend of Mark Twain's Mississippi on America's only two overnight paddlewheel steamboats, the legendary *Delta Queen* and the magnificent *Mississippi Queen*.

Relax as our all-American crews take you back to the heart of our great country on a 2- to 12-night adventure traveling the Mississippi, Ohio, Tennessee or Cumberland rivers. You'll be treated like the guest of honor in a fine old home as you enjoy exciting entertainment, tantalizing cuisine, fascinating shore tours and all the luxuries you'd expect on an authentic "floating palace." In fact, the *Delta Queen* is so authentic she's a National Historic Landmark.

If you've always dreamed of going Steamboatin' there isn't a better time to live the legend than now. For a *free* copy of our deluxe Steamboatin' brochure, contact your travel agent, return the reply card or call toll free.

1-800-543-1949

The Delta Queen Steamboat Company
Robin Street Wharf, New Orleans, LA 70130-1890

Steamboatin', Delta Queen, Mississippi Queen and Live The Legend are registered servicemarks of The Delta Queen Steamboat Co.

not to say an addiction to, this special "dish"—the fans. We told him we had seen them waiting for hours outside the theatre in Tokyo. "The excess of that kind of thing can spoil the stars," he said. "The most popular members of the company are those who play the male roles. They especially appeal to our audience of ladies, and that is some kind of psychological matter I cannot evaluate. We have our very old novel 'The Tale of Genji,' which symbolizes the ideal male from the viewpoint of a female writer. I think it may be the same kind of phenomenon. However, I am not a scholar of that."

Mr. Saka told us that it takes about ten years to become a top "male" star. "Stars usually stay at the top for three or four years and then retire," he said. "If they stay too long, they know that they will lose something. They want to leave at the height of their careers. We call it graduating." He said that his organization draws a strict line between its official fan club, the Takarazuka Friendship Group, and the many clubs for which the organization claims no responsibility and to which it grants no official approval. If these individual clubs were acknowledged by the system, he said, the actresses would be stimulated to seek more and more attention, and that kind of ego boosting would not be appropriate. After all, he went on, the motto of Takarazuka is "Modesty, Fairness, and Grace." (This motto was translated in a variety of ways for us over the next few days, depending on who was quoting it.)

We asked Mr. Saka what determines whether a girl is to play male or female roles. "Height," he said, and he added, "Depending on the girl's physical type—on the type of body she has—she is advised whether she's right for a male or a female role."

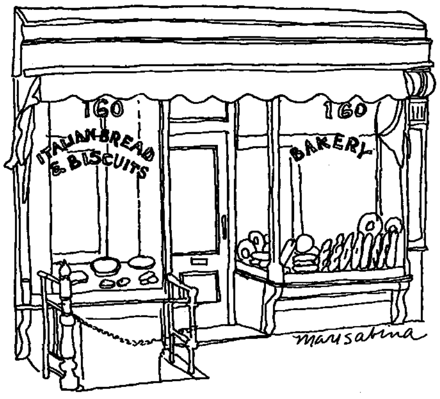
"Can a person switch? Can someone have a role change?" I asked.

"Sometimes," said Mr. Saka, manifesting what we found to be surprising flexibility in a system that on the surface appears so rigid.

Our first night in Takarazuka City was a Saturday night, and it was a V.I.P.-studded splash. It began with Mr. Saka escorting B. and me to a conference room in the hotel, where Tommy Tune and two of his colleagues, Jeff Calhoun and Wally Harper, were sequestered, like national treasures. Mr. Saka's presentation of them to us and of us to them was so full of restrained pride, so exquisitely choreographed, that the least we could do was greet each other like long-lost relatives. That done, and Mr. Saka having discreetly left us to some high-strength Margaritas, we responded to each other the way I imagine explorers once did when they ran into their countrymen in remote corners of the world: we had fun comparing notes about the exoticism of it all, and we caught up on news from home. We also learned a little about the production Tune was planning for Takarazuka. (The combination sounded like a marriage made in heaven.) Just as Tune was wrapping up his over-the-top description of his future Takarazuka collaboration, Mr. Saka reappeared and, playfully cautioning "Top secret" about the sketchy preview we'd just been given, led us to another private room, for a pull-out-all-the-stops dinner to honor Tune on his last night in town.

Everybody who was anybody within the infrastructure of Takarazuka seemed to be there, but it felt less like a show-business dinner than like a catered Cabinet meeting, because, apart from a translator, one ceremoniously silent wife, and me, it was an all-male affair. Perhaps the actresses, being the stars they are, were at an even more glamorous shindig somewhere else—but I don't think so. This was a power fête, and while the actresses have the power to mesmerize their audience, it is clear that they don't call any shots within the organization. This is not Hollywood, where box-office stars choose whom they work with, and decide if their fee is large enough. Takarazuka actresses receive a modest salary, and seem to have no say whatsoever about the productions they appear in.

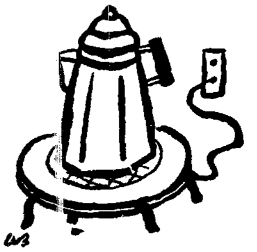
Apparently, Tommy Tune was viewed as such a big celebrity that when he first saw Takarazuka, in 1985, a special welcome was arranged for him onstage, in which the actresses took their grand-finale positions on the famous lighted-up staircase and in full regalia. Mr. Saka's dinner party for Tune was not as climactic as that, but it wasn't without its mix of East-West rituals. Business cards were flung at us across the table, and there were gifts for every guest, followed by appreciative speeches and toasts all round, many expressions of affection for and from Tune, suggested plans for future meetings, and then a lot of hustle-bustle around his and his colleagues' departure for Osaka. At this dramatic point, B. and I were led to a late-night work session with Mr. Saka and some of his top colleagues (including his second-in-command, Takusuke Tanaka, Director of Production), at which our schedule for the next few days was plotted out as meticulously as though we were drawing up the Treaty of Ghent.



THE administrative headquarters of Takarazuka are fairly new. There's an open floor plan, with almost all the staff members, who number about fifty-five, working at their computers and desks or watching television monitors that allow a view of dress rehearsals and performances. In Japan, as in America, smoking has become a habit that has to be negotiated around, but the arrangement at Takarazuka offers, to nonsmokers, more conceptual benefits than health benefits. Plunk in the middle of the open space is a sitting area—neither walled off nor screened off—where people can go if they want to light up. And it was in this spot, from which smoke wafted over the rest of the floor, that we did most of our talking with the Takarazuka staff through the next several days. There were moments when the image of peace-pipe powwows crossed my mind.

It is only a few minutes' walk from the administration building to Takarazuka's amusement-park complex, but in mood they are worlds apart; you stroll from a place that is devoted to the daily realities of work—budgets, organizing, long-range planning—to Familyland, which at first glance looks like an enormous miniature-golf course. The theatre is inside the amusement park, and within its mall-like lobby there is for sale such an orgy of knickknacks, stuffed animals, flowers, cassettes, and East-meets-West snack food that one could be happily occupied there even without attending a performance. No wonder people make a day of it at the theatre, shopping and noshing before the show, during the long intermission, and once more after the final curtain.

It was the Moon troupe that was performing when we were in town. The show began with a musical, "Puck," and continued after intermission with a multi-number production called "Memories of You." It is fairly standard for a Takarazuka entertainment to be divided into one part "classic" and one part Folies-Bergère song-and-dance fest of radically different numbers—cucarachas, Balanchine-influenced waltzes, disco, Latino, Broadway, and so on. But we shouldn't take all this too literally, because Takarazuka doesn't. It uses these forms as diving boards from which to jump into spectacles that are kaleidoscopic in both look and content. A Takarazuka show requires from us, with our Western sense of linear narrative, the same suspension of disbelief that the entire audience has to have in the matter of gender.



How to describe "Puck"? Perhaps as something you might dream on a midsummer night in a place so hot that your sleep is full of the fragmentation and Surrealism that can surface when the unconscious takes over. Imagine Shakespeare's play remembered and then forgotten as it's transformed into a theatrical bonanza with no precedent other than previous Takarazuka extravaganzas. (Over the years, Takarazuka has "modernized" many classical Japanese plays and has also adapted such Western favorites as "Romeo and Juliet," "Oklahoma!," "Hamlet," "Wuthering Heights," "War and Peace," "The Sound of Music," "Le Rouge et le Noir," "For Whom the Bell Tolls"—a smorgasbord as unpredictable as the productions themselves.) "Puck" is a show that by turns evoked drawing-room comedy, "Miami Vice," "West Side Story," Toys R Us stores, Elvis, menswear advertisements, an average wedding with a less than competent rock band, go-go clubs, fairy tales, gangster movies, the musicals "Grease" and "Gigi," and a town meeting about a controversial real-estate project. All these things may reflect the show's narrative and visual components, but they don't explain why the faces around us were expressing ecstasy. That had to do with the actresses—especially those who played the lead male roles. Without the magic they provided, the show would have been like MTV in 3-D, but, as things were, instead of seeming canned, the performance was electric with expectation, and most of all when Mayo Suzukaze was onstage.

When I told Takarazuka fans in Tokyo that I would be seeing the Moon troupe in Takarazuka City, they spoke of Suzukaze the way people in New York might speak of the Statue of Liberty—as a world-famous sight that has to be visited. They were right. She carried off the nutty transitions that were required of her as Puck with a grace, a seriousness, and a degree of immersion in her job that completely justified her top billing. Whether she was required to be a roller-skating child in overalls, a dolled-up bumpkin bellboy, or an ethereal sprite in the woods, she established her presence as the glue that held this ultimately nonsensical collage together.

And when, in the second half of the show, she appeared as a glittering singer-dancer-stud in "Memories of You," Suzukaze showered upon the crowd all the romance and glamour it had come for. Suzukaze wasn't the only actress who made the girls and women in the audience hold their hands up to their mouths in amazement, but it was clear from the way she inspired the audience that she has an extraordinary understanding of what makes her fans tick. Appropriating certain gestures and ways of walking that are associated with men, and always in men's garb, she embraced the line between boy and girl and between man and woman in a manner that fully suspended one's sense of gender. She never wholly became one sex or the other, nor did she ever turn into a caricature, and it is this which makes her a sex symbol—however indeterminate the sex—to so many of her fans. It also prevents her act from becoming camp. And, because it's not camp, the audience doesn't laugh at gender-crossing the way crowds often do at drag shows, in recognition of

TRY A LITTLE Tenderness!®

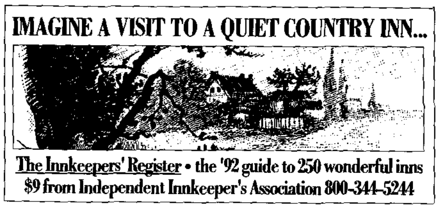
Try a package of thick, juicy, world-famous Omaha Steaks®. Luscious FILET MIGNONS, aged to tender perfection. Closely trimmed by hand. Delivered to your door, frozen under dry ice, in a reusable cooler. A FREE COOKBOOK inside. Your satisfaction is Unconditionally Guaranteed!

INTRODUCTORY OFFER...SAVE $22.00!
#469 6 (5 oz.) FILET MIGNONS,
each 1" thick
Regularly $51.95...for just $29.95!
(plus $6.50 shipping/handling)
LIMIT OF 2 PKGS. AT THIS SPECIAL PRICE!
NEW CUSTOMERS ONLY, PLEASE.

OFFER (valid in 48 mainland states) EXPIRES 10/31/92
TO ORDER, CALL RIGHT NOW... TOLL FREE
1•800•228•9055
(Ask for Free Catalog & 10% Discount Coupon!)
Omaha Steaks® International®
Dept. AD2092 • 4400 So. 96th Street • Omaha, NE 68127

THE PERFECT FITTING
EXPANDABLE BRACELET
Hand Made by American Craftsmen
WOMAN'S STERLING $55 14K $525
MAN'S STERLING $55 14K $630
VITTI ARTISANS GALLERY
since 1974 590 Valley Road
Upper Montclair
New Jersey 07043
(201) 746-1715
Major Credit Cards & Checks
Postage Included
N.J. Residents Add 6% Sales Tax

Fabulous Wooden
Jigsaw Puzzles
Breathtakingly beautiful, delightfully devious, filled with special shapes and surprises! Cut by hand, on commission, and personalized just for you. Exceptional gifts! $120 and up.
Send for free literature.
Lucretia's Pieces (802) 436-3006
RFD #1, Box 501-NY4, Windsor, VT 05089



IMAGINE A VISIT TO A QUIET COUNTRY INN...
The Innkeepers' Register • the '92 guide to 250 wonderful inns
$9 from Independent Innkeeper's Association 800-344-5244

truths being revealed. Those watching Takarazuka are relating not to imitation but to otherness—"to something that doesn't exist in real life," as they say.

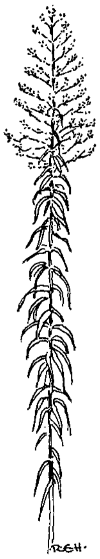
THE acceptance of rules and discipline and self-censorship is ordinarily more normal for everyone in Japan than it is for Americans, and, of course, being a member of Takarazuka is for many Japanese girls a dream come true, but I couldn't help assuming that at times an actress would feel as if she'd been put in a straitjacket, rather than the festive tuxedo that made her want to join in the first place. The strict code of behavior that Takarazuka imposes on its members is one reason we were curious about the training that Takarazuka students receive before they go into the company. We wanted to find out about their social and psychological indoctrination, not just about how they learn proper Takarazuka technique.

At our first meeting with Mr. Saka, he explained that Takarazuka trainees, who can be anything from fifteen to eighteen when they join, spend two years in a school that is very different from, say, Juilliard. "The Takarazuka Music School operates not only as an educational institution for young girls but also as a kind of finishing school," he said. We learned that they study dance, singing, music, and drama. When I asked if the curriculum included literature, Mr. Saka shook his head. And when I asked about mathematics he smiled. "Most Japanese girls are not good at mathematics," he said. I decided to suppress the nature-versus-nurture speech on the tip of my tongue, and instead asked to see the school.

It's about a ten-minute walk from the theatre to the school, which sits back from a pleasant suburban street. As one enters the building, one notices, hanging above the center door in a plain frame, a print of a simple fan, opened wide and bearing calligraphically Takarazuka's often quoted motto. Here at the school, it was translated for us as "Modesty, Purity, and Grace," while in a brochure it was "Purity, Honesty, and Beauty." Like the rest of the school's interiors, the office where we were taken for an orientation session was a study in simplicity, and was impeccably neat—as were the three-piece dark suits of the two men who talked with us. By their calm, correct manner, Yoshiro Maeda, who is the school's deputy principal, and Shoji Tamaki, whose title is supervisor, conjured up those aging gentlemen who appear in so many of Ozu's great films of the forties and fifties. They were, it turned out, two more veterans of the Hankyu Corporation, and they seemed as bemused as we were by the fact that they were helping to run a girls' finishing school. Maeda, he told me, had been involved in "matériel procurement" for Hankyu for forty years. Perhaps to compensate for a schoolgirlish impulse to giggle at this information, I quickly asked, "Are the students very good?"

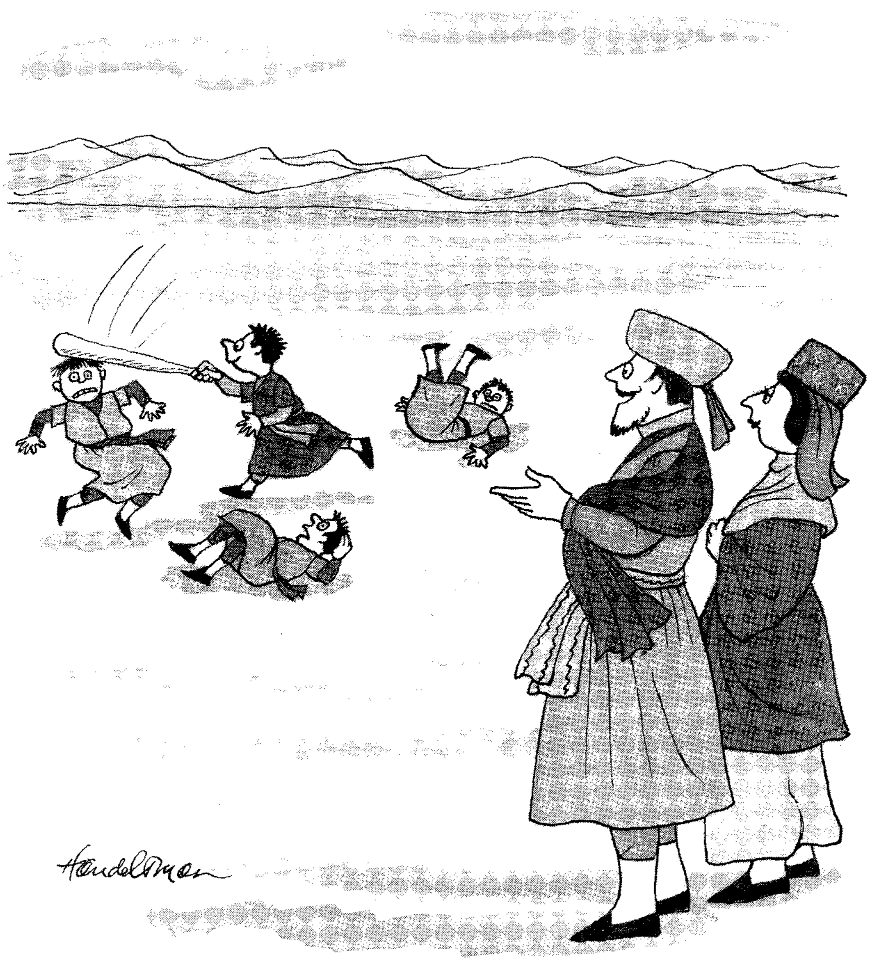
"About a thousand girls apply each year, and only forty are selected, so they have to be good," Maeda said. "And we believe that even after they go on the stage it is necessary that they behave properly, so we discipline them very well here."

It had begun to seem as if we were discussing broncos that needed breaking in, and not schoolgirls, but I went ahead and asked how the disciplining is done. I was expecting almost any answer other than the one I got: "When the girls enter the school, we bring in members of Japan's self-defense forces. These men provide basic training. They teach the girls how to walk, how to keep a straight posture without moving, how to bow. All these things are managed by the gentlemen from the self-defense forces. Also, the senior students will always watch how the juniors greet people, and how they enter the classroom." When we were shown around the school, it was hard to imagine that the presence of Japan's equivalent of the military was necessary to get these girls walking and bowing correctly. They were so respectful of the teachers and of each other that they seemed to have been born with good manners.



But the job of turning the students into competent singers and dancers clearly isn't as easy as perfecting their etiquette. Like the performers in the company, the students showed very different levels of technical skill. In ballet class, turnout was considerably less in evidence than thigh girth. And in voice class one courageous singer in training to be a "male" gave new meaning to what people say about a teen-age boy: "His voice is changing." Nevertheless, her fellow-students listened as if she were Maria Callas singing "Ave Maria." (The generosity of all this extends to an understanding that every student will go into the company—a policy that is in sharp contrast to most professional schools. The School of American Ballet, for example, feeds an average of four dancers a year into the New York City Ballet.) In the tap-dance class, many of the girls weren't exactly tapping in time to the music, by Milli Vanilli, that was being played, but no doubt when they leave the charge of these former railway executives they'll keep time as perfectly as the Hankyu trains do. Proficiency aside, what all the girls displayed was a desire to please, and that's what really counts in Takarazuka theatre.

The fees for the school aren't high by American private-school standards (Takarazuka's two-year training course is twenty-five thousand yen a month, or about two hundred dollars), and although there is an extra fee for being a boarder, it is negligible. The administration was very precise about the cost of the girls' education, but the answers got fuzzier when it came to other costs, such as the emotional toll of the nunlike commitment to Takarazuka which is required from the students. There doesn't seem to be much concern about the girls' psychological state, nor is there any of the kind of social programming which has become almost de rigueur in many school systems elsewhere in the world. No one talks about anorexia or drugs or condoms, as the personnel of a suburban school in America might do. And there are no guidance counsellors or therapists available. When we asked if the students had any special person they could go to for advice when they had worries or personal problems, we were told, "There are two older women, clerks, whom the girls can talk to. And, in addition, there are female teachers who can attend to these matters." When we asked what "these matters" might typically be, the example we were given was a sore leg.



"We can be proud of our little Attila. He has totally absorbed the Hun ethic."

• •

And no wonder legs get sore or stiff, considering a remarkable demonstration we witnessed of student training, discipline, and self-control. It took place not at the school itself but at a rehearsal we attended for a dance performance that the Star troupe was giving on the following day in Takarazuka's smaller theatre. The students, there to observe, were sitting in the house: to our left, the juniors; to our right, the seniors. Within each group were girls with long hair and girls with the short cut that one sees on every Takarazuka performer of male roles, but dye had not yet touched these shiny black heads. Although the girls all had on the same uniforms—gray pinafores and white shirts—the seniors wore white shoes with a hint of heel, while the juniors wore black flats. For the juniors, wearing less sophisticated shoes was an easy character test compared with another: they all had large black plastic schoolbags on their laps, and their hands were folded on top of the bags in exactly the same way, whereas the senior students, though their hands were folded, too, not only were allowed schoolbags of different colors but could stow them on the floor!

From their total stillness and the rigid positioning of their hands, we could tell that none of the students from either class were supposed to move. During the hour and a quarter that we watched the rehearsal, we noticed only a few transgressions: one student stretched a couple of fingers; another sneaked in a short scratching session on the underside of her left wrist; and one girl went all the way, by putting a finger in her mouth for a few seconds, until she realized her indiscretion. Everybody sat straight up, as if she had a board behind her back; nobody whispered or passed a note. Given this sensational exhibition of stiffness, we were relieved to notice a fair amount of catnapping. (Apologies to any student who feels betrayed, but there's nothing like being reminded that everybody's human.)

Ironically, the person in charge of the rehearsal was the choreographer Akiko Kanda, whose dances were being practiced. She was clearly more interested in the dancers' expressing themselves than in their constant apologies for having missed certain steps. Every time Kanda's credentials had been cited by Mr. Saka or his colleagues, the first on the list of her accomplishments was the fact that she once worked with Martha Graham. She was a member of Graham's company from 1956 to 1962, and as soon as we saw her—thin, supple, authoritative—it was clear that Graham formed a part of her identity. She incarnates everything that Graham stood for in dramatic looks, in body language, in opinions, and in spirit. And, in a place that brings in self-defense forces to teach girls how to bow, who could better encourage the expression of self, and freedom of movement, than a dancer who performed Iphigenia in the years when Graham's company was at its height?

Self-Expression and freedom are valuable concepts in dance, but what about an open show of them in actual life? That takes some courage in this environment. It wasn't just the actresses who were kept on a tight rein. Most of the fans seemed nervous about what might happen if their names ended up in print. And members of the staff we spoke to were obviously concerned that the right impression of the company's behavior be conveyed to the world. (One of the directors, who had married a Takarazuka actress, hastened to assure us that their alliance was made *after* she left the company, not *before*.) People's desire to remain anonymous was sometimes hard to understand, since most of what they said appeared to us quite harmless. One fan, for instance, requested anonymity after remarking, "I am single, but if I had a boyfriend I'd bring him to the show, because I'm sure he'd like it." Other requests to be kept off the record were more understandable, like that of a woman who said, "Japanese men are boring, so of course women love Takarazuka. The husbands work so hard that they have no time for their

HOW TO SEE MORE AND SPEND LESS IN EUROPE.

EURAILPASS

With the unlimited mileage *Eurail Flexipass* you can travel First Class throughout any of 17 countries—and save mile after mile. The 5-day *Flexipass* is good for *any* five days within a 15-day period. And it costs just $280. *Flexipasses* are also available for any 9 or 14 days of travel.

OR IN GERMANY.

German Rail Pass

The *German Rail Pass* is your ticket to savings. The 5-day pass lets you travel through Eastern and Western Germany *any* five days within a month—for only $160*. And if you're traveling with another person, there's an additional 20% savings for your companion. 10- and 15-day *German Rail Passes* are also available.

For more details, see your travel agent or contact GermanRail, P.O. Box 2056, Des Plaines, IL 60017. (708) 692-6300 (ext. 190).

DB GermanRail

DER TOURS

*Coach Class travel. First Class available at additional cost.

wives, and Takarazuka is a place for wives to go that doesn't threaten their husbands. At Takarazuka, women can express the emotion they can't show their coldhearted husbands. Takarazuka never disappoints them." In the context of such pervasive anxiety about giving the wrong idea or upsetting people, it was always memorable when someone broke the pattern. (I, too, didn't want to offend, and found myself accepting courtesies I would normally refuse as a journalist, such as Mr. Saka's offer that we stay at the Takarazuka Hotel as the company's guests.)

For a while, we suspected that all this diplomacy was getting between us and the real story. But eventually it became clear that there wasn't a big gap between what was told to us officially and what we discovered for ourselves. Just a human gap. A few people were willing to discuss taboo subjects, and most weren't, but isn't that always the case? A wider gap had to do with where Takarazuka fits into Japan. It's as if Takarazuka were its own world within the country, with a way of life that has ties to Japanese tradition but also stands apart from it. In Takarazuka City, however, the network of connections seems infinite; it's difficult to come across someone who hasn't had something to do with the theatre.

For instance, it turned out that one of our interpreters, Chieko Sakuta, has a sister, Chiho Asadori, who is a former "male" star of the Flower troupe. (I was told by a fan in Tokyo that Asadori had been especially splendid as Rhett Butler in "Gone with the Wind.") These days, she teaches at the Takarazuka Music School, and—like some other former stars we met—she occasionally performs in a dinner show at one of the better local hotels. Although it has been years since Asadori retired, she still has that giveaway short haircut and that low, sonorous voice.

Asadori was a star in the late sixties, and her view of Takarazuka reflects the changes that have taken place since then. "When I was in the theatre, Japanese women, in general, were supposed to be good wives," she said. "They were not working as career women. So I think that for many years we were the pioneers of working women. Nowadays, there are many working women, but not then. Many of us were not very mature, even though we practiced very hard; we enjoyed it all very much. When I look at my students now, I feel they are more serious than we were, and they want to become more professional. Today, many of the students consider their work in the Takarazuka a career more than a hobby."

When I asked her how the women in her time met the men they eventually married, her answer made us all laugh, and especially her sister: "When the Hankyu Corporation's baseball team, the Hankyu Braves, became the champions one year, there was a big party, and we were invited because of our affiliation with the company. Many of the girls in the theatre got married to the players."

Asadori was not one of the baseball wives; in fact, she remained a star for an unusually long time—seven years—and then departed for an arranged marriage, and motherhood. But even now she is clearly proud that she was once a star, and she is grateful to the Takarazuka system of education for giving her a sense of purpose in life. Asadori is not comfortable discussing anything that might embarrass the organization. When I pressed her about difficulties that she or the other girls might have had with the social curbs that are part of Takarazuka life, she said simply, "We have to prevent scandals."

"But in life there's often some kind of scandal, isn't there?" I said. "Even if it's something small that seems big?"

Her measured reply: "The people in the theatre hate scandals."

"With men?"

"Mm-hmm."

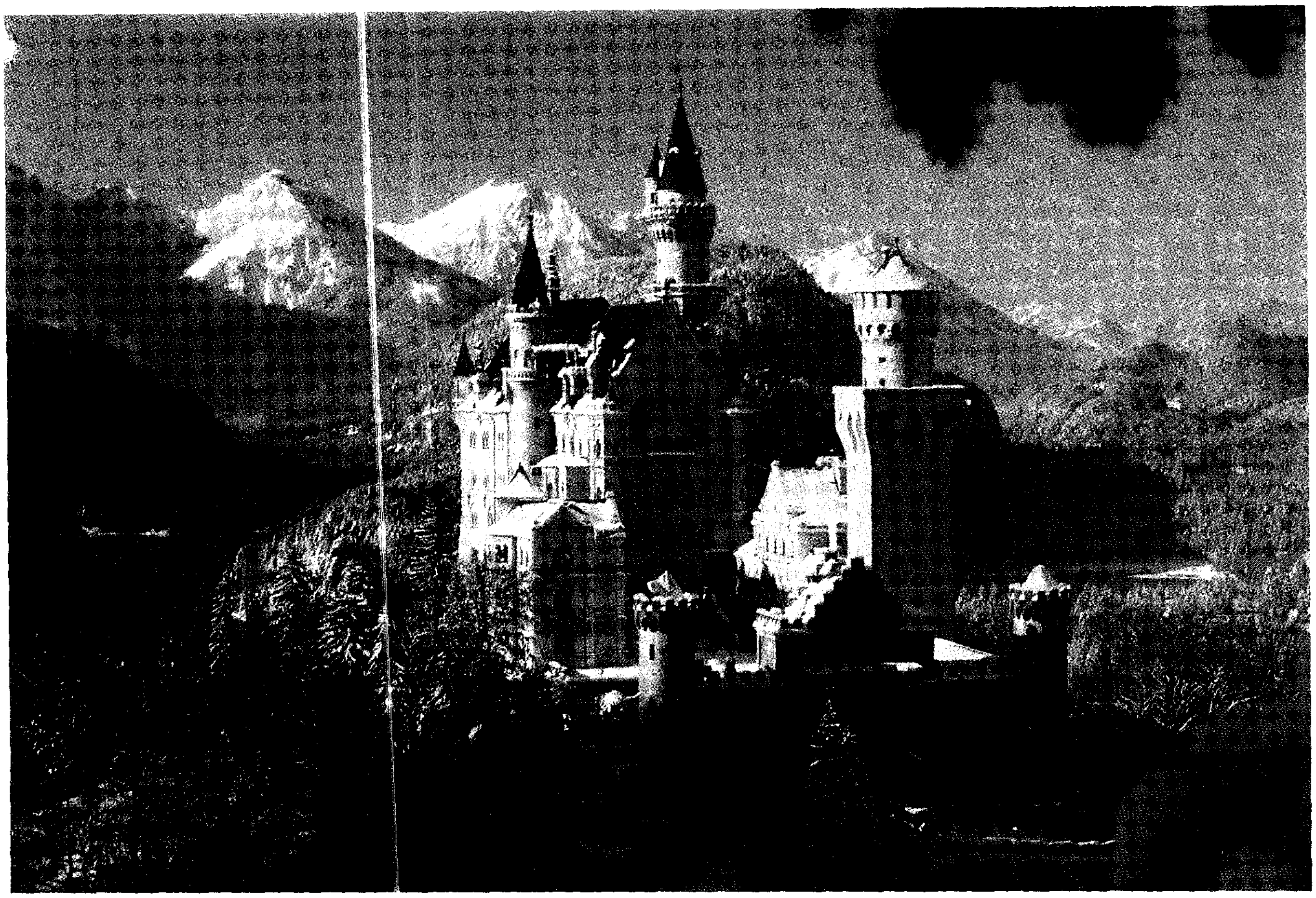
Later, I tried again, with "Before, you said that they didn't like scandals in the theatre. What kind of scandal was it that they didn't like?"

I got a little further this time: "In my day, there were very few such scandals. We were very well disciplined."

"But those few—what do you remember about them?"

Asadori: "Even if you were going with a boyfriend, it should be hidden. I used to go out with friends, and we would go to a place, a very nice restaurant, where we didn't think we'd be

If you're set for another winter of gray skies, rain and fog, Germany offers more enchanting alternatives.



Don't let the gray skies of winter leave you feeling blue. Brighten things up by traveling to Germany with us.

Winter is a perfect time to visit. The summer crowds are gone and the country shows itself as a breathtaking winter wonderland. And with all the castles, theaters, concert halls, museums, restaurants and shops to enjoy, you'll see that Germany indoors is as beautiful as Germany outdoors.

To help make sure your trip is nothing less than spectacular, we are offering our Winter Value Guides with information on events, tour and city packages. They also tell you how to save on German Rail Passes, even how to get a free Avis rental car, so you can take a country drive like you never have before. In addition, we've produced an award-winning video, "Germany for all seasons," that really is a must see. So come with us to Germany, because after all, your winter should be more fun than just sitting in front of the TV with a bag of chips.

Winter Value Guides to Germany.

For your free brochures:
Send to Lufthansa/GNTO
P.O. Box 9024
East Setauket, NY 11733-9894
or call toll-free 1-800-FLY-LUFT

Name________________________
(Please Print)
Address________________________
City____________ State________ Zip________
Phone Number________________________
Travel Agent________________ WMNKJOOC

To order your copy of the "Germany for all seasons" video at $9.95 plus handling, including a $50.00 discount coupon on selected tours plus a free bonus video, "The Eastern Treasures Of Germany," call 1-800-FLY-LUFT.

DZT German National Tourist Office

Lufthansa

seen by the fans. And one day we were eating and a waiter came over to me and said, 'May I have your autograph?' "

I didn't quite grasp the scandalous nature of this anecdote, so I tried yet again: "Are you saying that girls could not go out with friends who were boys?"

This time, Asadori's answer revealed both the flexibility in Takarazuka's system and its black-and-white way of thinking: "If we were going with a boyfriend and planning to get married to him, it was O.K., but if you didn't have any intention of getting married you were considered to be a playgirl. The theatre doesn't want the actresses to be playgirls. It was O.K. to have a boyfriend that one planned to marry, but one would be in a very difficult position if this was disclosed to everyone before you had a chance to make a public announcement that marriage was going to take place."

"So the biggest scandal you remember is that an actress was known to have a boyfriend?" I asked, almost ready to wrap up this delicate part of our conversation. And then, when I imagined wondering for the rest of my life why I hadn't had the courage to ask what I really wanted to know, I asked it: "Can you remember an incident when a girl had a problem because she was pregnant?"

Asadori didn't seem shocked by my bluntness, but she didn't confirm my view of what can happen in life, either. She replied, "No. In my day, there was no such scandal. If you are in the theatre, you have to be pure. If you want to live with a man, you should leave the theatre and continue your career as a singer or dancer."

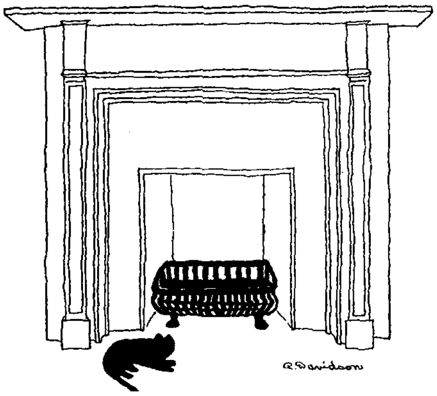
This woman of firm standards hardly seemed like someone whose head could be turned by opportunities for perks such as we'd heard were available to top stars from their fans. But it seemed worth asking her about them anyway, and, as I expected, she listed flowers or a cake as the kind of present she might have been given. Since we'd been told of situations in which stars were treated to pianos, and even houses, by their wealthiest and most devoted fans—called patrons by those in the know—B. tested the waters by throwing in jewelry as an example of another possible present that might come from a hypothetical patron.

"Oh, no!" she said, and then added, "Maybe a dress from a friend, but I would not call her a patron."

As she described them, the privileges that came with being a top "male" Takarazuka star were modest both in their proportions and in their monetary value. In fact, modesty seemed to anchor Asadori; it was impossible to imagine this solid citizen ever being carried away by the headiness of adoration. She made me understand how Takarazuka stardom could be a significant self-strengthening experience, something that could help a young woman develop a kind of inner authority that could stay with her for the rest of her life.

While many of the actresses like Asadori end up teaching or entertaining at dinner shows after they retire, some go on to have professional careers in television or on the stage. One former "male" star, Miyako Asuka, has a current career that doesn't fit into any of these categories: she is a jazz singer, and when we met her she was preparing to sing "Amazing Grace" at an upcoming avant-garde art event. Like the other former stars we met, Miyako Asuka has kept her stage name from her days in Takarazuka. But she has dropped the other obvious signs of her former life, starting with the hair; these days, hers is almost shoulder length. She was very open about the problems she had had as a "male" star.

Male and female stereotypes, she said, are so artificial that they can be put on and taken off like masks. She didn't go to Takarazuka because her dream was to become a top star; she went because she wanted to train her voice. She succeeded, but she also got some lessons in sexism that aren't without their humor. She told us, "In Takarazuka, I did not think, Oh, I'm a big star, but, rather, I kept trying to sing better, and deal with the complexities of playing a male and being a female. I didn't think that it was wonderful to have to pretend I was a male all the time. It was sometimes hard for me on my holidays to switch myself over. Some of the actresses who played the male parts enjoyed staying in their roles, even on their days off. They really acted the way they thought men act. For example, normally, if you're a Japanese woman you wash your own clothes, and clean your room, and cook, but if you're a Japanese man you just let somebody else do it. In Takarazuka, some of the big 'male' stars would ask the others to do their cleaning and cooking."



When Asuka retired, she celebrated by doing all the so-called female things she hadn't been allowed to do as a Takarazuka star, or had done on the sly, when no one in authority was looking. "After playing the part of men for so long, when I left I thought, How wonderful—now I can realize the fact that I'm really a female. When you're in a male role in the company, you have to wear pants on the stage at all times, and whenever I'd go to places that had nothing to do with Takarazuka I'd wear dresses. Once I had left the company, I wore a skirt every day. It had been my dream to have long hair, so I grew it. I looked in mirrors all the time to make sure I was being properly feminine, and I studied how to do it better with the use of these mirrors. I taught myself how to walk in a feminine way."

I asked her to demonstrate this walk, and B. and I got Asuka's equivalent of that sublime character from "Monty Python's Flying Circus" the Minister of Silly Walks. Asuka told us that she had tried out her most feminine walk on a visit to New York, and it had worked, because—and she said this almost triumphantly—a large group of construction workers had cackled and whistled. At this point, I remarked that, of course, it was just that kind of whistling that made many American women furious, because it symbolized the way women are treated as objects. Before responding, Asuka looked at us, one at a time, with fierce concentration, and then she said, "I didn't like it, either, really. I found it frightening."

Perhaps Asuka's directness and candor stemmed from her evident desire to be helpful to us, but, whatever the cause, the effect brought out things that none of us had expected to be sharing when we sat down to what was a rather formal afternoon tea. When Asuka would pose questions like "Why would women want to dress the same way as men?" we'd answer with one of the obvious points of reference—Marlene Dietrich, say. And then Asuka would react with such enchanting attention to our information that we kept wanting to give her more. The next thing we knew, we were spilling the goods on Dietrich's famous bisexuality. And *Garbo's*. This really called a halt to any standing on ceremony. When we assured Asuka that these facts were relatively common knowledge in the West, you would have thought we'd told her that B. had once been a top Takarazuka female star. She stared at us as though it were impossible for things like that to be widely known and accepted. Yet she also seemed delighted by a world that would allow such a departure from the way a movie star was meant to act. By the end of the afternoon, we had discussed men, women, and sex almost as candidly as if we were supplying data for a Kinsey Report. And each time another frank fact would emerge, Asuka would reward us with her sense of liberation at being part of a discussion in which people—men and women together—could talk to each other so openly.

But however enlightening Asadori and Asuka had been, neither of them was the person to help paint the big picture of just what Takarazuka is. For that, a major clue came from the man who had written and directed "Puck" and, some time before that, "The Great Gatsby"—Shuichiro Koike.

In the context of the other Takarazuka insiders we'd met, Koike was unexpected. His demeanor was hip, his responses were spontaneous, and he understood very well that we saw Takarazuka from a perspective different from that of the company's executives. The clever collaging that we'd been struck by in "Puck" became much less of a mystery once we'd met Koike. Clearly, he had the advantage of many perspectives—Eastern and Western, contemporary and traditional. Knowing a good deal about European and American culture, and being fluent in English, Koike assumed that we would approach Takarazuka as something out of the ordinary, even kinky. So he approached head on our struggle to understand it, saying, "It's our tradition, maybe in combination with our

© F. Schumacher & Co. 1992 Shadow's Plaid
SCHUMACHER®
CLASSIC DESIGN

Options.

Choose one of the sensational options listed below when you reserve a luxurious guest room at our special weekend rate! $159*

	Upgrade to a one-bedroom suite.
	Adjoining guest room for 1/2-price.
	1/2-hour massage for two in our Health Club.
	$25 food or beverage credit.
	Free parking (Thursday 3 p.m. – Monday 8 a.m.).

For reservations, contact your travel agent or call (212) 755-5900, toll-free 800-327-0200.

HOTEL INTER·CONTINENTAL NEW YORK
111 East 48th Street • New York, New York

** Per night, single or double occupancy, now through 12/31/92. Based on availability and advance reservations. Offer available Thursday through Sunday with a Friday or Saturday night stay required. Local taxes and gratuities not included. Not available to groups. Only one option per stay may be redeemed. Up to three children ages 14 and under in adjoining guest room.*

BREATHE AIR FREE OF SMOKE POLLEN POLLUTION

Powerful EnergAire® Ionizer continuously purifies up to 4,000 cu. ft. (a large room) of polluted air and makes it breathable and invigorating. Restores natural ion balance to unhealthy environments. Removes even microscopic pollution particles not removed by other methods of air purification.
EnergAire was rated **Number One** for speed of removal of cigarette smoke by *the leading consumer protection magazine.*
EnergAire works the way nature cleans the air. Like lightning, it produces a concentration of negative ions which attach themselves to pollution particles causing both to fall harmlessly to the floor. Unlike more expensive fan-filter ionizers, EnergAire has no filters to buy and change (saves time and money) and no fan (no noise), requires no maintenance.
EnergAire uses less than 3 watts - plugs into standard 110 volt outlet. 9" high. 3" dia. 1 lb. Manufactured by Micron in the U.S.A. Immediate shipment.
30-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. 12-MONTH WARRANTY.
TO ORDER: Send $59.95 plus $4.00 each shipping (in Mass. add 5% sales tax) by check, money-order, MasterCard or Visa number and expiration date to **MICRON SALES COMPANY, Dept. 436, 170 Kerry Place, Norwood, MA 02062, or CALL TOLL FREE (anytime) 1-800-334-0854, Extension 651.** *(For information call 617-326-8675.)* **ASK FOR PRODUCT NUMBER 436.**

La Fonda
On the Plaza
is Santa Fe
100 East San Francisco
Santa Fe, New Mexico

In the center of museums, shops and galleries, La Fonda is the hotel on Santa Fe's historic Plaza. Colorful rooms and suites, some with balconies and fireplaces. Hot tubs, cold plunge. Nightly entertainment.
(800) 523-5002
Ext. 575
(505) 982-5511

SHELL BRACELET
#4-H, sterling: $83 ppd.
14K: $726 ppd.
Links actual size
7" long
Gift boxed, satisfaction guar.
MC, VISA, AMEX, ck or M.O.
1-800-67-TORYS. M-F, 9-5, EST.
TORY'S Fax: 1-617-631-9828
Catalog upon request.
106 Washington St., Dept. N, Marblehead, MA 01945

Country Curtains®
AT THE RED LION INN
Marvelous Decorating Solutions ...
Wonderfully Affordable!
FREE 72-PAGE COLOR CATALOG
Please call 1-800-876-6123
or write us at Dept. 4252,
Stockbridge, MA 01262

religion, that in many of the arts an innocent girl performs the part of a man, or an innocent boy performs the woman. One sex acting both sexes is not unnatural to us at all. Sometimes foreigners, even Japanese who don't know anything about Takarazuka, tell me that I'm very lucky because I'm surrounded by all these girls. They think I live like Hugh Hefner." To us, having observed something of the life of the actresses by now, this notion of their carrying on with Koike was hallucinatory. The reality had more to do with something else that Koike said: "Really, the company is popular because of its innocence. Some people say it's just amateur, that the singing, dancing, or acting isn't professional. But the audience loves that. If the performers were real professionals, then people wouldn't come to see Takarazuka. They love how the performers try so hard."

Koike was well aware that Takarazuka might appeal in different ways to different people for very different reasons. For instance, he said that if Takarazuka were being shown in a *night club in Paris* it would probably take on a whole different meaning, and could perhaps be seen as a drag act. He also agreed to a suggestion that the performers might be viewed by some as akin to rock-and-roll stars like David Bowie, Annie Lennox, and Mick Jagger, all of whom have experimented with the line that usually divides our image of male and female. Both from Koike himself and from his work, I had the feeling that it was these considerations, as well as Takarazuka's traditional charm, which had attracted him to the genre, and which gave to his work its special sophistication in the context of so much innocence.

IN the West, we tend to hear mostly about stars in terms of their high-profile romances, their fights, their cleavages, their disasters, their recoveries, and, most of all, their secrets. There are those who interpret our culture's addiction to news stories about famous people as a product of modern life's vulgarity. It seems to me, though, that this hunger is an expression of something else: a desire for fantasy and for confirmation that one is not alone—say, in one's marital troubles—and for proof that even stars suffer. Which is not to say that at times the relationship between stars and fans can't lead to hurt in the West, or even in Takarazuka. In Tokyo, B. and I heard a story that contradicted some of what we had heard from Chiho Asadori; it was about an emotional collision that shed light on the other side of the dreams and ideals specific to Takarazuka. The story was reported by a fan who asked for anonymity before she began:

> I first encountered Takarazuka when I was sixteen or seventeen years old. My mother took me to see a show. When she was younger she'd wanted to be in the company, but at that time joining the entertainment world was very difficult for a daughter of an ordinary family. Although she didn't have a chance to join the theatre, she and our maid often discussed it. My mother didn't talk about Takarazuka with my father.
>
> The minute I saw Takarazuka onstage, I knew it was a great thing. Many of the other fans I knew had boyfriends—I personally don't think the women were as crazy about them as they were about Takarazuka. Anyway, for me seeing Takarazuka made the dormant volcano erupt. My attraction was sexual. You see, the reason I asked for anonymity is that I work in a straight world. I have to be careful about my homosexuality.
>
> When I entered university to study sociology, I was still crazy about Takarazuka. And after I graduated I went to the United States. In America, I became a feminist activist. When I returned to Japan, I found that among the Japanese feminists the norm was that you shouldn't like Takarazuka. They criticized me for liking it, because they thought that what it did was just perpetuate the notion that women are sex objects. Plus, they said it had a fixation on the whole idea of sex roles. So I kept my distance from Takarazuka after coming back to Japan. Then, one day, I saw Takarazuka on television, and I went crazy about the star in the main role, who is now retired. I started following this star, going to her shows locally and in other towns. I chased her, in fact. Once, I took a cab for fifty thousand yen to where she was, by the Japanese seaside.
>
> On that very first day I saw her on television, I had decided to join her fan club, and I enrolled. But I became dissatisfied with the club, because I never had any real contact with the star, so I said I have to quit. Then the chairman of the club introduced me to someone who said, "Why don't you join the Exclusive Club?" and told me that it required a ten-thousand-yen membership a month and a thirty-thousand-yen entry fee. I joined, and longed for the four-times-a-year dinner opportunity with the star—the dinner, of course, cost each member an extra amount each time.
>
> The Exclusive Club had twenty members, while the general-fan-club membership for this particular star at this time was about six hundred. Already, I was paying about a hundred and fifty thousand yen, and then they asked me if I would like to pay for the lunchbox that the star would eat from, or if I wanted to pay for such-and-such day's bouquet. The money was endless—three hundred thousand, three hundred and fifty thousand, half a million. A hundred and fifty thousand yen was about six hundred dollars, and it was equivalent to the monthly salary that a new university graduate might be paid.

The chairman was very close to the star. She controlled the situation with the fans. Sometimes she'd approach me and say, Can you pay an extra three hundred thousand yen this month? I refused. But she did this with others, too, and eventually we came to wonder what was happening. Then somebody checked the club's bank account and found that there was only two hundred yen in it. The chairman asked another member to lend her a million yen to buy tickets. The woman, a rich housewife, took the money from her husband's bank account without telling him, but the chairman just kept the money for herself and never repaid the loan. When we learned about this, we fired her, and decided to have collective control of the club. Eventually, we paid back the money. I think the star may have known what the chairman was doing, but she played dumb when I talked to her about it.

We asked if this event had ended her affection for the star.

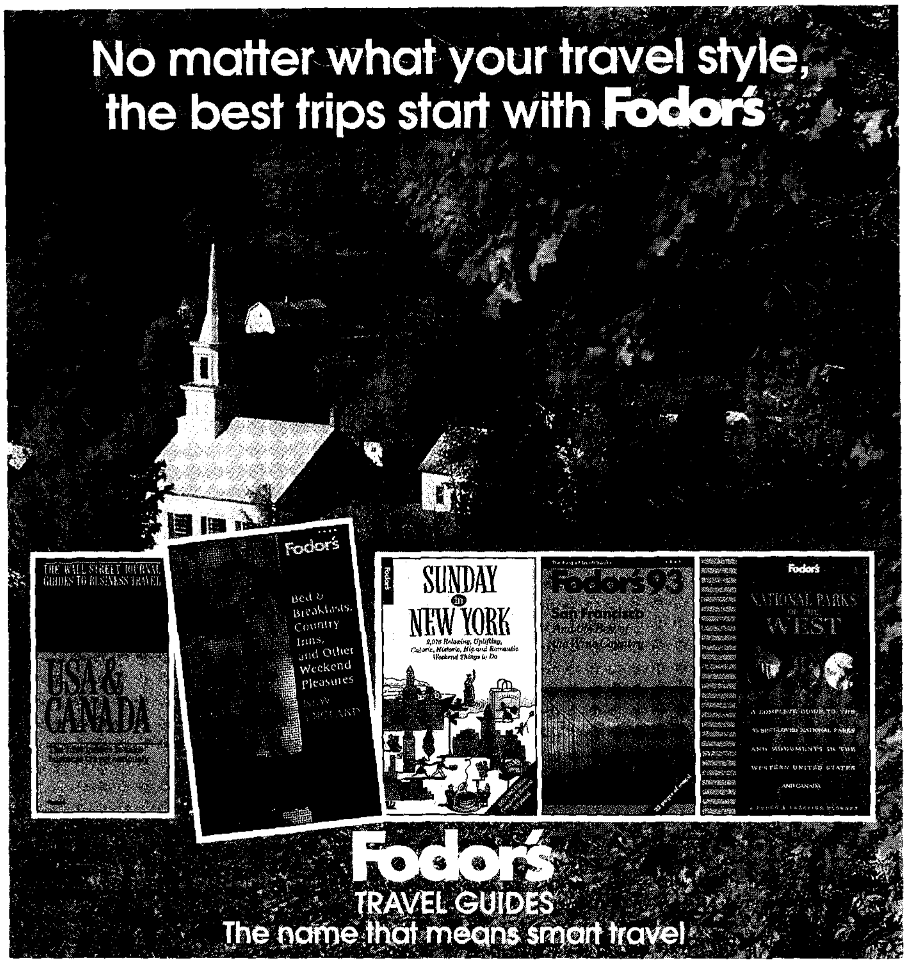
No. Although it's kind of a secret, I started giving a lot of money to the star. And gradually we became close. Finally, I became very disappointed in her. Around the time that she started thinking of retiring, she moved from Takarazuka to Tokyo. And I wanted to give her a gift for her new house, so I asked what she would especially like to have, and she answered, "Give me money!" I'd wanted to choose something meaningful to her, and she wanted money. I was so disgusted I said, "Go away. Bye!"

What I have told you is not a special case. But nobody talks about things like this. And I wasn't even really a patron. Patrons can pay a star's rent. When certain stars are still young, when they're at the bottom of stardom, they find wannabe patrons.

This fan didn't claim to be speaking for others, nor did she make any generalizations about the morals of the stars or the sex lives of the fans. But she very deliberately changed the phrase about selling dreams to "They're selling sexual energy in Takarazuka." When she had finished her saga, I asked her if she had stopped falling in love with Takarazuka "male" stars.

She smiled, and produced a Takarazuka program. Pointing to a photograph in it, she said, "This star's terrific. Mayo Suzukaze."

TO observe Mayo Suzukaze in "Puck" and "Memories of You" from backstage—as we were permitted to do one afternoon in Takarazuka City—was to witness someone utterly focussed on her work. That afternoon, she pushed herself like a racehorse that seems to sense the presence of people out there counting on it. Suzukaze brings off the killer costume changes that are required of her at a pace so fast and so constant that her limbs never stop moving: overalls off . . . jacket and pants and hat on . . . face


No matter what your travel style, the best trips start with Fodor's
USA & CANADA
Fodor's Bed & Breakfasts, Country Inns, and Other Weekend Pleasures
SUNDAY IN NEW YORK
Fodor's 93 San Francisco
Fodor's NATIONAL PARKS OF THE WEST
Fodor's
TRAVEL GUIDES
The name that means smart travel.

Washington's second best address.

STOUFFER Mayflower HOTEL

All parties are welcome at the newly renovated Stouffer Mayflower Hotel. With an investment totaling $100 million, it's a stunning transformation. New guest rooms. New decor. A renewed commitment to service excellence. And even though we'll make you feel like one of the chosen few, you don't have to be elected to live in our luxury. For reservations or more information, call your travel agent or 1•800•HOTELS•1.

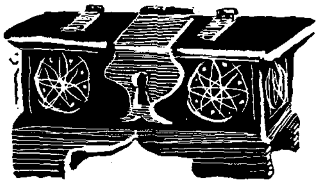
STOUFFER HOTELS ◆ RESORTS

A Nestlé Company

©1992 Stouffer Hotel Company

checked . . . more makeup . . . hat off again, then back on . . . one last confirmation that the wig's on straight . . . and seconds later she's back onstage, knocking herself out for the audience. Although there had been concern that our watching Takarazuka from behind the scenes would destroy the fantastic aspect of the revue for us, looking at the whole thing from the inside had the opposite effect. It was here—where we couldn't avoid registering all the artificiality—that the beauty of Takarazuka revealed itself.

When it became apparent how much energy went into this spectacle, how much traffic of people and costumes and props was involved, how absorbed everybody backstage was in making sure that all details were in order, from the knotting of a necktie to a frill's splaying the right way, when we saw the girls flying past us to make their costume changes in time—the mechanics of it all became more wondrous than a lighted-up stairway can ever be. This was the magic that can happen when everybody pulls together.



It's true that some of the performers hang around and schmooze. Watching the girls joke with the distinguished Mr. Tanaka, our backstage chaperon, and then help one another by straightening a bow tie or adjusting a bunny outfit was further reinforcement of the fact that these performers are a special breed. One doesn't find this kind of ubiquitous sweetness backstage on Broadway. And their politeness and openness wasn't only for us. The many helpers who work behind the scenes, from the stagehands to the wardrobe mistresses and the laundresses, were treated by the performers with gratitude and respect and also with the kind of familiarity that can include some affectionate kidding around. Although the special forces may have taught the girls how to bow and sit with machine-like precision, the girls are certainly not machines.

After the audience finished applauding the last glitzy lineup in "Memories of You" and the curtain was down, the actresses went, as they always do, to relax by soaking themselves in large communal baths backstage. It had been arranged that I would subsequently meet Suzukaze inside the stage door. This may sound like a simple plan, but until I actually saw her there, in an unexpectedly kooky outfit, I wasn't at all convinced that we'd get that far. For a rendezvous with Suzukaze had turned out to be much more of an on-and-off business than any of the other meetings Mr. Saka and Mr. Tanaka had arranged for us. Her schedule, her plans, her to-and-fros from the theatre all had become incredibly complicated, and surrounded in mystery—as if someone weren't certain that she *should* be interviewed. But her arrival put an immediate end to the murkiness that had developed around her: she herself was just too vivid. Her outfit that day could be described as New Wave Brechtian; it consisted of a baggy kidlike version of a pants suit with clashing plaids, topped off by a black straw hat designed by Milan's fashion wit, Franco Moschino. When she, Mr. Tanaka, and B. and I left the theatre, her ensemble was not lost on the crowd of fans who had collected outside the building to watch for her. They reacted enthusiastically, a few of them snapping their Instamatics and many of them rushing to fall in behind her as she walked to the administration building, where it had been settled that we would convene. The three of us fell back and watched her handle her fans with ease.

That my official interview with Suzukaze was a summit occasion was indicated by its taking place in a private room, not in the smoking section. Mr. Saka was there, and so were B., Mr. Tanaka, and an interpreter. One can imagine how free Suzukaze and I felt to have a frank discussion. Yet, remarkably, even with an audience around us, Suzukaze managed to create an intimate situation in which small talk quickly vanished. Her eagerness to provide thoughtful answers to my questions dominated the mood in the room. Yet she addressed me with an embarrassing degree of respect—I was startled to find her treating me as if she were not my equal. To me, she was a star of Takarazuka; if anybody should be in awe, it was I. To make clear how I felt, I said, "I admire the way you are on the stage. And I admire the way you treat your fans."

Suzukaze talks as evocatively as she performs. When I asked what she experienced when she first saw a Takarazuka show, at age fourteen, she answered, "I felt lightning in my heart."

"Why?" I asked.

"I was impressed with the theatre because it consisted only of girls. To see only girls acting on such a huge stage was so impressive! At that time, the big star was very tall and she had a beautiful voice and beautiful style. And I was also very much moved by the magnificent costumes and all the stage sets."

"Do you think that the fans are especially excited by the actresses who play the male roles because equality for women in Japan is still so far away, and the fans are happy to see women playing such strong roles?" I was testing a theory I'd been developing since I first encountered Takarazuka.

She did not confirm it. Instead, she said, "No, I don't think that's why the fans become so inspired. I believe they love the gorgeousness of the theatre. And also there may be the factor that when women are young we tend to have an adoration for women, not men. They can express this adoration for the stars in Takarazuka."

"What does it feel like to be so deeply loved by the fans? Is it difficult for you in any way?" I asked.

"Difficult? Oh, no! When I was very young, I adored Takarazuka, and so I understand the feelings of the fans. Now that the situation is reversed, I want to be as careful with them as I can. I want many fans to love me. This is the good part of Takarazuka theatre. Without this, Takarazuka theatre can't be Takarazuka theatre." Clearly, the fans who had chosen her as a star to worship had chosen wisely.

Just as we began to talk about New York, we ran out of time, because Suzukaze had a class to teach. I leaped at the opportunity this gave me to interview her privately: "I hate to end this conversation, so I want to ask you if it would be possible for us to meet again afterward. We don't have to spoil your image with the fans. If it's just us gals, as we say in America, we won't have the problem of your being seen with men. If you'd like, we could go to one of the places in the Takarazuka Hotel for a drink or a bite to eat."

"Yes," she replied.

After Suzukaze's class, she and I went outside, to find her fans still waiting. To no one in particular, but for the benefit of them all, she said, very distinctly, "Since I am going to have two performances tomorrow, I will be leaving home by nine o'clock." This was her way of showing consideration for a fan's need to know when the next pleasure would be available. After waving and bowing to the fans, she stepped into a car that was waiting for her. So did I and Michiko Matsumoto, who had taken over that day as interpreter and, with a silent fan at the wheel, we took the couple of minutes' ride to the hotel. The fan dropped us off, still not saying a word, and once we were inside the hotel Suzukaze chose Le Premier, a Frenchish restaurant, for our meal.

I think we both felt freer without witnesses to our exchange other than our interpreter. Suzukaze was as much the interviewer as I was, asking about my life, extracting my opinions, keeping things between us balanced. To put it simply, this was not a self-involved actress.

I knew she cared for the fans, I said, but, beyond sympathizing with them, was there anything else that made her such a devoted star?

"Yes. They help me a lot. For me they are like my family. Everybody else thinks that since I am a star I am always eating delicious food, but I'm not. When I go home, I'm so tired I just go to bed. The fans are the ones who are worried about my health, and about what I eat."

I asked her to tell me about the extra responsibilities that go with her life as Takarazuka star. She listed dinner shows and recordings, as I expected, and then said, "Sometimes I am asked to present a bouquet to a famous person, or to a politician. I don't particularly hate it. This is a little selfish to say, but it can take up a whole day, and I don't care for that too much."

Suzukaze asked me to talk about life in New York, and she eagerly offered her own impressions. "The first thing that surprised me when I arrived at Kennedy Airport was the rough driving of the taxicabs," she said. "I think the Japanese are the only people who say 'I'm sorry.' I had the same kind of shock when I saw people in Manhattan that I had when I first saw Takarazuka. I was amazed to see individuals with blue eyes. I had never believed that people with blue eyes, or people with such black skin, really existed in the world. It was strange to see them actually living in New York. That was something that I knew only from magazines or TV, or in the movies."

By the time we ordered dessert, we were chatting about the fact that going to bars and going dancing were taboo for Takarazuka stars in places where they were known, but Suzukaze also had a story about what can happen when you're a stranger in town, and look different from everyone else: "In New York, I was mistaken for a teenager," she recalled. "I wasn't allowed into a discothèque."

"Which club?" I asked, laughing.

"The church."

"The Limelight, on Sixth Avenue?"

"Yes, that's it."

Instead of explaining the complexities and exclusivities of door policies in New York clubs, I took another direction. "What's good about the Limelight is that all kinds of people go there," I told Suzukaze. "I don't know if you have the words 'gay' and 'straight,' but the Limelight's a club where everybody is welcome, so it's very popular."

The very next question that Suzukaze asked me was about AIDS. "Is it a big problem in New York?" she wanted to know. After I gave her the bad news, we talked for a long time about AIDS, and she had a lot to say. Part of it went, "When the first AIDS patient was discovered in Japan, it was treated just like a scandal. And even today people who are suffering with AIDS are hidden away from the society. Sometimes I am very frustrated, because we have such a big misunderstanding in Japan about AIDS. I realize that in America there are many charity shows organized by famous people to help find a cure. I hope such a movement will come to Japan. But this has nothing to do with Takarazuka. Some people might say that I should just be a big star in the theatre, and not have any worries about the outside world. Yet I was brought up in a very ordinary family, and in

Lay Down Your Arms

Ah, to read without aching arms and dented elbows. Now you can with our Reader's Table from Denmark. It adjusts easily to hold your book at just the right height and angle. Reading becomes surprisingly comfortable in a chair, in bed, or beside a desk. An intelligent design and a handsome piece of furniture in mahogany, teak, cherry, or black ash.

$199 + **$9.95** shipping via UPS ground
Assembly required—but worth it.
MC/VISA/AMEX/DI/Check • Florida add 6%
Money-Back Guarantee • Catalog on Request
800-544-0880 or 407-276-4141

LEVENGER
TOOLS FOR SERIOUS READERS
975 S. Congress Ave., Code NYRT32, Delray, FL 33445

TIRED OF THE SAME OLD ROAST EVERY SUNDAY?

The only thing the same about our 100 varieties of gourmet and flavored coffees is that each one is roasted fresh, daily. Find a different favorite for every day - at wholesale prices, you won't have to reserve the Baronet® for just the weekend.

corporate accounts
gift packages
free catalog

BARONET COFFEE
One Cup Invites Another®

1-800-253-7374
P.O. Box 987 Hartford, Connecticut 06143-0987

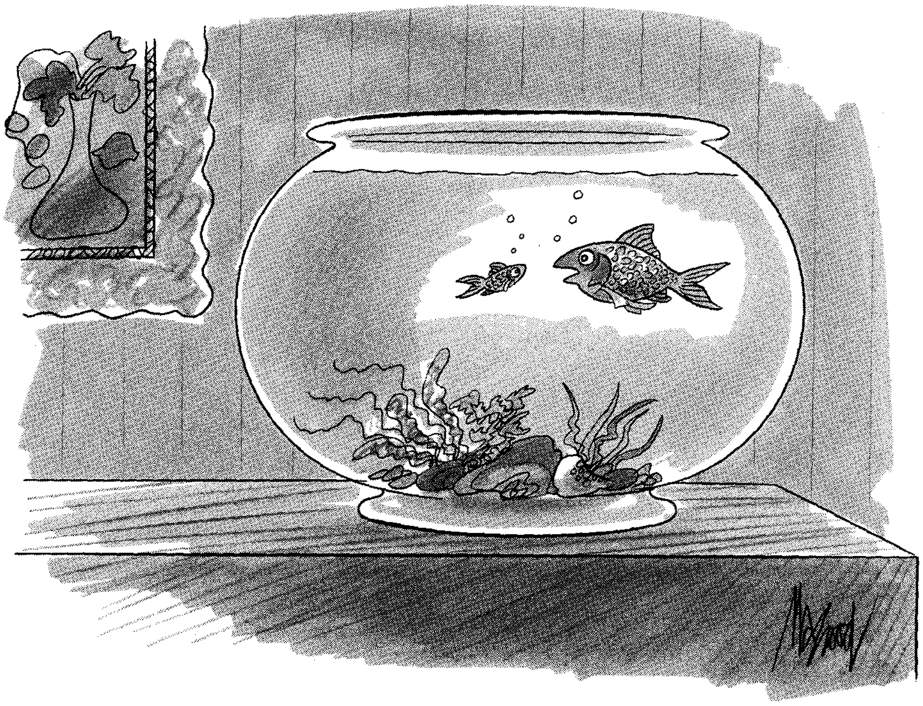
JANESVILLE®
TODDLER
$38
+$4 UPS
($4.50 West Coast)
Visa, MC, or Check
Free Brochure

Pine and Hardwoods
Seat 18" x 7"
Seat Height 9½"
Child's first riding vehicle.
Oil finish
Rubber Tires
(608) 754-0026

Wisconsin Wagon Co. 507 Laurel, Janesville, WI 53545

The California Wine Club

EXPERIENCE CALIFORNIA'S SMALLER WINERIES
Each month, two bottles of award-winning wines, plus 8-page newsletter, $28.50 per month (includes shipping). *Cancel anytime. Great gift idea.*
Visa/ MasterCard/American Express
800/777-4443 24 Hours



"It's a very sad story, honey. I'm a single parent because I devoured your father."

• •

a very natural environment. I lived in a place that had beautiful nature, and I was moved by many things in that world. So I would like to stay an ordinary person who has contact with the world. Even though what I say may mean very little to the larger world, inside of me there is someone who would like to do something. But what I have told you is not known to my fans!"

Talking to me about AIDS was very daring in Suzukaze's world, far more so than it was, say, for an American movie star in the early eighties, when there was still a possible stigma by association. We may or may not have gone beyond that, but Japan definitely hasn't, and the actress's candor was especially moving because it seemed so uncalculated. One of Suzukaze's fans described her as being like glass: clear, sharp. Glass seems ordinary rather than fancy, yet glass, like Suzukaze, is a fragile product. Even so, during my long conversation with Suzukaze she never gave the slightest sign of feeling burdened by the necessity of upholding everybody's idea of her, or by her vulnerability if she should fail. On the contrary, she said to me, "I believe that my life now is the happiest I can lead."

When it was time for Suzukaze to leave, she made a quick phone call, and almost instantly her driver of a few hours before pulled up in front of the hotel.

I saw her one more time. The next day, I happened to be backstage right after "Memories of You" finished; Suzukaze heard that I was there, and came downstairs from her dressing room to say goodbye. She had left upstairs all the signs of her status as a star. There was a towel around her head, she had on a robe and fluffy slippers, and her face was scrubbed clean of makeup. We kissed each other on the cheek, Continental style, and as we did I imagined what this everyday way of communicating would mean to one of her fans: everything.

At this point in her life, Suzukaze has a sense of purpose that separates her from the other stars I met in the Moon troupe. They, too, were highly individual, though. The top "female" star, Kayo Asano, who played Hermia, Puck's love, had the air of acceptance that people often have when they understand but don't resent the fact that their role in the shadows helps create spotlights for others. She told me that one of her favorite movie stars was Audrey Hepburn, and, in fact, she has the sort of ballerina-like allure that made Hepburn such a class act for Hollywood. I don't know whether this is coincidence, or whether it has to do with Asano's playing female roles, but she seemed to be much more traditionally "Japanese" than her "male" counterparts. When she laughed, for instance, she would always put a hand to her mouth.

By contrast, Yuki Amami, the Moon troupe's second "male" lead, who is young for such a distinction, appears to be someone who wouldn't have any trouble if she woke up tomorrow to find herself in New York. She's up on everything in pop, loves MTV and bluejeans, and is a fan of Bruce Springsteen, Matt Dillon, and, particularly, Robert De Niro. After all the protocol and all the Old World beliefs I'd encountered, Amami's non-covert assertiveness seemed exceptionally spunky. I first became aware of her in "Puck," playing the part of the rock star Bobby, which she did with a savviness that picked up on Elvis and the kind of toughs who were made into entertainment icons by "West Side Story." After spending some time with Amami, B. and I told her we'd heard rumors that she might well become a top star one day. "They didn't tell me," she said, not in the least implying that they should have, but with a hint of humor at the idea that she would be so little in the know about her own career. At this point, Amami does not appear to consider her role as a "male" star a calling, the way Suzukaze does; nor does she seem to have Suzukaze's soul-to-soul connection with her fans. Amami's future is open. Give her a bit of time, and she could take the Paris/Milan/New York fashion catwalks by storm—she has the height and the confidence. Still, she seemed surprised when we told her we could imagine her on a runway, or on a stage or a screen outside Japan. I didn't sense that she'd ever considered such a possibility. Instead, here was another young woman who had fallen into the Takarazuka world because she liked to sing and dance, and had an idea other than early marriage. As Chiho Asadori had suggested, there is a difference between the recent generations of Takarazuka actresses and past generations. The administration may believe, as Mr. Saka put it, that "when the girls are going to be married, our mission is completed," but the girls we talked to did not seem to concur. Amami may or may not go on with her career, and may or may not get married sooner or later, but the notion that she might graduate from top stardom into an *arranged* marriage—as Asadori had done—is inconceivable.

As for Suzukaze's future, every possible answer seems to evaporate as it arises. All I can see is Suzukaze on that stage wowing the fans, or perhaps letting them know, on leaving the premises, when she'll be back. When someone is so deeply committed to her work, when she and it come together as one, why pull them apart before life does? Suzukaze's fans know that time will end their pleasure, whether it's the clock declaring that a show is over, or the calendar eventually making it necessary for Suzukaze to stop performing. Perhaps the short span of stardom is what makes the fans treat each second as if it were precious. They grab every chance they get to immerse themselves in this world of heroic men and women, of sparkle and color, of singing and dancing—and of a dreamy erotics that transcends the usual division between the sexes. For the fans, too, Takarazuka is likely to be an experience that ends when their own marriages occur—at least, until they return to it, decades later.

So, for both the audience and the players, Takarazuka is an adventure, a suspension of "normal" life. There are people who dismiss it as an *escape* from life, a way of avoiding the difficulties of "real, grownup" relationships. And certainly Takarazuka seems like another world. That's true whether it is the "finishing," disciplining, marriage-preparing institution that the men in charge believe it to be, or whether it's the heaven on earth that makes the fans love it so. But Takarazuka is also a distillation of the complicated relationship that exists wherever there are stars and fans. What makes it unusual is that it keeps this dynamic human. We didn't meet one star or ex-star who pretended to be anything other than an ordinary woman. We didn't observe one instance of rudeness, either to the fans or from the fans. Everybody treats everybody else with respect; it's as if they all realized that they're giving one another something they wouldn't otherwise have in their lives.

Of course, no one claims that any of these stars or former stars are supreme talents. Nobody in the Takarazuka office talks about "geniuses," just as none of the actresses seem to think they're above the laws of human behavior because they're stars. In fact, the word "star" is bandied about so often that it ceases to imply "one in a million." Practically any girl in Japan who wants to have a go at being a star can put herself to the test, though it's true that the gift of a couple of inches gives a girl a better chance to be a bigger star—a "male" star. Takarazuka isn't a perfect world—it's full of inconsistencies and paradoxes. But it's also full of qualities that we don't normally associate with stars: modesty, fairness, and grace.

ON our plane coming back to New York, B. needed to stretch his legs, and when he returned to his seat he said, "Guess what! The assistant purser is a Takarazuka fan." I found the assistant purser, Maki Ohbayashi, in the service area, taking a break with her colleagues.

"I hear you enjoy Takarazuka," I said to her. "When you were growing up, did you see it often?"

"Yes. My mother and my grandmother took me. We liked it very much." As she started to tell me why, one of her male colleagues, who spoke better English, offered to help translate. But whatever it was that she was saying in Japanese seemed to confuse him. "It's very complicated," he told me, and he started to get tangled up in pronouns. Obviously, the idea of female "male" stars had stumped him. So I kept my questions simple.

"And you're still a fan, I gather. Is there anybody you especially like?" I asked.

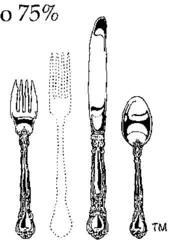
"Yes."

"Who?"

"Now? Mayo Suzukaze."

Trust Suzukaze to crop up just before we got home and witnessed the crash landing of some of our own stars. It was only a short time later that the *News* was announcing "A Midsummer Night's sex tragedy for Woody." Where is Puck when we need him/her to help us dream up a happy ending for that star-crossed story?

—INGRID SISCHY

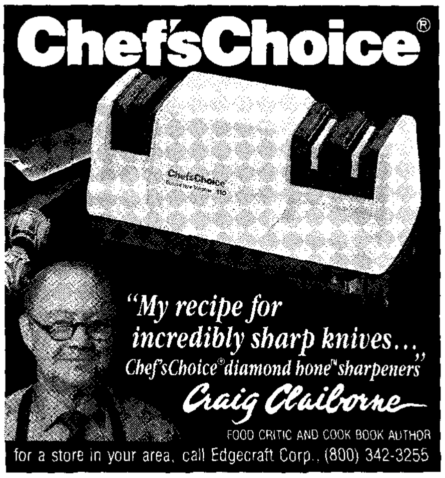


MISSING A PIECE OF YOUR PATTERN?™

We specialize in new and beautiful-as-new sterling silver flatware. Over 1,000 patterns in stock, at up to 75% off retail prices. Call or write today for a free inventory of your sterling pattern. *(We also buy sterling silver, with a careful appraisal for maximum value.)*

Beverly Bremer
SILVER SHOP

3164 Peachtree Rd., Dept. NY, Atlanta, GA 30305
Phone (404) 261-4009 Hours 10-5, Mon.-Sat.



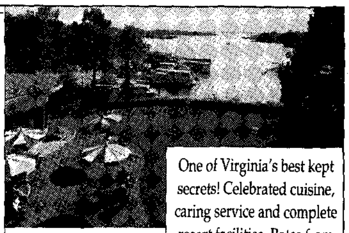
Chef'sChoice®

"My recipe for incredibly sharp knives... Chef'sChoice® diamond hone® sharpeners"
Craig Claiborne
FOOD CRITIC AND COOK BOOK AUTHOR
for a store in your area, call Edgecraft Corp., (800) 342-3255

Le Cordon Bleu
Paris Cooking School
Ecole de Cuisine et
de Pâtisserie Française

Suite 400, 1390 Prince of Wales Drive
Ottawa, Ontario, Canada, K2C 3N6
(613) 224-8603/Fax (613) 224-9966
or 1-800-457-CHEF

Canada has the first Cordon Bleu School in North America. All courses taught by professional French chefs. The Classic Cycle includes: Basic and Intermediate Cuisine and Basic Pastry, all leading towards Le Grand Diplome, which may be completed in Paris, France. Intensive courses, demonstration workshops and evening classes available.



THE TIDES INN

Irvington, VA 22480

1-800-TIDES INN

One of Virginia's best kept secrets! Celebrated cuisine, caring service and complete resort facilities. Rates from $113 per person MAP.

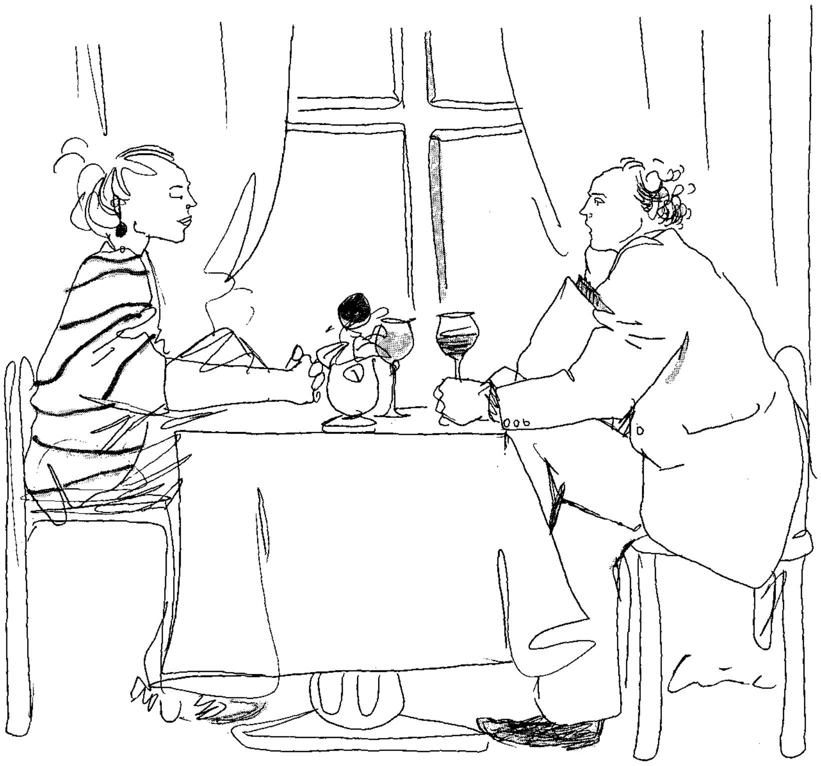
Condé Nast Traveler Readers' Choice Award Winner for 2 Consecutive Years

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

SEPTEMBER 17

THE first weeks of the fall Presidential campaign—which actually began in August—found the two contenders mostly on the defensive. This may defy the normal contours of battle, but it bespoke the nature of the two candidacies. Neither had yet found a way to capture the public's imagination; both were struggling to overcome their liabilities. Bill Clinton has been running ahead in the polls by comfortable margins and, more important, at present has the advantage in the Electoral College—rare for a Democrat. Moreover, various polls suggest that his support is "soft," and that in fact the public has serious doubts about both candidates. As the fall political season began, George Bush was still struggling for coherence and a purpose—beyond his ferocious desire—for reëlection. His speech last week before the Detroit Economic Club, which molded various things he had been proposing into some sort of form, was a start. But he still has other liabilities to overcome.

The two big challenges for Clinton's campaign have been, as Clinton advisers put it, to raise people's "comfort level" with him and to present him as "a different kind of Democrat," not another tax-and-spend liberal in the thrall of the Party's interest groups. As they use the term, "comfort level" is a euphemism for character. At some point, the challenger must be seen by most voters as a plausible President, and in Clinton's case that doesn't seem to have happened yet. A Clinton adviser says, "People may like what they see, but they want to know more." Despite this election's emphasis on domestic policy, the public also has to become comfortable with the idea of the challenger as Commander-in-Chief, and Clinton doesn't yet seem to have met that test. Though Jimmy Carter, also a largely unknown Southern governor, had the plausibility problem, as did Ronald Reagan, Clinton's problem is made more complex by his personal flaws. His desire to please everyone—his inclination to try to have it both ways—makes him seem duplicitous. (Bush has a similar tendency, but it takes a different form, and comes across as weakness.) What is in one sense an important political talent—an ability to speak to different groups in order to build coalitions—can become a problem if its execution comes off as too opportunistic. Clinton sometimes crosses this line. His advisers watch the "Slick Willie" indicator—by specifically measuring it in their polling—and say that though Bush, through his attacks, hasn't managed to make the problem worse, it's still a problem.



"If we keep pacing ourselves like this, we could go on forever."

Clinton's changing explanations of his attempts to avoid the draft—the draft stories keep coming, and there may be more—don't help persuade doubters about his character. And the subject worries his staff. James Carville, Clinton's senior strategist, said to me recently, "There are going to be more draft stories." The nearly bald Carville continued, "What am I doing? I'm losing another head of hair." Clinton's blowing up at the press last week when he was caught in an apparent fib about whether he knew that an uncle (now deceased) had arranged a slot for him in the Naval Reserve was one of several recent signs that the subject unnerves him. It seems that in his political career up to now he got away with his various evasions (the draft, marijuana), and can't believe that this time he's placed himself in a pot of glue. Though the economy is the dominant topic in the voters' minds, many voters still need reassurance that Clinton is up to all the important tasks of the Presidency. His recent confusion of Patriot missiles with laser-guided missiles (or "smart bombs"), which the Bush campaign can be expected to make much of, didn't help. (This was reminiscent of Michael Dukakis: both men—governors who consider themselves, and are, very smart—get tangled up in defense matters, thinking that they've absorbed more from their briefings than they have.)

Since Bush couldn't, after twelve years at the highest levels of government, win the "change" argument, he had to turn it back on Clinton in the form of a question of "trust." Thus the Bush campaign, and even the President himself, has, predictably, been attacking Clinton's draft record. The Bush-Quayle people insist that of course they're not questioning Clinton's patriotism, just his changing stories—and Clinton keeps giving them new material—but in fact they're challenging both. The Bush political team obviously believes it's drawing blood on this issue, and is going all out, using surrogates (especially Senator Robert Dole, who was wounded in the Second World War) as well as the President himself. When Bush (a last-minute substitute for Vice-President Dan Quayle, to magnify the subject) spoke to the National Guard Association on Tuesday, he deftly raised the question of Clinton's candor (while saying "I didn't come here to attack him"), and said why the issue mattered: because Presidents have to decide whether to send people into battle, and therefore should be held "to the highest standard." The Clinton people expect Republican ads on the subject.

Surrogates, or political figures introducing the President at campaign events, raise the question of Clinton's extramarital sex life (as well as the draft), while the Bush-campaign people swear that they won't touch the subject. (In 1988, third parties brought up some smarmy charges—for example, that Kitty Dukakis had burned an American flag, a charge for which there wasn't a shred of evidence.) On Labor Day, Bush said that he and Harry Truman (his new role model) had been willing to fight for their country; the implication was clear. As another way of going at Clinton's character, the Bush campaign is also shining a bright light on Clinton's waffling on NAFTA (North American Free Trade Agreement), the new trade agreement with Mexico (Clinton wants to be for free trade without offending the A.F.L.-C.I.O., which opposes the agreement), and on his changing positions on gas-consumption requirements for American-made automobiles. Al Gore said to me recently that the Bush-Quayle campaign's attacks on him in Michigan as an "environmental extremist" who would cost jobs in the automobile industry aren't getting anywhere. He says, "The central argument that you have to choose between jobs and the environment is rejected by the American people." And to divert attention from the current economy, and the drumbeat of dismal statistics, Bush tries to frighten people about Clinton's managing the economy. Today, Bush said that Clinton had got ideas for big government and "social engineering," European style, at Oxford.

The Clinton people concluded in late August that their candidate was spending too much time on the defensive, and that the campaign's much vaunted "response team," while effective, was getting in the way of conveying Clinton's message. The Clinton campaign had learned—and perhaps overlearned—from Dukakis's failure to respond to Bush's attacks. The Clinton camp's tightly strung response mechanism had been succeeding in getting out within the same news cycle a response to any Bush campaign charge, but all too often this tit-for-tat became the day's news story. The phenomenon continues to worry some key people in the Clinton camp. One Clinton friend/adviser (Clinton has a lot of them) said to me recently, "It's one thing to learn the lesson from Dukakis, but you don't want to make that lesson your strategy." This person added that he thinks that Clinton's involvement in the "So's your old man" routines demeans him. A high-level figure in the Clinton campaign worries that what he terms the "nyah-nyah" back and forth will become tiresome after a while, and will lead voters to think they won't get much change if they vote for the Clinton-Gore ticket. Even the much acclaimed bus trips became a mixed blessing, and are now a subject of some dispute within the high command. The alternative is getting Bill and Hillary Clinton and Tipper and Al Gore into separate media markets on the same day. Gore says that the strength of the synergetic effect when the two couples appear together came as "a surprise" to everyone. (Gore strengthens Clinton, while Tipper Gore softens Hillary. The two young, attractive couples send a message about change.) Predictably, after a while (not a very long while) the national press tired of this story—though the local press gives it big play—and the only way that Clinton got on the network news was by making a charge or responding to a charge.

The time had come, it was concluded shortly before Labor Day, for Clinton to make some substantive speeches. However, the question of how often to respond to attacks versus sticking to his message hasn't been, and probably can't be, resolved. And Clinton, who is his own campaign manager—a risky role for a tired and harried candidate—at times takes it into his head to say something that his lieutenants would rather he wouldn't. Thus, at the end of August, when his campaign was trying to end the argument with the Bush campaign over how many times Clinton had raised taxes—on the ground that any time the election dialogue turns to taxing and spending, Clinton loses—Clinton charged that Bush is "a big spender," using some debatable statistics. This wasn't a promising area for Clinton to enter. (Bush and his campaign had been using a bogus figure, and, despite the Clinton camp's responses that the

Now you can do something about the weather

Low as $119

Our new Home Weather Station helps you plan your day, safeguard your family and property by alerting you to local weather conditions that often vary from distant forecasts.

Tells you to: Warn loved ones when wind chill threatens frostbite... Secure outside belongings against unexpected gusts... Protect plants when an alarm signals dangerous heat or cold... Increase watering when rainfall is too low—and much more.

Designed to far outlast all others, the ULTIMETER II gives you over 20 most-wanted features including:

• Wind Speed and Direction • Temperature • Chill factor • Alarms • Highs/lows/times/dates • Metric/English • Quick-Mount (no tools) masthead mounting • Fast, easy "Point & Plug" direction calibration (pat. pending) • Optional self-emptying rain gauge • 30-day money back guarantee • One-year warranty • PLUS $30 introductory savings:

Home Weather Station reg. $179 ... only $149
As above, without wind direction sensor....... $119

Del. in US, add $8.25 shipping & insurance. NJ res. add 6% tax.

VISA/MC phone orders: 800-USA-PEET (872-7338).
Or send check, m.o. or credit card no. and exp. date to:

PEET BROS. COMPANY 601-239Y Woodland Rd., W. Allenhurst NJ 07711

Free Brochure *Our 17th Year* ©1992 Peet Bros. Co.

CARING FOR GUESTS BECOMES SECOND NATURE WHEN YOU'VE HAD 223 YEARS OF PRACTICE.

For reservations or more information, call 1-800-362-4747; in Vermont, 802-362-4700 or contact your travel agent.

THE EQUINOX
EST. 1769
Historic Route 7A, Manchester Village, VT 05254

The Crown Jewel of the Pacific Northwest

Direct From Our Cellar to Yours!

Arbor Crest Cellar Selection
1 case (3 bottles each)
★★★★ 1988 Cabernet Sauvignon
★★★★ 1990 Merlot
★★★★ 1990 Chardonnay
★★★★ 1990 Sauvignon Blanc

Arbor Crest
WINE CELLARS
N. 4705 Fruithill Rd.
Spokane, WA 99207

$145.00 U.S.
includes shipping & handling
(2nd Day Air - Add $10.00)
VISA or MASTERCARD
1-800-435-5029
(Offer Void Where Prohibited)

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA

Retire to Fearrington, a Country Village full of bluebirds, hollyhocks and fascinating people of all ages. Please write, call, or come and see us.

2000N Fearrington Post, Pittsboro, NC 27312, 1-800-277-0130

number was a distortion, and that by the same kind of counting Reagan and Bush had raised taxes far more times, the Clinton people conceded that this argument was hurting Clinton. But the figures were meaningless, and it wasn't an argument about anything.)

Clinton's speeches—on the economy, on education, on investment in research to create new domestic industries (taking the idea, and the money, from the Pentagon), and on welfare (to show he's "a different kind of Democrat" by advocating that welfare recipients be required to take a job after two years)—were designed to demonstrate that he is substantive and has thought about the future, and to draw the contrast with Bush, who until the Detroit speech had nothing resembling a plan.

CLINTON still leaves us vague as to what he would do as President, other than try to get a number of programs adopted. From his speeches and his plan, it's clear that Clinton favors "investment" in (that is, more spending on) programs—job training, public works, education—that will lead to economic growth, plus some tax breaks to get more private-sector investment going. To show that he's "a different kind of Democrat," he speaks of "investment-led growth." He says that rather than "tax and spend" we should "invest and educate and train and compete." He attacks Bush on the state of the economy, and the "trickle-down" policies of the Reagan and Bush Administrations. But he rarely makes his own priorities clear. Thomas Oliphant, of the Boston *Globe*, wrote recently, "Clinton won't win until he gives people a better sense of what his Presidency would be like, until he puts a conceptual forest around his programmatic trees." Clinton's advisers, still frustrated by his inclination toward wonkishness, talk privately about his need to "connect the dots" between his various proposals. His advisers are using the preparation for debating Bush (which the Clinton people began some time ago) to try to get him to be more succinct.

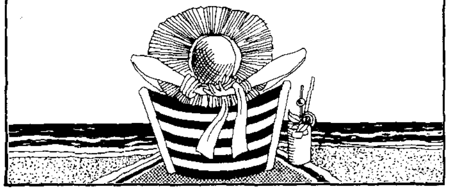
Because Bush had left him an opening, Clinton in the early weeks of September argued that Bush's tax-cutting and deficit-reduction proposals would lead to reductions in veterans' benefits, evisceration of Medicare, and deep cuts in Social Security (which Bush had explicitly said that he would protect). Clinton made these charges before groups that would be affected. Bush clearly doesn't intend to do all these things, but adding up the things he had said he would do was fair game; so was Bush's charge that Clinton was using "scare tactics." Also, Clinton tried to throw back the "trust" question to Bush, by mocking his reversal on "Read my lips," and pointing out that Bush had created only one million of the fifteen million jobs he had promised in his 1988 acceptance speech (and that there had been a net loss of jobs in the private sector), and other failures to fulfill promises. But neither man's economic program adds up: Clinton ostensibly pays for his by projecting higher economic growth than anyone responsibly predicts, and by raising taxes on people in the upper-income bracket and foreign-owned corporations doing business in the United States. And neither man seriously addresses the issue of reducing the annual deficit (now more than three hundred billion dollars) or the national debt (now at four trillion). For all the talk about the deficit, it's a long way before we get to reducing the debt itself.

Bush, to his credit, has, almost without notice, suggested placing a cap on the growth of "mandatory" programs—"mandatory" being a euphemism for such popular entitlement programs as Medicare, Medicaid, veterans' benefits, farm subsidies, federal pensions, and so on—with the exception of Social Security. This would still amount to cuts in the programs themselves, mostly because of the ever-rising costs of medical care. The bulk of the savings, which the Office of Management and Budget estimates at nearly three hundred billion dollars over five years, would come from Medicare and Medicaid; Bush's budget officials, and Bush himself, avoid specifying where the cuts would be made—and thus avoid the fury of the affected groups. Bush doesn't quite earn a medal for heroism, but he has at least raised the subject.

A veteran of several campaigns says that the point is to suggest that you are going to do something serious, without offending any groups. Entitlements *are* the budget problem, consuming as they do more than half the entire federal budget, and are by far the fastest-growing segment of the budget. (Interest on the debt is next.) Clinton has

Blue Note
WORLD'S FINEST JAZZ CLUB & RESTAURANT
131 WEST 3RD STREET NYC • 212 475-8592
THE DRUMMING LEGEND
MAX ROACH
DOUBLE QUARTET
Sept 22 Thru Sept 27 at 9 & 11:30pm
3rd Show Fri & Sat At 1:30am
JOHN SCOFIELD Quartet
Plus BILL EVANS Quintet
Sept 29 thru Oct 4 at 9 & 11:30pm• 3rd Show Fri/Sat at 1:30am
Dinner Served 7pm-1am • Fri & Sat 'til 2am

THE INN PLACE IN JAMAICA
...Your own private bay, with a coral reef just beyond. Country club ambience...deluxe comforts and service...superb cuisine and wines. Plus attractions like watersports, tennis and nearby golf.
PLANTATION INN
Call your travel agent or
1-800-752-6824



SILVER CONCHO BELTS
For Waist Sizes 33"-38"/29"-32"/25"-28"
#501 SEND $1305 $1175 $1045
2.75" Wide CK or MO Shp/Tax Incld.

Rachel Morgan's
Western Silver
10 Town Plaza • Suite 225
Durango, CO 81301 • (303) 259-2775
Complete brochure
Send $3.50

!! CASHMERES !!
And Lots Of Other Goodies ! Free Brochure, Map!
WHEN IN SCOTLAND, COME ON IN !
or write, phone, or fax. All major cards accepted.
Phone: 011-44-334-72366 (24hrs) Fax: 76416
ST. ANDREWS WOOLLEN MILL, ST. ANDREWS, SCOTLAND
(Yes, we're right here on the 18th Green!)

ISRAEL
Vacations from Sea to Sea
For People 50 Plus
17 Days via EL AL incl. JERUSALEM, TIBERIAS, TEL AVIV, EILAT + Red Sea Cruise; 5-star Hotels; 2 meals daily; in-depth tours; Dinner-Cruise on the Sea of Galilee & much more. Dep. thru July '93.
For free brochure call: (718) 945-5900 • 1-800-221-5002

proposed very little in the way of saving money on entitlements (increasing Medicare costs for people earning over a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars a year), and certainly doesn't stress the subject. Ross Perot's willingness to endorse unpopular tax increases and cuts in entitlements came only after he got out of the race. A less rigorous curb on spending for entitlements than the one Bush proposes was offered in the Senate earlier this year, and won only twenty-eight votes.

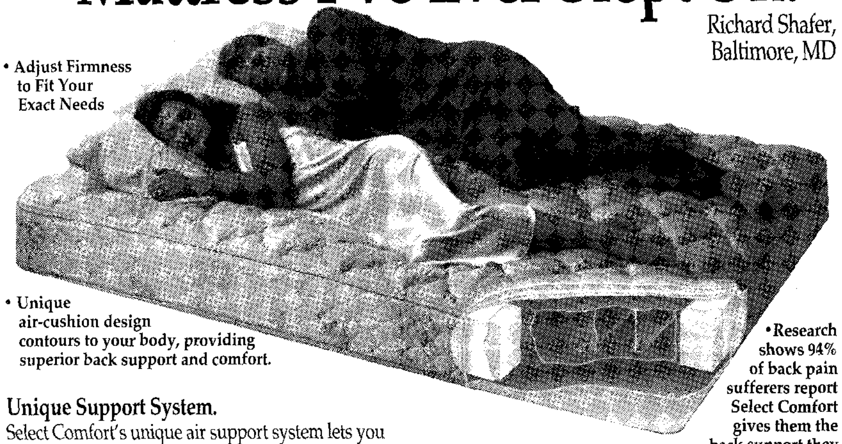
Bush's speech in Detroit on Thursday, September 10th, was a masterwork of weaving together the bits and pieces of proposals he had made (and a few he hadn't) into something resembling a philosophy of government. It was also an act of desperation. Bush had made a hash of his campaign. He had blown opportunity after opportunity all year to lay out some vision of the future, give some sense of where he wanted to take the country domestically. It was as if each time he approached the subject he choked. His failure to address the domestic agenda in any comprehensive way—something that any sentient person knew he had to do—was most glaring in his acceptance speech at the Republican Convention. His advisers had actually thought that the economy was the centerpiece of his speech, and were surprised by the fact that it didn't come off that way. (Perhaps the large number of cooks—everyone, including James Baker, who hadn't yet officially taken over the White House and the campaign, was in on the rewriting and rewriting of the speech—muddled themselves.) This was only one of the misjudgments on the part of Bush's advisers—and perhaps Bush himself.

It is now absolutely clear that the Convention set Bush's cause back. Though the "family values" talk brought home much of his base, it drove away others, and his speech sent him downhill. (The data also showed that people didn't like the attacks on Hillary Clinton.) The backlash against the family-values business has caused Quayle, one of its firmest advocates, to backpedal, softening its rhetoric and redefining it as a substantive domestic policy—arguing that families are strengthened by lower taxes, vouchers for private schools, safer streets, and vouchers for health care.

The Clinton people maintain that

"By Far The Most Comfortable Mattress I've Ever Slept On!"

Richard Shafer,
Baltimore, MD



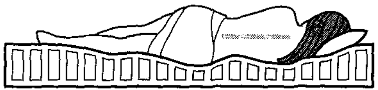
• Adjust Firmness to Fit Your Exact Needs

• Unique air-cushion design contours to your body, providing superior back support and comfort.

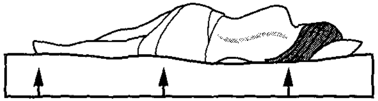
• Research shows 94% of back pain sufferers report Select Comfort gives them the back support they need to get a better night's sleep.

Unique Support System.
Select Comfort's unique air support system lets you control the feel and firmness of your bed — simply by pushing a button. Your mattress can be firmer than the firmest innerspring or softer than the softest featherbed...helping you sleep more comfortably, reducing back pain and muscle aches, and providing true support. Change the firmness whenever you like to meet your exact preference.

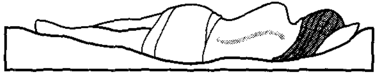
No Risk 90 Night Trial.
We are so confident that you will find Select Comfort to be the most comfortable mattress money can buy that we offer our "Better Night's Sleep Guarantee." Take 90 nights to sleep on a Select Comfort. If you aren't completely satisfied, return it for a full refund.



Select Comfort provides proper back support and contours to your body, distributing weight evenly.



Innerspring mattresses create pressure points and uneven support.



Waterbeds rely on displacement and can cause a "hammock effect," bending your spine unnaturally.

Variable Firmness = Great Sleep.
Your Select Comfort conforms to your body's natural shape so your back muscles don't strain to hold your spine straight. Because air support is the closest thing to floating, you'll wake up rested and ready for the day.

Discover why 96% of Select Comfort users recommend it to family and friends.
"I am a doctor and often come home exhausted. This mattress is the most comfortable I've tried."
Dr. Connie Horn, M.D.
Clarksville, Ohio.

Call or Write for a
FREE BROCHURE AND VIDEO
1-800-831-1211

☐ **YES!** Please send me a FREE Information Packet & Video.

Name ______________________
Address ______________________
City__________ State ____ Zip ______
Evening Phone (____)______________

Select Comfort CORPORATION
9301 75th Ave. N. Brooklyn Park, MN 55428
1-800-831-1211

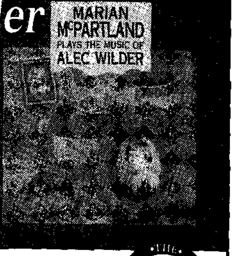
© Select Comfort 1992 Dept 838

Now Open at Mall of America and 5 Other Minneapolis Locations

Dates of Distinction®
Do you forget birthdays, anniversaries, and other important dates? If you do,
leave the remembering to us!
Daily & monthly reminders. Gifts & cards sent, too.
(800) 925-6822 • In NY, (212) 861-3993
PO Box 695, New York, NY 10028-0695

WILDLIFE SANCTUARY OF THE AMERICAS
COSTA RICA
TROPICAL NATURE EXPLORATIONS
INTERNATIONAL EXPEDITIONS INC
800-633-4734

Marian McPartland
PLAYS THE MUSIC OF
Alec Wilder
on compact disc at fine record stores everywhere



...sensitive pianistic interpretations of Alec Wilder's timeless music

The Jazz Alliance, Inc.
P.O. Box 515-N, Concord, CA 94522
Phone 800-551-5299

while the Republican Convention helped Bush in some parts of the South, it set him back among the suburbanites crucial to his reëlection and opened up to the Democrats some states—such as New Jersey and Connecticut—that would normally have been considered in the Republican column. Further, the opening weeks of Bush's post-Convention campaign had been less than stellar. He (and his aides) had so misjudged the devastation of Hurricane Andrew that he had to be sent back to Florida and Louisiana—both states key to his electoral strategy—a second time. Then, his blatant handing out of gifts, sometimes representing reversals of policy, in various relevant states (in South Dakota, subsidized wheat sales; in Texas, more farm aid) not only made him look quite political but blurred the distinction between this election-year bountifulness and the relief for the hurricane victims. According to the New York *Times*, Bush handed out more than twenty-three billion dollars' worth of goodies within slightly more than a week.

It was the misfortune of Baker and his team that the hurricane occurred on their first day at the White House, and perhaps it was an omen. Baker and his associates, who have been lying low (especially Baker), found a mess at the White House—which they don't mind people knowing about. It seemed that everything needed fixing: there had been too many meetings, poor scheduling of the President, insufficient discipline in what the President said and what the campaign did, among other things. There is speculation here that Baker and his team may stay on at the White House for the second term—if there is one—and run domestic policy. Some conservative Republicans not overly fond of Baker hope that the President announces such a plan soon, on the ground that this would help the Republican ticket.

Even with the new group in charge (if only recently so), Bush's Labor Day performance—his absurd claiming of the mantle of Harry Truman, his focus on health care and tort reform, both popular subjects but not at the heart of the voters' concerns—fell flat. Sometimes, even Baker and his brain trust—four very smart and very close aides he'd brought from the State Department—didn't get it right, or at least scrambled the President's message in the interest of accomplishing more than one thing at a time. Thus, last Friday, Bush's all-important followup to the previous day's economic speech, which he was supposed to reinforce by repetition (something Bush had rarely done in the past), was overtaken in the news by his announcement, in St. Louis, of his approval of the sale to Saudi Arabia of F-15 fighter planes, manufactured there by McDonnell Douglas. A week earlier, he had announced in Fort Worth his approval of the sale of F-16s to Taiwan. Both sales would reverse policies of nonproliferation in those regions. When it comes to seeking reëlection, Bush puts first things first.

In an attempt to mitigate the effects of the Convention, the Baker crew timed a Bush appearance last Friday before Pat Robertson's Christian Coalition—an increasingly potent, if controversial, force within the Republican Party—so that it was too late to make the evening broadcasts. A Bush adviser said to me afterward, of Bush's appearance before the group, "Politically, it wasn't great, but organizationally those people will do a very good job." The Bush campaign is still trying to have it both ways. On the same day, Clinton, acting on the opportunity provided by the Republican Convention, gave at Notre Dame one of his most effective speeches of the campaign, speaking out against intolerance, and mocking the theme of "family values" by advocating policies—such as family leave, medical care, and job creation—that "value families."

There was something eerie about the President's economic speech. It had become increasingly clear to Bush's new set of advisers that such a speech was necessary. Though they think that the key to defeating Clinton lies in attacking him—focussing on the draft and attacking his record as Governor of Arkansas, as well as displaying him as a tax-and-spender—they understood that this wouldn't be possible unless Bush offered the voters a reason to vote for him. Actually, the speech wasn't Bush's at all but a pulling and tugging and stretching and fitting of his various proposals into a conceptual framework that gave him a philosophy. It was the handiwork of Robert Zoellick, thirty-nine, the deputy chief of staff and a close Baker aide, and one of the most brilliant people I have come across in government. Zoellick, whose brain processes an extraordinary amount of material, specializes in finding concepts and frameworks for seemingly inchoate situations. (Not coincidentally, Bush's speech reflected some of the same themes as Baker's farewell speech to the State Department in mid-August, saying that the energies brought to bear on dealing with foreign policy could now be devoted to domestic policy, and laying out a conservative view of government. Zoellick wrote that speech, too.) The eerie aspect of the President's latest attempt to define an agenda was that he had, after all, been President for three and a half years and had been incapable of giving clarity to what he wanted to do; in comes the rescue squad, which writes him a speech cobbling together his sundry and sometimes wispy proposals and—shazam!—the President has a philosophy. He says little that is new, and we're all supposed to treat it as if it's on the level. And many do—giving it serious treatment as an important new development. But it's a conjuring trick.

One purpose of the speech was to get the President past the charge that he didn't have an economic "plan." So his advisers wrote him a speech, put his proposals in a pamphlet (de rigueur in this election), and even gave him an 800 number. When George Bush is mimicking Jerry Brown (out of Bill Clinton), the political globe has spun. (Paul Tsongas, of course, started the pamphlet craze.) Apparently, the speech didn't convince the country that much had changed. It did further the purpose of emphasizing the difference with Clinton: that Clinton is for big, activist, interventionist government, and more taxing and spending, and Bush is for a minimalist government, and lower taxes and spending—even though they have grown during his Presidency. The one-per-cent across-the-board tax cut that Bush mentioned in his speech as "just an example" was designed to combat the charge that in his acceptance speech Bush had been too vague about the tax cut he was proposing. Also, his advisers said, its cost—a hundred and twenty-five billion over five years—was an amount that could be paid for, as Bush said in the speech, by budget cuts he had already proposed. An Administration official concedes that only seventy-two billion dollars in those cuts had been proposed this year. Furthermore, if those budget cuts were used to offset the tax cut, then the President would be that much further away from reducing the deficit.

The President and his advisers chose an across-the-board cut because it is comprehensive and popular; they also chose it because it provided them a point of contrast with Clinton. Though Clinton is advocating tax increases on the wealthy only (and a slight cut for the middle class), the Bush campaign portrays this as a general tax increase. (The President also included proposals to reduce the capital-gains tax and cut taxes on small business.) In his new emphasis on job training and growth, the President seemed to close some of the distance between himself and Clinton. But Bush's speech also emphasized expanded trade, another contrast with Clinton. And the speech gave more emphasis than the President had before to "empowerment"—the government providing vouchers with which people could make their own choices of schools, homes, medical care, and job training. Bush's speech embellished his calling for smaller—or "right-sized"—government with such cheap shots as calling for a cut of one-third in the size of congressional staff (Clinton has called for a cut of twenty-five per cent) and a reduction in the salaries of top government officials. Earlier, Bush had rightly supported salary increases for these people, so as to lower the differential between public- and private-sector salaries in order to attract people to key government jobs.

CLINTON may not have won yet, but Washingtonians are already jockeying for position in the new Administration, or for access to it. A thousand-dollar-a-head fund-raiser, featuring both Clinton and Gore, at Pamela Harriman's estate in Middleburg, Virginia, last Saturday night and a hundred-dollar-a-head luncheon for Hillary Clinton and Tipper Gore on Monday were both oversubscribed. For ten thousand dollars, people could also have lunch at Mrs. Harriman's and listen to and mix with key Clinton campaign officials in an all-day seminar; some two hundred and ten people signed up. At least eleven hundred people showed up at Mrs. Harriman's dinner, and the two Middleburg events raised about three million dollars. The "luncheon" at the Washington Hilton, attended by some twenty-three hundred people, had to be changed into a sit-on-the-floor box lunch. Among the attendees in Middleburg were people who had been with Perot. There is much speculation here as to who will get what jobs—especially in the foreign-policy field, which is a small world heavily inhabited by people (that is, Democrats) serving time in the private sector, or at think tanks, while they await another chance at government service. Democratic attorneys who don't plan on going into a new Administration make sure, by doing little chores for the Clintons, and/or contributing money, that their calls will be returned. (Their clients will know this.) A Washington attorney who may well get a big job in the field of national security is suddenly being invited to lunch by foreign ambassadors.

Despite Clinton's lead in the polls, the situation feels squishy. Clinton's lead has a lot to do with the public's unhappiness with Bush, rather than any enrapturement with Clinton. Clinton's advisers point to the steadiness in the polls of what they call the "structural" situation: the extraordinarily high percentage of people who say that the country is on the "wrong track" (considered by many pollsters a key indicator)—seventy-eight per cent in one recent poll—and of Bush's negative approval ratings (which are improving slightly). But Clinton's own people know that he hasn't yet closed the sale with the American public. Should the President show a marked improvement as a candidate, the race could tighten. If it does, Ross Perot's name on every state's ballot—whether or not he's officially in the race—could affect the outcome. Also, this election seems fraught: a number of people here have a nearly inexplicable sense that something—or some things—will happen that could change the nature of the race. The Clinton-campaign people feel the same way, which is why the group in Little Rock seems skittish. Those defining events might be a foreign crisis, or new revelations about Clinton that he doesn't handle well, or something we can't imagine now. It's hard to get through the day without hearing some rumor of something explosive concerning Clinton that is about to break. This in itself affects the atmosphere surrounding the race. James Carville says, "We're probably two to three eruptions away between now and the election."

—ELIZABETH DREW

Quality
The Edge

Quality separates, distinguishes. The quality of TASIS England's high standards, personal attention, international ambiance, and beautiful English environment sets it apart from all other schools. TASIS England students, wherever they go in the world, take with them the intangible quality of confidence in themselves. It's an edge you need in today's competitive world.

TASIS England
American School
Accredited in Grades K-12

For information about our full-year and summer programs, please contact the Director of Admissions.

TASIS

The TASIS Schools
326 East 69th Street
New York, NY 10021
Tel: (212) 570 1066
Fax: (212) 249 3097

INN ON THE ALAMEDA
"That Enchanting Small Hotel In Old Santa Fe"

Experience the romance and intimacy of our charming Southwestern rooms and suites. •Complimentary gourmet breakfast •Plush robes. •Personal, private atmosphere •Attentive service. **Some special seasonal packages available.**

303 E. Alameda, Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501
1•800•289•2122

Deck us all with Boston Charlie

©OGPI

POGO
XMAS Cards!

Complete selection in our free Pogo newsletter: Call 1-800-347-6902

Pogo is Back!
47 Euclid Ave, Dept A6
Stamford, CT 06902

HAND MADE IN EGYPT

Cartouche

18 K Solid Gold from $150.00
Sterling Silver from $ 40.00
A talisman with your name in Ancient Egyptian Hieroglyphics.

Free info. 1-800-283-4978 Visa • MC • Am-Ex • Disc.
Or write: Cartouche, Box 8474-2' Pgh., PA 15220

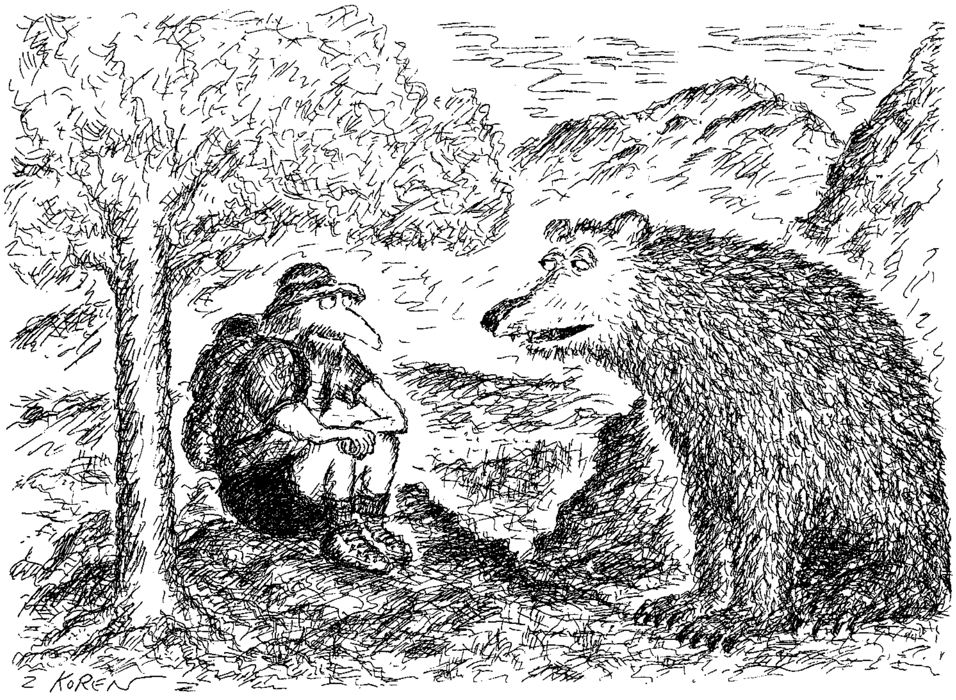
POPULAR MUSIC

Fight the Power

A MAN in his forties, a former S.D.S. member who was once teargassed by the National Guard during an antiwar rally, recently told me that because of rap music he was no longer afraid to die. "At last, a kind of music has come along that completely baffles me and everyone else in my generation," he explained. "I just— I don't understand why *anyone* likes it."

This man is far from alone in his feelings. But at least he's just bewildered. More often, rap seems to inspire responses from its detractors which are as incendiary and hyperbolic as the genre itself tends to be. What began in the seventies as a small dance-hall phenomenon in Harlem and the South Bronx, with disk jockeys making up rhymes and scratching disco records in order to break up the monotony and isolate the strong beats, has now become the most significant musical happening of the last decade—and, without doubt, rock's most revolutionary movement since its own invention. In the early sixties, Mitch Miller, the head of A. & R. at Columbia Records, said of rock and roll, "It's not music, it's a disease"—a statement not so very different from what people are saying about rap today. This past summer, in response to "Cop Killer," a song by Ice-T and his heavy-metal band, Body Count, in which the singer assumes the persona of a man who guns down a police officer as an act of revenge against trigger-happy cops, George Bush declared Ice-T's work "sick," Dan Quayle called it "obscene," and sixty members of Congress (fifty-seven *Republicans and three Democrats*) asked Time Warner, the album's distributor, to pull the eponymously titled Body Count disk off the shelves, on the ground that it was "despicable" and "vile." Oliver North wants Time Warner brought up on sedition charges. The Combined Law Enforcement Associations of Texas (CLEAT) threatened to organize an across-the-board boycott of all Time Warner products. (That would have meant, if you were going to be strict about it, no "Batman Returns," no CNN, no *People*, no HBO, no Cinemax, no *Mad*, no DC Comics, and no joining the Book-of-the-Month Club, even if you do get three books for three bucks.) Other police groups planned to divest their pension funds of the company's stock, and still others picketed its annual shareholders' meeting.

Throughout this controversy, references were made to the "rapper" Ice-T and the "rap" song "Cop Killer," even though, with its screechy pile of guitars and mass of thrash, the song in question is pure metal, and is about as close to hip-hop in sound and spirit as Paul McCartney's "Liverpool Oratorio" is to a Beatles album. But somehow just adding the word "rap" to the equation gave the debate a racially divisive slant and helped inflame the terms of the argument even further.



"You hate to shop—I hate to hunt."

Eventually, Ice-T himself, with both a motion-picture and a recording career hanging in the balance, decided to take the offending cut off the album. The net result was that the economics of controversy prevailed: "Body Count" catapulted from No. 73 on *Billboard's* chart to No. 26 the week before the bowdlerized version was to replace it. The following week, it fell back down to No. 77. And police groups are still not satisfied: because Ice-T is supposed to become the host of an HBO talk show, they are trying to organize a boycott of Time Warner's cable system, which is the second largest in the country.

EVERY year or so, there's yet another controversy surrounding the lyrics of some rap song—whether it's 2 Live Crew's adolescent pillow talk or Public Enemy's suggestion that we go kill politicians in Arizona—and these problems usually assume soap-operatic proportions and push a career that might have been tinny at best into the realm of multi-platinum. The routine response to such cultural uproars is well established: free-speech advocates make their requisite appearances on "Nightline" and "Good Morning America"; there are words of dismay from PTA groups and Tipper Gore; there is much invoking of First Amendment rights, sometimes by people whose only previous relationship to any law was breaking it; often a lawyer or two from the American Civil Liberties Union is involved; and then the whole thing blows over and nothing has really changed.

While it's something of a relief that the focus of these controversies has shifted from subliminal messages to actual, discernible lyrics, whenever a "Cop Killer"-type brouhaha erupts I worry not so much about serious issues like free speech as about the eerie diminishing of some of the more lighthearted aspects of our culture, such as the ability to process messages with due humor, irony, and perspective. I mean, it's *only* rock and roll. What's so strikingly absurd about these public debates is that they take the lyrics to rock songs with such gravity at a point in American history when the words and promises of our political leaders, whom we *should* be taking seriously, are usually greeted with cynicism and incredulity.

If you want an index of how seriously rap is taken in some quarters, consider this: At a press conference about a year ago, Ice Cube, the former leader of N.W.A (Niggas With Attitude), endorsed "The Secret Relationship Between Blacks and Jews," a book compiled by some researchers at Louis Farrakhan's Nation of Islam which "chronicles" the Jewish people's involvement in hundreds of years of black subjugation and claims that Jews ran the African slave trade. The book has been compared to "The Protocols of the Elders of Zion," and should it be widely read it would no doubt exacerbate the already ugly relations between blacks and Jews in the urban areas where Farrakhan finds the bulk of his following. According to Ice Cube's spokesperson, the rapper had never read the book and was handed it for the first time only moments before he brandished it in front of the press and gave it his praise, but he advocated it because "he really believes in reading as many books as you can and educating yourself." Whatever.

At any rate, Bill Adler, a rap publicist and the biographer of Run-D.M.C., stapled together an eighty-three-mimeographed-page booklet called "Jew on the Brain: A Public Refutation of the Nation of Islam's 'The Secret Relationship Between Blacks and Jews.'" The bulk of the text was written by Harold Brackman, a scholar affiliated with the Simon Wiesenthal Center who is an expert on black-Jewish relations, and it includes point-by-point arguments against the Nation of Islam's allegations. It has an afterword written by a Princeton professor, Cornel West, and the book's epigraphs include a quotation from the historian Richard Hofstadter's "The Paranoid Style in American Politics."

All this for a book Ice Cube never even opened.

RAP artists are determined to keep the issue of race front and center, and many rappers—among them KRS-One, of Boogie Down Productions; Chuck D, of Public Enemy; and Queen Latifah—have done quite well for themselves on the lecture circuit by talking about race at colleges and prisons or by appearing on panels such as the one held at Harvard a couple of years ago as part of a course on rap and hip-hop as "African-American street epic." But since rappers have begun fashioning themselves as community spokespeople with political agendas that are at least as important as their music, many have undermined their own good intentions with what appears to be hypocrisy, or, at the very least, inconsistency. Ice Cube frequently complains that there are no role models for young black males, but he serves as a spokesman for St. Ides Malt Liquor, which, like other brands of malt liquor, is cheap and is sold in large bottles, and has often been blamed for helping to destroy the inner city; Public Enemy condemns criminal behavior, but the group is friendly with Mike Tyson, and one of its members, Flavor Flav, recently complained on MTV News that the boxer is being incarcerated for a crime that can't be proved; Sister Souljah is given to lyrics like "Honkies join the peace corps so they can spy on other people's culture/And make money off of the things they learn." Chuck D has said that rap serves as a CNN for the black community, but when you consider how much incoherent harangue and blather it contains it often seems much more like a late-night public-access cable station.

Still, despite such inconsistencies, many of these socially conscious rappers have for years given us songs that spoke about police brutality, the enormous social costs of institutionalized racism, and the life of the ghetto, and have done so with a candor we had never known before—and this was long before the Rodney King videotape and court case brought these problems to national attention and turned Los Angeles into a bonfire. Priority Records, an L.A.-based rap label that earned fifty-three million dollars last year, has just released "Street Soldiers," a compilation of raps that anticipated the riots, and the proceeds from the album's sales are to go to help rebuild South Central Los Angeles. Included in this collection, which is an excellent primer for people wondering what hard-core "gangsta" rap is all about, are N.W.A's breakthrough cop-bashing jam "Fuck tha Police," Public Enemy's exhilarating "Fight the

WARSAW PACT MILITARY BINOCULAR

EDF 7x40 - manufactured by Carl Zeiss-Jena

Used by East German border guards along the Berlin Wall, these are thought to be the finest roof prism binoculars ever made. Current issue throughout Eastern Bloc; never before offered to civilian market. Astounding optical clarity and brightness. Includes rangefinder reticle with tritium illuminator, infrared night vision filter, rubber armor, complete weatherproofing. Built to extremely rigorous military specs. Each piece new in the box with English instructions and individual serial number. Money back guarantee if not satisfied.

Exceptional price of $499 includes a lifetime warranty. CA residents add 7.75% sales tax. Quantities are extremely limited, however; order now to ensure delivery. Sorry-no more than two pieces per customer.

SCM Corporation
1-800-225-9407

JUMBY BAY
ANTIGUA

Very Exclusive. Very Private. Very, Very Special.

38 suite-sized rooms on a private 300-acre island. Guests are pampered with civilized delights. Rated "Five Stars ★★★★★" by Hideaway Report.

P.O. Box 243, St. Johns, Antigua, West Indies
U.S.A. (800) 421-9016; (809) 462-6000

CELTIC CROSS
Simple beauty and superb workmanship shine in this classic cross on 18" chain. From Newport silversmith James Breakell in sterling silver $30., 14k gold $174. Lapel pin or tie tak available. Add $3.50 handling. Major credit cards. Catalog on request. 1-800-767-6411
J.H. BREAKELL & CO.
69 Mill St. Dept. NYCC Newport, RI 02840

Elegant Country Charm–
Luxury London Hotel

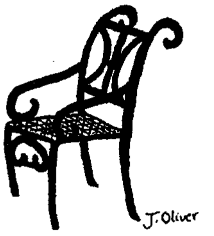
DORSET SQUARE HOTEL

Telephone: 071-723 7874.
39-40 Dorset Square,
London NW1 6QN.
Telex: 263964 Dorset G.
Fax: 071-724 3328.
USA Toll Free 1-800-543 4138

Power," Sir Mix-A-Lot's proud and forthright "One Time's Got No Case," and Ice-T's funny tale of being awakened by a drug raid, "Six 'n the Mornin'."

If "Street Soldiers" showcases political rap at its best, the intelligence of these particular songs helps to underscore the reasons that so many people—right-minded, liberal people—find rap so objectionable. The problem is that most rap, like most rock music, is really stupid stuff, full of wrongheaded, sexist, indefensible viewpoints that become shabby excuses for invoking the First Amendment: if N.W.A founded a political party, its platform would basically be pro-AK-47 and anti-foreplay. But in the era of political correctness—and in the hands of music critics, who tend to be white and nervous—rap has been granted a kind of diplomatic immunity, either on the ground that free speech is all that matters or because too many people shrug and say, "It's a black thing." Even when critics are willing to condemn rap's misogyny, very few are comfortable pointing out that Ice-T might do one song complaining that the L.A. police are brutal and oppressive but talk in another about keeping ten semi-automatic weapons hidden in his house. If this is, as rappers insist, an accurate depiction of life in South Central, where the Bloods and the Crips have been carrying on a war of attrition for years now, then shouldn't somebody be pointing out what a difficult situation the L.A.P.D. is up against? But in the light of the Rodney King incident, and because organizations like the Parents' Music Resource Center spend so much time beating up on rap, people who think of themselves as hip and fair-minded are often too busy defending the music to notice its weaknesses.

The simple truth is that if you're going to like Public Enemy and N.W.A—as I have to admit I do—you have to park the rational part of your brain somewhere else before you turn on the stereo. The terms that political rap sets up for its listeners—the idea that the boast and bravado that make up the bulk of the lyrical content are really about "self-esteem" and "community activism"—must be accepted without question or the music won't make any sense. In fact, the lawlessness becomes part of rap's appeal: its perceived value as an experience of "how the other half lives" tends to cancel any guilt one might experience from enjoying its obnoxiousness. (Guns N' Roses, on the other hand, may be equally obnoxious but has *no* redeeming social merit.) It's now finally being acknowledged out loud that as rap has become more "bad" and "street," its authenticity—combined with the fact that it seems to allow white kids a view of inner-city life without asking them to actually go north of 125th Street—has enhanced and broadened its appeal. People listen to N.W.A because it feels so *real*, and if Eazy-E and M.C. Ren revel in sexually abusing their women—well, heck, they're just being honest. David Samuels pointed out in *The New Republic*, in a controversial article that is surely the sanest and smartest thing ever written about hip-hop, "Rap's appeal to whites rested in its evocation of an age-old image of blackness: a foreign, sexually charged, and criminal underworld against which the norms of white society are defined, and, by extension, through which they may be defied." (A teen magazine recently revealed that the most popular album at Beverly Hills High School is Ice Cube's "Death Certificate.") When white kids listen to rap—and even Ice-T has acknowledged that eighty per cent of his audience is white and collegiate—they're experiencing the great high on rebellion which has been mostly sanitized out of music since the sixties.



And I think that's why hard-core rap scares people so much. It has an intractable quality to it, something that rock and roll has not been touched with in a long time. Rap didn't start out this way. In the beginning, in 1979, there was "Rapper's Delight," a catchy song by the Sugar Hill Gang with a giddy, giggly, cartoonish spirit (the song was about Superman and Lois Lane) that fitted in perfectly with the dance music it was spawned from. This innocent ditty might have represented what rap was to become, but then, in 1980, Kurtis Blow created social-commentary rap with "The Breaks," and in 1982 Grand Master Flash & The Furious Five scored a hit with "The Message," a topical rap about urban blight and the downs of ghetto life which included the infectious refrain "Don't push me 'cause I'm close to the edge/I'm tryin' not to lose my head/It's like a jungle sometimes it makes me wonder how I keep from going under." During the mid-eighties, there were rap groups here and there, like the Fat Boys, whose gimmicky size made them appear to be a novelty act, but the movement lost momentum, mainly because the songs' abrasiveness and lyrical density made rap seem more like a singles medium that would never be able to graduate to the album format. At that point, rap might well have gone the way of British punk rock—a brief gathering of Angry Young Men that is extremely influential to this day but long ago dissolved as a coherent entity.

It wasn't until Run-D.M.C.—a bunch of gangly guys from Hollis, Queens, who wore thick gold rope chains and brass-knuckle I.D. rings, which gave them a thuggish appearance that belied their middle-class origins—crossed over that rap achieved true mainstream success. While the group's previous records had been hip-hop hits, its third album, "Raising Hell," went platinum, the single "Walk This Way" (an Aerosmith cover) went gold, and the band set a new standard for fellow-rappers to aspire to. At the same time, the all-white Beastie Boys were bringing a party-hearty, frat-boy hedonism to rap with their No. 1 hit "Fight for Your Right to Party." (In the summer of 1987, in a rare display of hip-hop racial harmony, the Beasties and Run-D.M.C. toured together.) While Run-D.M.C. seem laughably tame by 1992 standards, when they first broke they were considered terribly tough, and every rap group with any credibility had a mission to one-up them. The smash-your-idols philosophy on which the rap scene was built led to Public Enemy's displacing Run-D.M.C. With its white-bashing vitriol, P.E. became the subject of much controversy and negative press, which ultimately inspired the group's rap "Don't Believe the Hype." (Bad publicity is a frequent topic of rap songs.) Public Enemy might have held sway forever, but in 1988 N.W.A delivered its first full-length album, "Straight Outta Compton" (Ruthless/Priority), elicited a nasty letter from the F.B.I., and introduced us to the L.A. rap scene, which, bred in the sphere of gang warfare, made anything coming from the East Coast seem mild by comparison. Once N.W.A hit the scene, it set a standard of street credibility that was so hard to surpass that publicists occasionally enhanced rappers' résumés by mentioning their police records or time spent in prison. Ice-T claimed in his rap "Power," "So you say that I'm a fake think, you really must be a fool/ I been to jail more times than you have probably been in school." It seemed likely that record-company talent scouts might be searching for the next big rap thing on death row.

While just as many rappers are aw-avoiding as are products of the depravity and deprivation of the streets, the idea of rap as some form of salvation for black youth has become so entrenched that a record-company president recently told me that he feels a moral obligation to give contracts to a certain number of rappers, simply because "it's one way to stop the violence and get these kids off the streets." By this logic, rap is actually a kind of social sublimation, like boxing. Ice-T called one of his albums "Rhyme Pays," and in it he boasts, "My mind's a riot gun."

ANYONE who doesn't "get" rap and would like to should take a moment to listen to Public Enemy's "Fight the Power," which originally appeared on the soundtrack of Spike Lee's film "Do the Right Thing." The song opens with a hooting, sirenlike sound that seems intended to alert us to the urgent message to come. Throughout the rap, Chuck D gives his usual angry rant, while Flavor Flav, who sometimes wears his pajamas onstage and accessorizes them with big hats and bright sunglasses (he's the court jester of rap), chimes in now and again for effect. As hot and bothered as the pair sound throughout the song, nothing could have prepared me for the climactic moment when they shout, "Elvis was a hero to most/But he never meant shit to me, you see/ Straight-up racist that sucker was simple and plain/Motherfuck him and John Wayne/'Cause I'm black and I'm proud/I'm ready and hyped, plus I'm amped/Most of my heroes don't appear on no stamps." With these lines, Public Enemy dismisses these two white pop icons as if they were just a couple of flies that needed to be swatted. I remember how the first time I heard "Fight the Power" I thought, Ring out the old, ring in the new. I remember feeling exhilarated. If anyone ever wanted to know what rock and roll was supposed to be about—never mind rap—I'd tell them that all they needed to do was listen to "Fight the Power."

AS for Ice-T, who knows what's next? He seems to be taking it all in good humor, posing for the cover of *Rolling Stone* in a police uniform and promising an audience at the New Music Seminar, last June, that this controversy will just fuel his next effort. The irony of Ice-T's situation is that, as the gangsta rappers go, it couldn't have happened to a more amiable and unlikely guy. Ice-T even played a cop in "New Jack City." With striking hazel eyes and lined pale skin, which give him a look that suggests he knows whereof he speaks, Ice-T is a natural for the sort of multimedia career that Time Warner must have envisioned for him: he's sexy and articulate, and it's easy to imagine him charming the corporate brass at meetings to decide what to do about "Cop Killer." Ice-T is so good at straddling the line between hip-hop culture and white America that he occasionally flew out to wherever the Lollapalooza '92 Tour happened to be playing to coach his friend Ice Cube, who was on the bill and was having a lot of trouble dealing with the white alternative-music scene. And Ice-T isn't entirely a bad role model: several of his songs have been strongly anti-drug ("I'm Your Pusher," "The Winner Loses"), and his albums tend to be filled with bits of information like "A statistic: At this moment there are more black males in prison than there are in college."

But even if Ice-T were an awful, despicable guy, it would be beside the point. "Body Count" is so often so over the top and nutty in its excess that it's crazy to take any of it seriously. And Ice-T has pointed out in several interviews that he chose to make a heavy-metal album because that type of music lends itself to creating a crazed, psychopathic howl. "When I invented Body Count, I said that this group is just gonna be an angry voice," he told *Spin*. "This is the anger, this is the scream from the bottom. Body Count, in a way, should be slightly ignorant—meaning it can't be too intelligent. . . . You'll hear lyrics on the Body Count album, and you'll say, 'Ice-T knows better than that.' But I'm not singing as *me*. I'm singing as somebody who don't know, somebody who's just mad about shit."

—ELIZABETH WURTZEL

Pontrhydfendigaid
is just one of the many charming places you'll discover in Anthony Bailey's
A Walk Through Wales
"Anthony Bailey writes as naturally as he walks, and he is the last great walker."
—John Updike
Michael di Capua Books
HarperCollins Publishers
Also available from HarperCollins CanadaLtd.

HIBERNIA
"Craftsmanship from modern Ireland"
Color Twist Crystal from Jerpoint Glass Studio.
Four sizes available in blue or pink – from
$26.00
For our catalog of unique contemporary Irish crafts, call or Fax:
1-800-892-9649
363-12, Atlantic Blvd.,
Atlantic Beach, FL 32233

VOODOO ECONOMICS
Cartoons by William Hamilton
William Hamilton's personal brand of business acumen is featured in this sophisticated collection of piercing cartoons aimed at the men and women of corporate America.
$9.95 Hardcover
Available at better bookstores or from:
CHRONICLE BOOKS
CALL TOLL-FREE: 800-722-6657

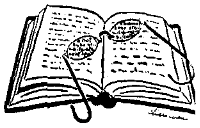
NO MORE CROOKED PICTURES
Wooden picture frames stay perfectly straight, even in an earthquake! Swan's Way™ Kit includes Level, Magnetized Insertion Tool and 20 Earthquake-proof Nails. (#T242)
Herrington **$19.95** MC/VISA
(800) 622-5221
3 Symmes Dr., Londonderry, NH 03053

It's a TERRYMAYER BELL!
Flick **Drama Bell** on your neck; hear the ring. **Comedy** mask reverses to **Tragedy**. **Think Theatre!** Sterling Silver on 18" chain $95. 14 Kt. Gold, no chain $498. Size: 1" tall. Postage $3.50. 3-4 Weeks delivery. Check or money order.
Terrymayer Ltd, PO Box 384, Murray Hill Station, NY, NY 10156

BOOKS

Man of Secrets

THE economics of literary biography emphasize supply over demand; it seems just yesterday (actually, it was 1980) that James R. Mellow's "Nathaniel Hawthorne in His Times" came lumbering, all six hundred and eighty-four pages of it, down the chute, and now we have, as if in answer to a dearth, the five hundred and ninety-six pages of "Salem Is My Dwelling Place: A Life of Nathaniel Hawthorne," by Edwin Haviland Miller (Iowa; $35). Mr. Miller, who has previously written a biography of Melville and edited Walt Whitman's letters, in his acknowledgments speaks of "the decade I have spent in the exciting, sometimes frustrating engagement with the life and writings of a secretive author," so it isn't as if Mellow's opus had taken him from behind, in mid-course; he began his engaged decade with the echoes of the previous biographer's massive engagement freshly ringing in his ears. One wonders what Miller intended to offer that Mellow hadn't already provided. Mellow is the more fluent and colorful writer, and passages of Hawthorne's life—his sojourns at Brook Farm and in England, for example—are rendered in his book with an ampler provision of circumstantial detail. Our most recent Hawthorne floats relatively free of the nineteenth century, and, suspended on the couch of Miller's pale and antiseptic prose, undergoes a psychoanalysis that treats the works, in an almost strict alternation of chapters, equally with the life. Hawthorne's fiction becomes the equivalent of an analysand's dreams. What Miller intends to provide, evidently, is a stronger, more concentrated light on the mystery of Hawthorne's secret. Mellow's book ends by describing the visit of Hawthorne's son, Julian, to the forgotten, wraithlike Herman Melville in New York City in 1883. "His words were vague and indeterminate," Julian recorded, of the sixty-four-year-old former friend of his late father, "and again and again, he would get up from his chair and open or close a window with a stick having a hook at the end, which he kept by him seemingly for that purpose." For all Melville's distraction and vagueness, however, "he said several interesting things, among which the most remarkable was that he was convinced Hawthorne had all his life concealed some great secret, which would, were it known, explain all the mysteries of his career."



In 1984, four years after Mellow's biography appeared, Philip Young, who had already exposed the secrets of the youthful Ernest Hemingway, published "Hawthorne's Secret: An Un-Told Tale," claiming that the secret was incest between Hawthorne and his sister Elizabeth. It is not wholly implausible: Elizabeth was two years older, with their mother's dark hair, gray eyes, and tall beauty. She was to some degree Hawthorne's intellectual mentor and model—"the most sensible woman I ever knew in my life, much superior to me in general talent," he wrote. Hawthorne's younger daughter, Rose, left in her memoirs a vivid portrait of her aunt, as having a "magic" resemblance to her father and as being "a good deal unspiritual in everything" and "potentially rather perverse." These two siblings, with their stonily grieving widowed mother and a younger sister, Maria Louisa, shared an eremitical existence in Salem for over ten years after Hawthorne's graduation from Bowdoin—years when both would have been at the height of physical and sexual bloom. Elizabeth opposed her brother's marriage to Sophia Peabody, saying that "the mingling of another mind" would "spoil the flower" of his genius. Though for a time she lived with her brother and sister-in-law in Concord, she remained unfriendly: eight years after Sophia's death, she called her "the only human being whom I really dislike." Hawthorne's fiction does contain a number of incestuous situations, from the early "Alice Doane's Appeal" to the uncompleted "Doctor Grimshawe's Secret," and of dark, supercharged beauties whose attractions are sinisterly poisoned. A cloud of sexual guilt and disgust hovers over his fiction without, often, an adequate objective correlative. Young argues that the adultery in "The Scarlet Letter" is a mask for incest, and that the ancient document whose discovery Hawthorne describes in the famous preface refers in reality to a documented conviction for incest among his mother's ancestors, the Mannings, in 1681:

> Anstis Manning & Margaret Manning now Polfery being brought before the Court at Salem in November 1680 for incestuous carriage with their brother Nicholas Manning, who is fled or out of the way. . . . The next Lecture day at Salem [they] shall stand or sitt upon an high stoole during the whole time of the Exercise in the open middle ally of the meeting house wth a papper upon each of their heads, written in Capital Letters This is for whorish carriage wth my naturall Brother.

Another theory proposes that Hawthorne, a young man whose "androgynous beauty" (Miller's phrase) often excited admiration, was sexually molested by his uncle Robert Manning, with whom he shared, for a time, a bed in the overflowing Manning household. Manning, an internationally respected pomologist, whose "Book of Fruits" was for years a standard orchard-grower's reference volume, acted as Hawthorne's guardian after the young widow cast herself and her fatherless brood upon her own family's resources. Yet Robert Manning was treated with some coolness by his matured ward, who declined to attend both his uncle's belated wedding and, eighteen years later, the man's funeral. Hawthorne made Judge Pyncheon, the gloatingly dispatched villain of "The House of the Seven Gables," a horticulturist, among his other accomplishments—a buyer of rare peach trees and the producer of "two much-esteemed varieties of the pear." When, in 1851, Hawthorne visited a Shaker settlement, he decried with curious vehemence the Shakers' "utter and systematic lack of privacy, their close conjunction of man with man," which may hark back to unpleasant experiences in the Mannings' crowded attic. In a tangled footnote, Miller lays at Mellow's door the "speculation that there was a 'homosexual assault,'" but invokes a third Hawthornian, Gloria C. Erlich, in refutation, while registering his objections to her thesis that Robert Manning is—*vide* the identical initials—the secret subject of "Roger Malvin's Burial." So Hawthorne construably slew Manning in disguise several times, for whatever reason.

Miller's own version of the secret cleaves even closer to the kinship line: "To the end of his life Hawthorne kept not a 'secret,' as Melville alleged, but rather secrets—for he was in quest of a father, a mother, and perhaps even a brother to find security in a cold universe." That Captain Nathaniel Hathorne (his son added the "w" soon after college) died of yellow fever in Suriname, when his namesake was four, is indisputable; Hawthorne had little more than imaginative experience of a father. That his mother was also absent, emotionally, is less clear. Citing "Septimius Felton," one of the unfinished romances from Hawthorne's last years, Miller states:

> Septimius attributes his isolation and emotional coldness to the loss of his mother: "It is as if I had not been born of woman." Surely this is a veiled comment on Hawthorne's mother who loved him after her fashion but who could not coddle or touch her son because she was imprisoned in her own cold, inhibited world.

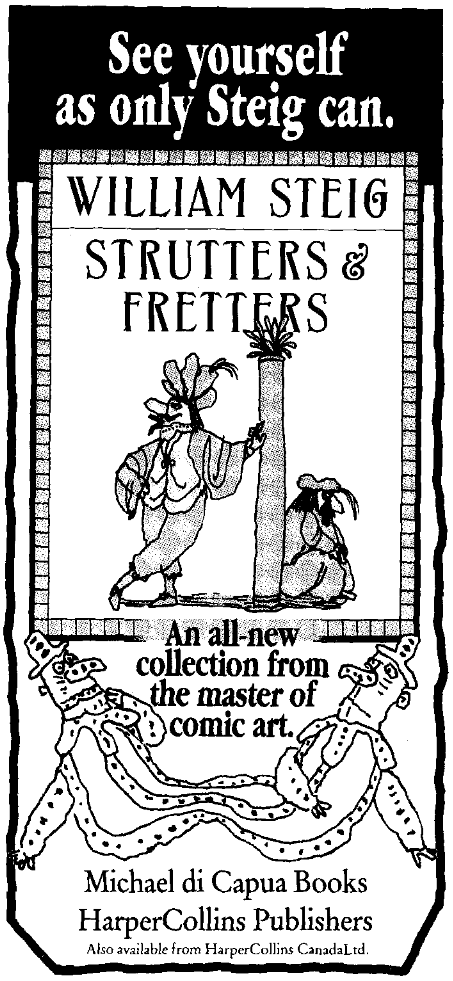
Hawthorne himself, in a long journal entry for July 29, 1849, as his mother lay dying, wrote, "I love my mother; but there has been, ever since my boyhood, a sort of coldness of intercourse between us, such as is apt to come between persons of strong feelings, if they are not managed rightly." Yet the passage develops remarkably, as he enters her chamber:

> I did not expect to be much moved . . . but I was moved to kneel down close by my mother, and take her hand. . . . I found the tears slowly gathering in my eyes. I tried to keep them down; but it would not be—I kept filling up, till, for a few moments, I shook with sobs. For a long time, I knelt there, holding her hand; and surely it is the darkest hour I ever lived.

Not long after his gush of pent-up feeling, the now orphaned Hawthorne began "The Scarlet Letter." As with Proust, the mother's death became a liberation into deferred greatness. Miller has no trouble connecting the mother with the novel's heroine: "Hester Prynne, then, is at once Hawthorne's love object as well as the fulfillment of his deepest desire for an ideal mother of beauty and tender feelings. . . . He achieves . . . what perhaps every son craves: he gives birth to his mother. . . . Mother and son were unable in life to communicate their love either in word or in gesture, and in death his need had to be satisfied and communicated in his art as veiled autobiography." This blunt reading of "The Scarlet Letter" as mother-worship has its persuasive points. It is true that Hester Prynne, like Elizabeth Manning Hathorne and her daughter Elizabeth, was a tall proud brunette; Hawthorne's other sister, Maria Louisa, was paler in several senses—"quite like other people," in the notation of Sophia Peabody's sister Elizabeth. The picture of Hester emerging from the jail with the three-month-old Pearl in her arms figures forth a Puritan madonna, wearing the "halo of the misfortune and ignominy in which she was enveloped." Hester's mothering of Pearl, though a bit fitful in the fluctuation of her still youthful passions, comes to dominate her personality as, maturing, she extends maternal care to the unfortunates of infant Boston. In her great scene with Dimmesdale in the forest, Hester looms as an embodiment of untamed erotic force but also as a nurturer—a good nurse in contrast to the bad nurse, Chillingworth, whose talking-cure is aggravating the illness and killing the patient. She prescribes instead for the dying clergyman flight from the iron pieties of the New World and return to the Old, with herself, the shunned love object, as companion. Like Chillingworth, she has survived outside the Puritan settlements; both husband and wife are associated, in the novel's scheme, with the wild, pagan lore of Indians.

Hester nowhere resembles Hawthorne's mother more than in her social isolation; indeed, social isolation—its melancholy and its astringent consolations—is one of the author's infallible notes, whether struck with the Quaker orphan of "The Gentle Boy," the toxic solitude of Rappaccini's daughter, or the eerily isolated households of "The House of the Seven Gables," "Doctor Grimshawe's Secret," and "The Dolliver Romance." In "The House of the Seven Gables," Hepzibah Pyncheon might well be an elderly Hester Prynne, with her tall figure and her initials but without her amorous scandal. Surely Hawthorne's loving empathy for the ostracized goes back to his shy mother, who after her husband's death reportedly took her meals alone in her room and seldom ventured into the daylight. Elizabeth Hawthorne, who outlived all the other members of that nuclear family, denied the tale the Peabody sisters told the Hawthorne children of their paternal grandmother as a white-clad recluse; Elizabeth argued that her mother never wore white and was not "gloomy or melancholy"—only "serious." But Hawthorne himself dubbed the house of his young manhood "Castle Dismal" and wrote to his Bowdoin friend Horatio Bridge of "the gloom and chill of my early life." The pain and yet the aristocratic distinction of the outsider had been one of his first lessons in being human.

An orphan is an outsider and, insofar as he feels responsible for his parents' deaths, a criminal. The Gentle Boy destroys, through his adopted father's conversion to detested Quakerism, the household that takes him in. "What is the crime?" Hawthorne asked in "Doctor Grimshawe's Secret." "Each son murders his father at a certain age; or does each father try to accomplish the impossibility of murdering his successor?" In "My Kinsman, Major Molineux," the Colonial father figure is deposed in a dreamlike parade,


See yourself as only Steig can.

WILLIAM STEIG
STRUTTERS & FRETTERS

An all-new collection from the master of comic art.

Michael di Capua Books
HarperCollins Publishers
Also available from HarperCollins CanadaLtd.

Free Catalog
Bargain Books

Save up to 80% on recent overstocks, remainders, imports and reprints from all major publishers. Choose from up to 8,000 titles including 600–1,500 new arrivals each month! Biography, Fiction, Politics, Art, Science, Gardening, Cooking—something for everyone. An immense selection and with more books at $1.95, $2.95, $3.95 than you'll find anywhere else. Fast shipment, moneyback guarantee.

HAMILTON
Box 15-253, Falls Village, CT 06031

PERSONALIZED CARTOUCHE

Your name or initials translated into ancient Egyptian Hieroglyphics

18k Gold Pendant from $150
Sterling Silver $40
1-800-237-3358
Discoveries

Free Brochure Available
Cartouche shown: "Jane"

207 Ramsay Alley, Dept. NY1
Alexandria, VA 22314 (703) 548-9446 (in VA)

HANDMADE IN EGYPT

ORIENTAL CARPET COASTERS

Classic Oriental carpets, 4"x6", individually hand-made, traditional designs.

MARCO POLO DISCOVERIES

Set of 4 Coasters
$28.00
+ Shipping

Call 800•321•1870

sitting "in tar-and-feathery dignity" while his former dependent, Robin, unexpectedly laughs aloud, aligning himself, Miller explains, "with the rebels who have acted out his secret desire." "Roger Malvin's Burial" nightmarishly elaborates on father-son mayhem: Malvin, a middle-aged soldier critically wounded in an Indian battle of 1725, persuades a younger companion, Reuben Bourne, to abandon him to die in the woods, after three days of travel together have exhausted him and left them still far from home. Though protesting that "you have been a father to me," Reuben yields to Malvin's arguments and, upon his return, marries, as both men had foreseen, Malvin's daughter, Dorcas. Yet, in the exhaustion and delirium of his return, he fails to explain to Dorcas that he left her father still alive, and allows her and the village to believe that he saw her father through to death and buried him. The truth nags Reuben, turning him into one of Hawthorne's secret-hugging social misfits and blighting his marriage, whose main joy is a son, Cyrus. When Cyrus is fifteen, the little family, impoverished by its head's distracted and irritable husbandry, enters the forest to seek a fresh start on the frontier. Reuben is instinctively led back to the exposed granite face where he left Malvin dying; he mistakenly shoots his son in a hunting accident, and the boy's body falls on his grandfather's bones. Like a murderous priest of old, Hawthorne offers this as a happy ending: "The vow that the wounded youth had made, the blighted man had come to redeem. His sin was expiated—the curse was gone from him," and he is able again to pray. Miller calls the tale

> an awesome story of parricide, filicide, symbolic suicide or self-punishment, and role reversals. Hawthorne universalizes the tale by evoking the myths of Narcissus, Oedipus, and Abraham and Isaac. At the same time he reveals once again his profound understanding of mourning and grief, depression and aggression, self-destructive tendencies, and the inevitable circular return to the beginning.

Miller's insistent readings in this vein do elucidate what gives Hawthorne's tales and novels their enduring resonance: the writer's instinctive awareness of the incestuous, polymorphous seethe alive in each individual psyche. Hawthorne was unwilling, even when the operations of connection and transposition failed him, to abandon this dark inner theatre for the sunlit realism he admired in others, like Trollope. Fantasy and symbolization gave Hawthorne entry to the erotic knit, the interplay of primal human needs to which he was sensitive with a modern openness, even though, according to his wife, he hated "to be touched more than any one I ever knew."

A Freudian reading of Hawthorne, however, can come to seem relentless. Of the soap bubbles that Clifford Pyncheon blows from the House of the *Seven Gables* toward passersby, including his kinsman the Judge, Miller tells us:

> Psychologically—and this is the more telling point—Clifford's soap bubble turns out by accident (he is much too cowardly to take the offensive) to be his means of attacking his betrayer and emasculator, the man who has denied him maturity through false imprisonment. Once again the Judge's sexual power is attacked when the bubble bursts on that symbolic phallus, the nose. Symbolically, then, the child-man, or "son," has revenged himself on the Bad Father—by accident.

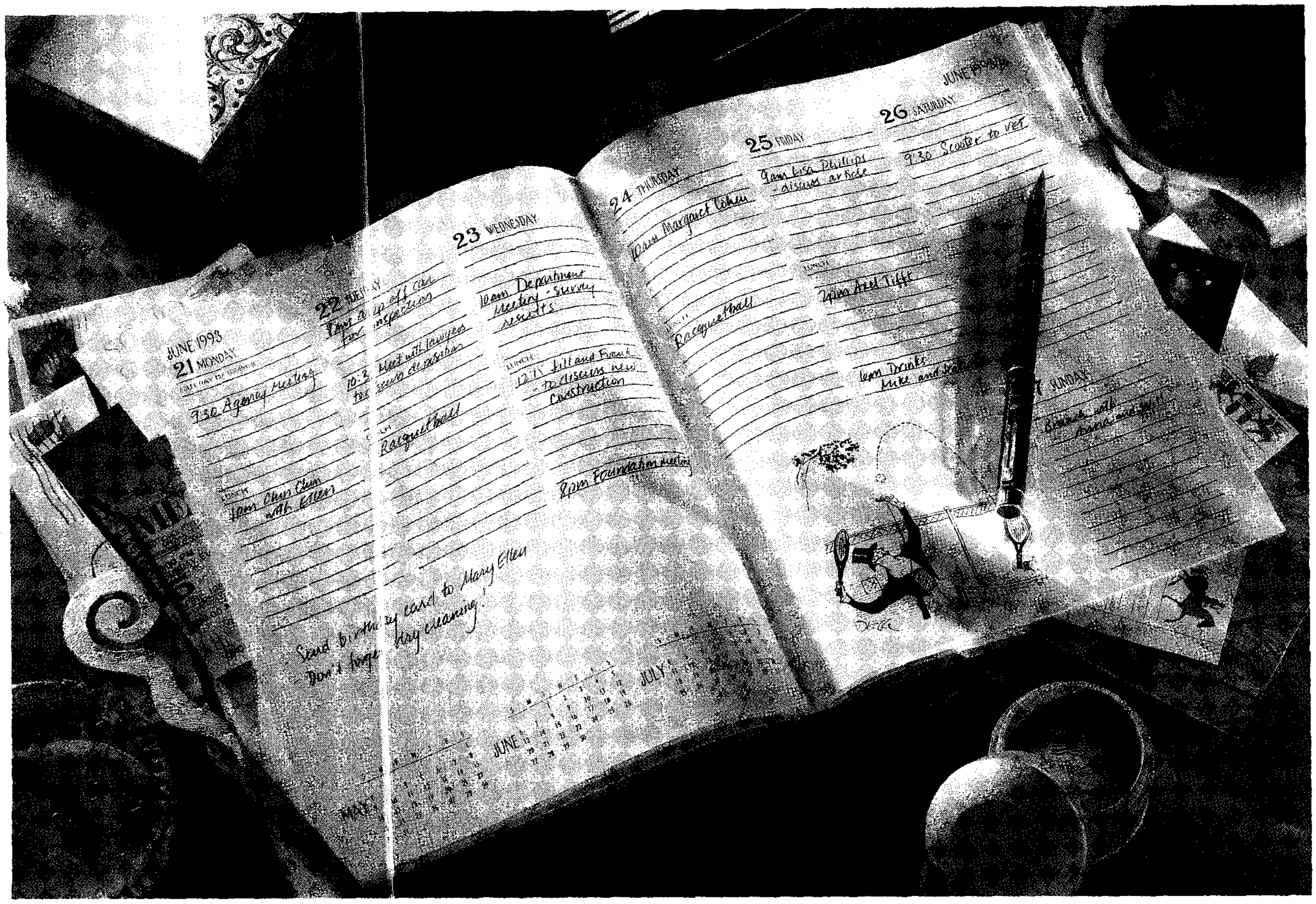
When Hawthorne likens Monument Mountain as seen from his study in Lenox to "a huge, headless Sphinx, wrapped in a Persian shawl," Miller pounces:

> He summoned one of the recurrent images of nineteenth-century art and literature, the Greek sphinx, half-human, half-animal, a lion's body with a woman's breast, symbol of the castrating woman and guardian of the riddle which Oedipus unraveled.

If such an amplification feels needlessly expansive, a sentence like this can seem condescendingly reductive: "Hawthorne was of two or more minds on most subjects and despite his external grace limped internally with repressions and fears."

The biographer's approach—considering a writer's works primarily as a set of clues to his undeclared psychological malformation—discounts an author's ability and desire to observe and generalize. Miller quotes a fine remark by Donald Hall: "Domesticity precedes ideology, for all men and women. The feelings between parents and children, siblings, men and women as lovers or as spouses—these relationships penetrate the life of genius as much as they penetrate the lives of the rest of humanity." Hall's remark implies, however, that domesticity is succeeded by ideology, and Hawthorne did have an ideology: he believed, like a modern phenomenologist, that our human truth is blended of what he called, in the preface to "The Scarlet

START EACH DAY WITH A SMILE


JUNE 1993
21 MONDAY
7:30 Agency Meeting
22 TUESDAY
23 WEDNESDAY
10am Department Meeting - Survey results
Racquetball
24 THURSDAY
25 FRIDAY
26 SATURDAY
9:30 Scooter to vet
Send birthday card to Mary Ellen
Don't forget dry cleaning
JUNE
JULY
MAY

WITH THE NEW YORKER DIARY FOR 1993, IT'S ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE NOT TO.

We've selected 60 classic New Yorker cartoons and sprinkled them through the pages to be appropriate to the season. And we've supplied you with ample room in which to keep track of each day's appointments and all of the things that you want to remember.

The design is distinguished and very New Yorker: Eustace Tilley-patterned endpapers, *The New Yorker*'s own distinctive typeface, even a special *About Town* listing of phone numbers and addresses at the front.

The New Yorker Diary's format is a large 8" x 10 1/4". The leather-textured covers are midnight blue. And you can have your name or initials imprinted* to match the gold-embossed title on the cover.

It's the most cheerful appointment book you'll ever find. It's suitable for business or personal use. And to spread the smiles a bit, it makes a wonderfully civilized gift for friends and associates.

Please send me:
____ Copies @ $17.95 (211466)
____ Copies with name imprinted @ $20.45 (2114 4)
____ Residents of CA, CO, GA, IA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NY please add applicable sales tax. Canadian orders must include 7% GST.
____ Add $3.25 for shipping per copy within U.S. $6.50 for Canada.
____ Grand total.
☐ My check or money order is enclosed.
☐ American Express ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard
Account#____________________ Exp. Date________
Signature ____________________________

Send Order to:
The New Yorker, PO Box 10214, Des Moines, IA 50336

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City/State/Zip ____________________
*Imprint name(s) ____________________

*Please print clearly. Imprint limited to 22 letters. Use separate sheet if necessary.
Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.
Offer only available in US and Canada.
235887

Letter," "the Actual and the Imaginary"—the objective and the subjective, body and spirit, fact and fantasy—and that art exists on the unsteady boundary between these realms. In his youthful years of impressionable reading, "The Pilgrim's Progress" and "The Arabian Nights" especially moved him; ever after, he required an element of the fantastic or allegorical in his inspirations. Sketching his own portrait as M. de l'Aubépine, the ostensible author of "Rappaccini's Daughter," he admitted to "an inveterate love of allegory" and said, "He generally contents himself with a very slight embroidery of outward manners,—the faintest possible counterfeit of real life,—and endeavors to create an interest by some less obvious peculiarity of the subject." Such witty self-caricature shows clear-sighted and conscious intention.

Hawthorne's œuvre, with its far from diffident courtship of a popular audience and its considerable portion of successfully completed hackwork (the children's books, the campaign biography of Pierce), has a constructed, outward-facing side that Miller minimizes. Hawthorne twice occupied public office, and was the center in Salem of a storm of dirty politics and adverse publicity. Julian Hawthorne's biography records that his father intently read popular newspapers and magazines. He drew not only on his own subconscious and primal needs but on the popular imagination. His tales and novels, as we read in David S. Reynolds's "Beneath the American Renaissance" (1988), closely follow the patterns of moralizing, reform-minded popular fiction. Of "The Scarlet Letter" Reynolds tells us, "One reason the novel became one of his most popular works was that the antebellum public felt comfortable with a fictional exposé of hidden corruption involving a hypocritical preacher, a fallen woman, an illegitimate child, and a vindictive relative. By the late 1840s such depraved characters were stock figures in popular American fiction." Yet they do not feel stock as Hawthorne developed them.

The question of his personal secret, thirteen decades after his death, is of less moment than the question of his still living masterpiece's secret: What enabled this writer, whose fiction generally diffuses with allegorical schemes its emotional content, to produce in "The Scarlet Letter" a work so passionate and concentrated? Mark Van Doren, in his "Nathaniel Hawthorne" (1949)—a biography much swifter-moving and more critically assertive than either Miller's or Mellow's—can't emphasize enough the short novel's singularity: "Never before has Hawthorne dealt with stuff so solid; and never again will he be so able or content to let his people determine his plot." Again, discussing Emerson's remark after Hawthorne's death "I thought him a greater man than any of his works betray . . . and that he might some day show a purer power," Van Doren says, "The tragic element in the event is not that there was too little power; in *The Scarlet Letter* alone there was enough. It is that Hawthorne, whether from indolence or from confusion, or from the modesty which he cultivated till it became a fault, so seldom let it go."

The novel's uncharacteristic solidity, economy, narrative speed, and human warmth may stem from factors other than the death of Hawthorne's mother that year and his bedside tears, though "The Scarlet Letter" does tap our tears, especially in its forest scene of long silence broken. The novel packed a punch from the start: when Hawthorne read its ending to his wife, he told Horatio Bridge in a letter, "it broke her heart, and sent her to bed with a grievous headache," and in his English notebook he recalled how, when he read the novel aloud, "my voice swelled and heaved as if I were tossed up and down on an ocean as it subsides after a storm." Though Henry James, in his masterly if captious "Hawthorne" (1879), found the novel flawed by its "element of cold and ingenious fantasy," most readers have an impression of uncanny heat, such as the author himself felt when, according to his prefatory reminiscence, he placed the faded, embroidered scarlet letter, discovered in the Custom House attic, upon his breast and was compelled to drop it, "as if the letter were not of red cloth, but red-hot iron."

The year 1849 had seen, as the preface describes at leisurely length, the end of his appointment as surveyor of the port of Salem. He is humorous about his political decapitation, and proud of his three years of public service among unliterary men, after three years spent among the elevated spirits of Concord: "I looked upon it as an evidence, in some measure, of a system naturally well balanced, and lacking no essential part of a thorough organization, that, with such associates to remember, I could mingle at once with men of altogether different qualities, and never murmur at the change." Experience gives an author not only details but a texture, a sense of life. Who can say how much Hawthorne's earthy, Customs-bound vacation from cloistered composition, measuring salt and coal and enduring the conversation of sinecured old seamen, may have contributed to the bustling pace and freshened concreteness of "The Scarlet Letter," with its vigorous, closely fitted population of characters? "Come out of your thoughts and breathe another air," Septimius Felton is advised, in Hawthorne's last attempted tale. A few pages on, the author speaks of the "love of life and clinging to it, peculiar to dark, sombre natures, and which lighter and gayer ones can never know." Hawthorne's own love of life was one of his more potent secrets, kept hidden perhaps even from himself in his Castle Dismal days. As his later life proved, he was more gregarious than he then seemed, and his vital traits did much to annul the deficit of experience he complained of to Longfellow in 1837: "I have seen so little of the world, that I have nothing but thin air to concoct my stories of."

Nor, really, can one imagine him writing "The Scarlet Letter" if he had remained unmarried. The stoic solitude of Hester Prynne may be Elizabeth Manning Hathorne's, but the book's feminist message—its bright hope of a new "relation between man and woman on a surer ground of mutual happiness"—is Sophia Hawthorne's. Biographers have found Sophia hard to love: in her interminable letters she too eagerly claimed the role of ideal wife for the Apollonian genius, and when Apollo was dead she prudishly censored his journals and letters. But the psychological confidence of "The Scarlet Letter," its range of sympathy and analysis, testifies to his seven years of marriage, with its sexual revelations, its added responsibilities, and its exercise of tolerance and understanding in domesticity's tiny democracy. His first-born child, Una, who was to grow from a fascinatingly difficult little girl to an unfortunately difficult woman, stood for her portrait as the elf-child Pearl; more important, the very tone of heterosexual negotiation, in its tempered passion and intuitive practicality, gives a depth of ripeness not only to the heated exchanges of Hester and Dimmesdale but to the touchingly reasonable and forgiving conversations on the least conspicuous side of the triangle, between Hester and Chillingworth. If Nora Barnacle could be credited with making a man of James Joyce, Sophia Peabody made a novelist of the brilliant and melodious sketch-writer Hawthorne. The sister-mirror was replaced by a semi-opaque wife, alluring absence by demanding presence; the realities of a family gave a flesh-and-blood weight to the ancestral spectres and shadowy maternal presences of the author's prolonged youth. Hawthorne always tended to disown "The Scarlet Letter," even in the introduction damning it as "too much ungladdened by genial sunshine; too little relieved by the tender and familiar influences which soften almost every scene of nature and real life." For once, his softening and tricky suggestiveness yielded to an urgent bold outline of event and consequences. As with Shakespeare, a crude old story served his subtlety best.

The bracing and broadening effects of patriarchy vitalize the more scattered inspirations of his next two novels, but after seven years abroad, and the bookish triumph of "The Marble Faun," Hawthorne lost the ability to assemble his visionary scenes into the shape of a novel. His instincts still led him into the dusk between the actual and the imaginary but could no longer lead him out. The two notions of a bloody footprint and an elixir of immortality haunt four unfinished romances with which he wretchedly struggled. Like the befuddled, extensive manuscripts Hemingway left to his heirs, Hawthorne's last efforts make us aware of how thin is the weave that hides an author's nakedness, how fragile the fabric of coherence. In the longest and most often revised of them, "Doctor Grimshawe's Secret," characters change names—Etheredge, Ormskirk, Grimshawe—and aspects; the connections between America and England fail and fall silent like underwater cables; portentously foreshadowed symbols fizzle when unveiled. With their pages of sudden flashing charm—the three abandoned chapters of "The Dolliver Romance," foremost—these romances pose the riddle of an accomplished writer's crackup, and naturally excite searchers for Hawthorne's secret. Homosexually attractive enemies, seductive sister figures, parentless children—all are here, swarming through the ruins. But these conjurations lack the conviction of the short stories and "The Scarlet Letter." Hawthorne's crisis was one of health but also of belief: the ceremonies and fetishes of plot no longer commanded his faith. The Gothic tradition—the prose offspring of Romanticism, bearing muffled messages from the sealed human depths—died, as literature, with him, though its appeal, in horror fiction and film, remains.

Preoccupied with phantoms of the psyche, Miller's biography is ghostly; even his index, blocks of page numbers unbroken into subtopics, is ghostly, along with his notes, many of them merely citing in bleak cipher ("C.15: 388, 310") the Centenary edition of Hawthorne, which this reader, for one, sadly lacked. Perhaps a ghostly author warrants a ghostly treatment. Hawthorne's life, with its late blooming and early withering, is one of his more haunting tales, which he enjoyed teasing into the light, in the autobiography that flirts at the edges of his fantasy. He is often confessional, even outrageously so, as in the notorious "Custom House" foreword, which helped speed his final departure from Salem. A search for a secret beyond those he essayed to confide in his writings seems a bit vulgar, in the bare-all style of our talk shows and gossip journalism. A secret, once discovered, becomes a mere datum, whereas a quality of a classic—a work that is "replete," in Roland Barthes's word—is to hold its secrets in living solution and to be, like life itself, ultimately indecipherable. —John Updike

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

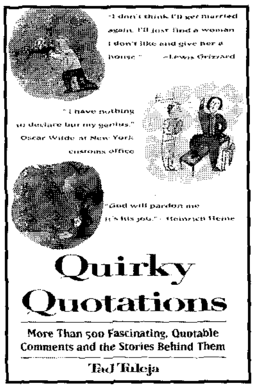
[*Letter to the editor of the London Times*]

Sir, I take issue with Lord Ridley's statement that "some people are offensive . . . for no good reason . . . abusive in shops". Recently I visited a City shirtmaker in search of detachable collars. The shop assistant received me indifferently while leaning on a counter reading a book.

I drew myself up and said: "You sloppy man. You would never have made my regiment. Stand up and look at me when I am talking to you." He did!

Yours sincerely,
M. C. Shaw
Naval & Military Club
94 Piccadilly, W1.

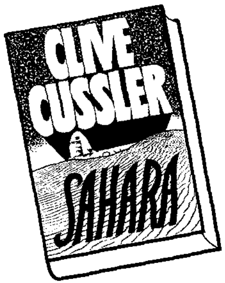
"If you can't say anything nice about somebody...sit right here by me."
—*legend on Alice Roosevelt's embroidered pillow*


"I don't think I'll get married again. I'll just find a woman I don't like and give her a house." —Lewis Grizzard
"I have nothing to declare but my genius." Oscar Wilde at New York customs office
"God will pardon me it's his job." - Heinrich Heine
Quirky Quotations
More Than 500 Fascinating, Quotable Comments and the Stories Behind Them
Tad Tuleja

Use this quick reference guide to liven up your speech, or just read the stories behind this and 500 other fascinating quotable comments.

$10.00, paperback
Now at your bookstore.
A Stonesong Press Book
HARMONY BOOKS

BOOKS ON TAPE®
World's Largest Selection of Audio Books



- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Rentals
- Call for Free Brochure

Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658
Reg. U.S. Pat. & T.M. Off.
(800) 626-3333

Remington Bronzes
Now available to collectors...
Full size, museum quality,
Lost-wax, hot-cast, bronze
reproductions of 23 works
by Frederic Remington
FREE COLOR CATALOG
MUNYON & SONS
1119 Waverly Hts. Dr., Thousand Oaks, CA 91360
FAX 1 805 496-7842, VISA/MC/AM EX 1 800 289-2850
FREE SHIPPING - SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Mountain Man HT: 29" $695

Aloha from
HAWAII

The average vacation
lasts two weeks.
The average retirement
lasts 20 years.

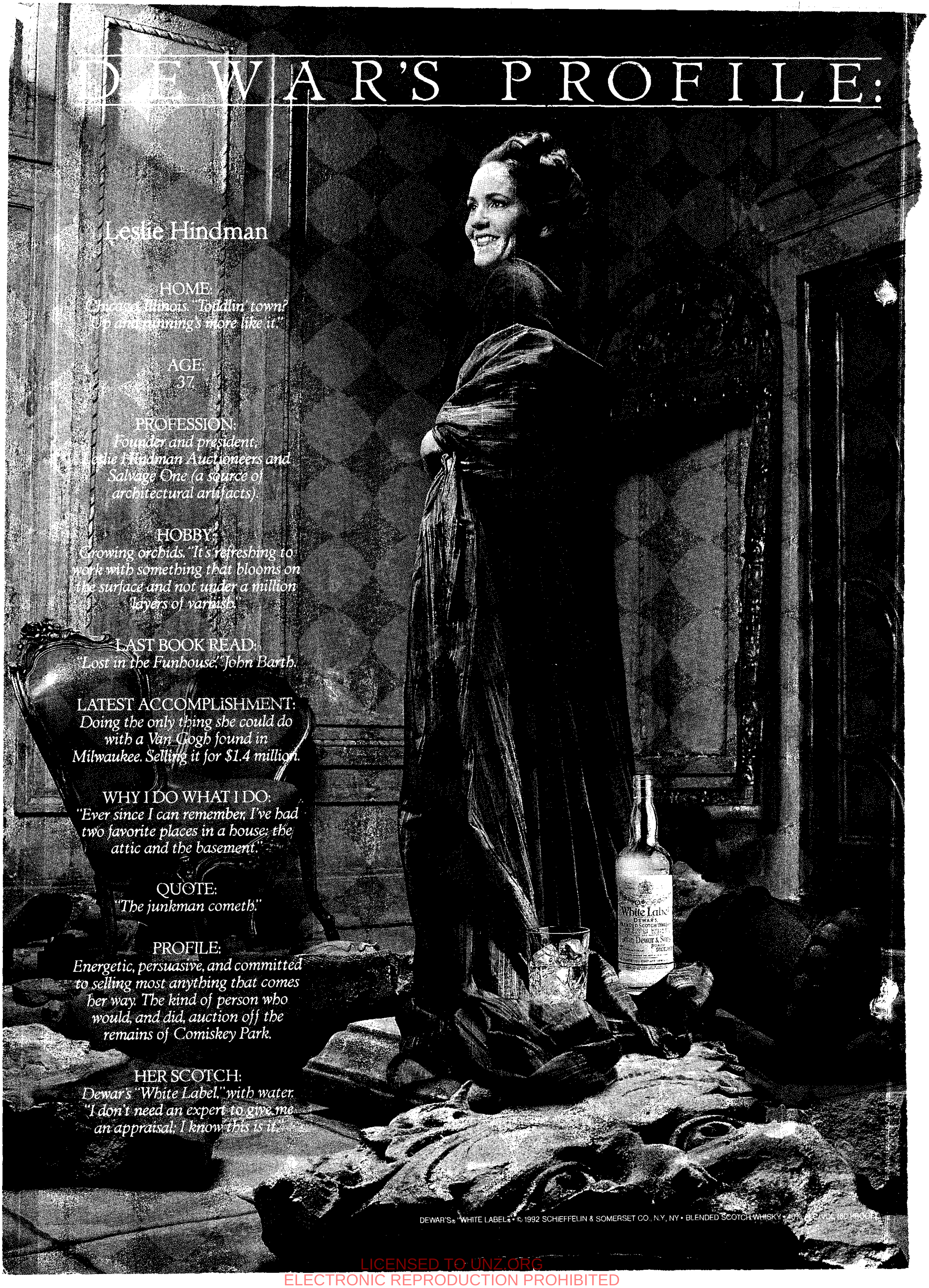
If you've spent
more time planning
your vacation,
call Aetna.

You started saving six months in advance. Booked that special room on the beach. Nothing was left to chance. If only you planned your retirement as thoroughly as your vacation. That's where Aetna comes in. We're helping over 1,000,000 people retire comfortably. And we can help make your retirement as relaxing as your vacation. To see how relaxing it can be, phone for our free brochure called Retirement Made Easy at 1-800-AETNA60.

Aetna. A policy to do more.℠

Ætna

© 1992 Aetna Life Insurance Company



DEWAR'S PROFILE:

Leslie Hindman

HOME:
Chicago, Illinois. "Toddlin' town? Up and running's more like it."

AGE:
37.

PROFESSION:
Founder and president, Leslie Hindman Auctioneers and Salvage One (a source of architectural artifacts).

HOBBY:
Growing orchids. "It's refreshing to work with something that blooms on the surface and not under a million layers of varnish."

LAST BOOK READ:
"Lost in the Funhouse," John Barth.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT:
Doing the only thing she could do with a Van Gogh found in Milwaukee. Selling it for $1.4 million.

WHY I DO WHAT I DO:
"Ever since I can remember, I've had two favorite places in a house: the attic and the basement."

QUOTE:
"The junkman cometh."

PROFILE:
Energetic, persuasive, and committed to selling most anything that comes her way. The kind of person who would, and did, auction off the remains of Comiskey Park.

HER SCOTCH:
Dewar's "White Label," with water. "I don't need an expert to give me an appraisal; I know this is it."

DEWAR'S® "WHITE LABEL"® © 1992 SCHIEFFELIN & SOMERSET CO., N.Y., NY • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 40% ALC/VOL 80 PROOF